MARTYRS IN ALL AGES

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MARTYRS IN ALL AGES
or
A PERSECUTED PEOPLE

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented." Heb. 11:37.

COMPILED BY
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PREFACE.

The following pages contain commemorative records of what God's people have suffered for the sake of the gospel. It is not our purpose to present a history of the martyrs, nor a biography of those whose lives were sufficiently important to make them worthy of having their usefulness perpetuated in that way; but omitting even the names of many who are deserving and who were justly given place in ancient martyrologies, we have endeavored to give our readers a brief review of martyrs of all ages, to stimulate them in their Christian growth and missionary labors; believing that by the example of Christian heroism herein depicted, thousands of hearts will be stirred to renewed zeal for God and to greater diligence in saving the lost who are hurrying on to a Hell where all the murderers of God's holy people, and where all the wicked of all the ages are to be confined with the devil and his angels forever and forever. May God use the book to strengthen His army both in numbers and might, is our prayer.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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The above illustrations were drawn especially for this book, by Charles W. Rosser, of Chicago, Illinois.

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

God's people are a persecuted people. Every century has had persons who have "resisted unto blood, striving against sin," and the history of every age proves that "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

The only trouble between the first christian martyr and the man who slew him was this, "Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." Abel was a shepherd and offered "the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof" (Gen. 4:4), "by faith" (Heb. 11:4), and God testified of his gifts and gave him the witness, and his testimony has never been silenced. He had a short life, but a very long influence. It was of him that God said, "He being dead yet speaketh." Cain did not bring the offering that God required and God had to reprove him; but sad to relate, instead of repenting, he turned away and slew his brother. Failure to heed God's voice means sin against one's self and enmity toward God and His people.

The Old Testament tells of many other martyrs: Ahimelech and his fellow priests (1 Sam. 22: 16-19), Urijah, who was slain by Jehoiakim, king of Judah, B. C. 710 (Jer. 26:23), and many more prophets and saints of Old Testament times (1 Kings 18:14; 19:10); also, then as now, there were persecutions that were not unto death, yet as hard as death to meet, as in the case of Joseph, Daniel, Jeremiah, and others. The human heart has not changed since the murder of Abel, and it cannot be changed but by the blood of Christ. There is something in every unconverted person that opposes holiness, and in some degree, every person is either persecuted for righteousness' sake or is persecuting others. May God grant to every reader such an experience that he will be found in the former class when Jesus comes.

Before Jesus went away He said, "Behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city." Matt. 23:34. Shortly after these words were spoken, the disciples experienced the literal fulfillment of the prophecy and suffered even unto death at the hands of the Jews who had already shed much righteous blood.

John, in his wonderful vision on the lonely isle of Patmos, saw "souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held * * * and white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." Rev. 6: 9, 11. These were the holy martyrs. Again he saw martyrs upon thrones (Rev. 20: 4). A crown of life is promised to those who are faithful unto death (Rev. 2: 10). We do not know just what the crown is, but it is something worthy of God. The one who promised the crown said, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Matt. 16: 25. Why should a person hesitate about laying down his life for Jesus if he could get his life back again and with it a crown?

The Lord says in regard to "the reproach of men," that it is one of the things that we are not to fear. He says of the things that we shall suffer, "Fear not," and why need we fear? He is able to deliver today as He delivered Daniel, and if He should permit you or me to be one of His faithful martyrs, such a death accepted in the Spirit would be the shortest route to eternal glory and honor with Jesus at the right hand of God.

Martyrs In All Ages or A Persecuted People

CHAPTER I

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST TO THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION

John the Baptist, Stephen, James the Great, Antipas, Philip, Matthew, James the Less or James the Just, Matthias, Andrew, Mark, Peter, Paul, Jude, Bartholomew, Thomas, Luke, Simon the Canaanite, John the Evangelist, Barnabas, Clement, From the times of the Apostles to the Reformation, Simeon, Phocas, Ignatius, Zenon and Some Ten Thousand Others, Faustines and Jobita, Justin Martyr, Early Martyrdoms in Asia and France, Germanicus, Polycarp, Felicitas and Her Seven Children, Martyrs of Lyons and Vienne, Vetius Epagathus, Alexander, Vincentius, Eusebius, Peregrinus, Potentanus, Julius, Cecelia, Husband and Brother, Quinta, Apolinia, Julian, Lawrence, The Trail not Lost, Eulalia, Agnes, Vengeance from God, Persecutions in Persia, Acepsimus and Athalas, Theodoret, Bademus.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

"As it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." Mark 1: 3.

John the Baptist early learned to know the rugged way. He got his training in the wilderness where he fed on locusts and wild honey and clothed his body in a garment of camel's hair, yet, Jesus testified in regard to this wonderful minister that he was the greatest man who had ever been born; but he was destined to die in reproach. Jesus said that of all men that had been born, there was none greater. Scores of people listened to his gospel and became his disciples, but behold a good-for-nothing dancing girl gets him off the earth. When he found the king laden with sins he rebuked him to his face, and as a result, was imprisoned by order of Herod, in the castle of Machaerus. Shortly afterward Herodias, the unlawful wife of the king, —the wicked woman for whose sake he had John the Baptist in prison, had his murder accomplished in A. D. 31 or 32, and thus his short ministry ended. If John the Baptist had used wisdom (?) he might have saved his life —and lost his soul. We notice that when some of his disciples, now followers of Jesus, who were near the sorrowful scene of his execution and buried his body, "went and told Jesus," He did not hold up John the Baptist's death as a warning to them and tell them to be more prudent.

Has there not always been a time when kings have been on the throne and the whole world as it were on their side? There has been no change in that respect and Holy Ghost religion has not changed in the ages that have gone by. People used to suffer persecution, and everyone today who gets God's good religion will have to suffer for it. We do not believe that the world is better than it was when John the Baptist had to look the king in the two eyes and tell him of his sins. We believe that if a man were to walk up and tell the whole truth to the Czar of Russia, he could not safely get out of that country, without having a hard time. You could not go in today and tell any of the kings their sins without pretty nearly getting your head taken off. If you get the Holy Ghost it will almost finish you.

STEPHEN

The circumstances attending the trial and death of Stephen, a man "full of faith and power," who "did great wonders and miracles among the people," are familiar to every Bible student. Being brought before the high priest and requested to answer to the charge of blasphemy, he began by narrating Bible history from the time of Abraham down, and proceeded without interruption until he suddenly turned the course of his remarks, as every true prophet will do, to the sins of his congregation, and charged them with having resisted the Holy Ghost and murdered Jesus. It would seem that all Heaven moved down a little nearer to listen to the sermon, for Stephen at once, in a vision beheld the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and the glory of the vision seemed to cause him to lose sight of his defense and he gave his testimony, which so enraged the witnesses that they refused to listen to him further, but cried aloud and "stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: * * Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." Oh, what a history of disgraceful tumult, of sin and suffering and triumph, the Holy Ghost packs into the last five verses of the seventh chapter of the book of Acts!

JAMES THE GREAT

Great persecutions arose against the church at Jerusalem immediately after the murder of Stephen, and one writer says that two thousand christians suffered martyrdom. Among the number, some years later, was James, the son of Zebedee, the apostle who with Peter and John was with Jesus when he raised Jairus' daughter, and also with Him at the transfiguration. He was the first of the apostles to be martyred. Herod began a persecution of the christians and passed immediate sentence upon James. The account is given in the book of Acts in one sentence; but other primitive writers give another interesting account which we will not overlook; that, as he was led to the executioner's block, his accuser was brought to repentance by the Christ-like constancy that he showed at the time of his trial, and that he fell down at the feet of James, begged his pardon for speaking against him, and publicly professed to be a christian. So James did not die alone; both were beheaded at the same time. Thus the great James tasted the cup that he had so long since told Jesus he was ready to drink.

ANTIPAS

When Jesus told John what to write to the church in Pergamos, He mentioned Antipas, speaking of him as His "faithful martyr." Antipas is said to have been one of the first disciples of Jesus and he bore the reproach of Christ even to death, but any bad names given him by the people of his day are forgotten long centuries ago and all we have to record now is the good name given to him by the Lord who calls him, "My martyr, my faithful one." The reference is supposed to be to Antipas, the bishop of Pergamos, who was put to death in a tumult by heathen priests by being placed in a red-hot iron image of a bull.

PHILIP

Toward the close of the labors of Philip, God gave him a great revival in Phrygia, and this stirred the devil, who thought that he had the people of that place so devoted to idolatry that they would never know the true God. The officers of the city seized upon Philip and had him imprisoned and scourged, and then bound and hanged against a pillar, or crucified. His body is said to have been taken by Bartholomew and a sister of Philip and burned.

MATTHEW

Matthew heard the call of Jesus when he had wealth and good employment, and left all to follow Him. He was martyred in Ethiopia. The general opinion is that he was slain with a halberd, though the exact manner of his death is not absolutely known. He might have kept his gold, he might have spurned the call of the Master and might have enjoyed the comforts of life for perhaps many years; he might have lived with his relatives and friends, and died in wealth and honor on the shores of Galilee, but he chose to become a disciple of the despised Savior, to go with Jesus and take the reproach, the suffering and death that the way promised. It was a wise choice. He was a very successful evangelist and we expect to see him and the souls that God gave him, when we get to Heaven.

When Matthew found the "path of the just," which is as a "light that shineth more and more," and which, instead of being dim in old age, or terminating at death, unfolds to the soul's enraptured vision, scenes of ecstatic joy, he found something that was better than the pleasures of sense. The joy of holiness increases, but "like the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the mirth of the wicked." How brief their joy! and how dependent upon circumstances which are often beyond their control!

One wretched boy of high birth, whose life had been one round of pleasure, cried out, "My soul as my body, lies in ruins, in scattered fragments of broken thoughts. Remorse for the past throws my thought on the future; worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. I turn and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake and bless Heaven for the flame that is not an unquenchable fire. * * Hell itself (God) is a refuge if it hides me from thy frown." What a death-bed confession! wrung forth by the tortures that nature put upon that boy. Who would not choose the death of the righteous, even though it might be one of suffering? But there is no promise of such a death as the child of God dies, except to those who forsake all, as Matthew did, and follow Jesus.

JAMES THE LESS, OR JAMES THE JUST

An account of the death of James, our Lord's brother, bishop of the church at Jerusalem, is given by Josephus, who says that he was first thrown down from the pinnacle of the temple where he was standing telling the people of Christ, and then he was stoned to death. Historians agree as to the manner of his death and they say that though he was much hurt by the fall he was able to arise upon his knees, and then he prayed that his enemies might be forgiven. They would not hear his prayers, but gave him a shower of stones and one of his persecutors, kinder than the rest, a fuller, with club in hand, dashed out his brains, and thus James died at the age of ninety-six years.

MATTHIAS

Matthias was supposed to have been elected to fill the place of Judas in the immediate apostleship of Jesus. He preached in Judea and elsewhere and there is no doubt that he sealed his ministry with his blood; though historians disagree as to the manner of his death, some recording that he was stoned and then beheaded, and others that he was crucified. His death was no less violent than that of Judas, and it of course brings up that sad memory of the account we have of Judas' suicide.

People may be much alike in their public life for many years and much alike in their manner of death, and yet be separated by a great, impassable gulf at last. You may not think that there is a Judas in your family or by your side in the work, and still you may be very near to one who will betray his Lord, and then commit suicide or some other awful crime.

ANDREW

Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, carried the gospel to many Asiatic nations. He was finally scourged by order of Aegenas, proconsul of Achaia, and then, as he remained constant, was crucified, being fastened to the cross with cords that his suffering might continue longer. The timbers of the cross were placed transversely and one end of each timber placed in the ground. That style of cross bears his name to this day, and is a silent reminder to every century of how Andrew died for his Lord. He welcomed the cross and as he drew near to it, exclaimed, "I have long desired and expected this happy hour. The cross has been consecrated by the body of Christ hanging upon it, and adorned with His members as with so many inestimable jewels." He then prayed and exhorted the people to remain true to God and instructed them as best his suffering would admit, for two days. Great effort was made to have his life spared, but he was ready to go and prayed that he might soon depart. God heard his prayers and took him home. His body was taken from the cross and honorably buried, by the order, it is thought, of the proconsul's wife, Maximillia, and afterward removed by Constantine to Constantinople and buried in his great church that he built to the apostle's honor.

MARK

"Eusebius tells us that St. Mark was sent into Egypt by St. Peter to preach the gospel, and accordingly planted a church in Alexandria, the metropolis of it. He did not, however, confine himself to Alexandria, and the oriental parts of Egypt, but moved westward to Lybia, passing through the countries of Marmacia, Pentapolis, and others adjacent, where the people were both barbarous in their manners, and idolatrous in their worship, yet by his preaching and miracles he prevailed upon them to embrace the tenets of the gospel; nor did he leave them until he had confirmed them in the faith.

After this long tour he returned to Alexandria, where he preached with greatest freedom, ordered and disposed of the affairs of the church, and wisely provided for a succession, by constituting governors and pastors of it. But the restless enemy of the souls of men would not suffer our apostle to continue in peace and quietness; for while he was assiduously laboring in the vineyard of his Master, the idolatrous inhabitants, about the time of Easter, when they were celebrating the solemnities of Serapis, tumultuously entered the church, forced St. Mark, then performing divine service, from thence, and binding his feet with cords, dragged him through the streets and over the most craggy places to the Bucelus, a precipice near the sea, leaving him there in a lonesome prison for that night; but his great and beloved Master appeared to him in a vision, comforting and encouraging his soul, under the ruins of his shattered body. The next morning early, the tragedy began afresh, for they dragged him about in the same cruel and barbarous manner, till he expired; but their malice did not end with his death; they burnt his mangled body after they had so inhumanly deprived it of life. The christians, after the horrid tragedy was over, gathered up his bones and ashes, and decently interred them near the place where he used to preach. His remains were afterward, with great pomp, removed from Alexandria to Venice, where they were religiously honored, and he was adopted tutelar saint and patron of that state." (Lives of the Apostles, by John Fleetwood, D. D.)

PETER

Some of Peter's sufferings are recorded by the Holy Ghost. The story of his miraculous release from prison is a part of the Word that shall endure forever, but we have to look to profane history for information in regard to his martyrdom which took place near the end of the reign of Nero.

The manner of his death is foretold in John 21: 18, 19. It seems that it was a frequent method of degrading christians to put a yoke upon their necks and stretch their arms upon it as if it were a cross and lead them through the streets to their place of execution.

A great fire broke out in Rome in A. D. 64, and the emperor laid the blame of it upon the christians, and there is a weight of evidence to show that Peter was one to suffer toward the close of the merciless persecutions that followed the great fire. Nero gave order that Peter and Paul be cast into prison. They were accordingly apprehended and placed in the Mamertime prison, where they were confined until they were executed, and it is thought that the second epistle of Peter was written while he was in this prison. How he endeavors to confirm the christians and strengthen them against the poisonous doctrines which were even at that time threatening them!

It is said that when he came to the place of execution he begged that he might not be crucified in the same manner as others had suffered upon the cross, because he felt that he was not worthy to suffer and die like his Lord had died, and the request was granted. He was nailed head downward upon the cross. We are told that his body was taken from the cross and embalmed by Mercellius and then buried near the Appian way, in the Vatican, two miles from Rome.

Three Bishops: Simeon, Phocas, Ignatius

(*See page 25.*)

PAUL

If a person could, by suffering, atone for his sin, it would seem from Bible history that Paul's atonement was complete long before the time of his execution, A. D. 66. His fame as a persecutor was far reaching. "Being exceedingly mad against them (the christians), I persecuted them even unto strange cities." We do not know how much of the responsibility for the murder of Stephen, rested upon Paul, but the Scripture says that he kept the raiment of the men who slew him, and we find him the self-confessed murderer of many. "I persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons, both men and women,"—"and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them." At Jerusalem and in contiguous districts, Paul was active in torturing and scattering the christians, imprisoning some and putting others to death.

Of his own persecutions, he says, "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." These did not come as a punishment for sins, nor did he "perish with the sword," because he had taken the sword (Matt. 26:52), but because he possessed and preached an uttermost salvation. Heb. 7:25.

The wonderful faith chapter that Paul wrote, listing the sufferings of the christians and their victories, bears all the weight of his sincerity which was so soon to receive its final test. Paul was ready to die,—he said so; Acts 21: 13. When he came to the hour of his execution, he did not place himself in the list of those who draw back to perdition, but cheerfully bowed his head, for the stroke was all there was between him and the Country that John beheld for the first time some thirty years later, where the inhabitants "hunger no more, neither thirst any more," where they are clothed in white robes and have palms in their hands. Paul now is with a great multitude who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. 7:9.

No one would envy Paul at Damascus, where the Jews took counsel to kill him and he had to escape at night, being let down "by the wall in a basket." No one would want to be stoned and dragged out of town and left for dead as he was at Lystra. No one would want the shipwrecks and the scourgings that he suffered; but everyone would like to have a victory like Paul's that would triumph over every difficulty, and the Christ who purchased it for him purchased it for you, for there is no respect of persons with God.

JUDE

We find in the catalogue of apostles, Jude, brother of James the less; but he calls himself only, "the servant of Christ," in his epistle. It is claimed by some early writers that he was crucified. A number agree that after many years of successful ministry, Jude was "cruelly put to death," and that his brother Simeon, after days of torture, was crucified, bearing all his suffering with great firmness. One historian tells of a man who for seven or eight years before the destruction of Jerusalem cried out against the city and went up and down its streets and lanes, prophesying against the city, until he was slain by one of the first weapons that came upon it in fulfillment of his prophecy. We doubt not that it was Jude. History says that the man was whipped until his bones were laid bare. He shed no tears, but at every lash he cried, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" The authorities could not silence him; death alone hushed that cry. Oh, for more prophets who cannot be hushed into silence! "For seven years and five months, though beaten every day, his melancholy cry still sounded through the city till the enemy besieged it * * and he was instantly killed."

BARTHOLOMEW

Bartholomew was with Philip and helped to pray down the revival at Hieropolis, which had so provoked the magistrates as to procure Philip's death sentence, and they soon had Bartholomew fastened to the cross, and then, according to some records, were so convicted that they took him down and set him free and he preached elsewhere, endeavoring to reclaim people from idolatry, but again the magistrates became enraged and prevailed upon the governor to put him to death, and he then cheerfully sealed his testimony with his blood. According to some writers he was first flayed alive and then crucified head downward.

How many there are who have been helped down from some cross by convicted, convinced, but not converted people; only to be crucified again in greater agony and shame! If God plants a cross in your pathway, you cannot escape it and get to Heaven.

THOMAS

Thomas, we are told, closed his evangelistic labors, by the mouth of the Ganges, and it is said that after he was slain he was buried in the house of worship that he had commenced to erect by that river. At first he was bitterly opposed by the prince of that country, but the prince was afterward converted in the meetings, and following his example, a large number of people embraced the christian faith. The Brahmins feared that everyone would lose faith in their religion as a result of the apostle's labors, and decided to put him to death. There was a tomb near by, where Thomas had his private prayers, and the Brahmins finding him there one day, showered darts upon him, and one record says that he was also stoned. Finally one of the priests ran him through with a lance, and so he died.

LUKE

Luke, the beloved physician, freely gave his life for the truth he had preached and published, and exchanged martyrdom for Heaven; but we do not know any particulars about how death came to him. It is supposed that the idolatrous priests hanged him upon an olive tree in Greece.

SIMON THE CANAANITE

Simon the Canaanite, who by Luke was called Simon Zelotes, was a very zealous apostle of Jesus and very successful, great multitudes being converted by his preaching. As near as we can determine by comparing various records of his travels, he went to Africa and preached to the barbarians there, then leaving those burning wastes he journeyed to Britain where he preached until he was crucified.

JOHN THE EVANGELIST

John traveled and founded a number of churches, but we are told that "his chief place of residence was Ephesus, where Paul many years before founded a church, and constituted Timothy bishop." He escaped violent death, but he did not escape violence. After living at Ephesus several years, he was "accused to Domitian, and by his command the proconsul sent him bound to Rome," where, according to profane history, he was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, but was delivered miraculously and escaped unharmed as did the three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace. This deliverance of John is questioned by some; but we have no reason to doubt its truth. Later, he was banished to a desolate island, called Patmos, in the Grecian archipelago, and while there wrote the book of Revelation. Eusebius records his death at ninety-eight years of age, and his burial at Ephesus, whither he had returned after the death of Domitian, to care for the church there, as Timothy, its bishop, had been lately martyred.

BARNABAS

Barnabas had the honor of assuring the apostles of the sincerity of Paul. He is described as being good and full of the Holy Ghost. He labored with Paul until they separated at the time of their disagreement in regard to the propriety of taking John Mark with them on a missionary trip. From that time forth, but little is said in ecclesiastical reports about him, but his ministry is supposed to have been continuously successful until, when preaching in Syria, the Jews killed him. After dragging him out of the synagogue and cruelly torturing him, they put him to death. John Mark, a witness of the barbarous proceedings, buried his body in a cave.

CLEMENT

Ancient history tells us that Clement was banished by Trajan, beyond the Euxine Sea. The sacred writings give no account of his death; but Clement's name, Paul says, is in the book of life, and the Roman church places it among the martyrs. It is also claimed that Mary Magdalene sealed her faith with her blood.

FROM THE TIMES OF THE APOSTLES TO THE REFORMATION

It is impossible to record the history of all the martyrs under Nero, Domitian, and under Nerva and his successor, Trajan, but we give a few as examples of the barbarities practiced upon God's people in those days. It seems that every infernal device that could be invented was used to increase the christians' suffering, and no age was tender enough, and none ripe enough to escape the cruelties practiced. Nero had some of the christians fastened to trees and fire applied to them, until they became bloody torches to light his gardens. Others he had sewed up in skins of wild beasts and then they were worried and tortured by dogs until they expired; but Nero could not kill off all the christians; he increased their number.

SIMEON

After Trajan became emperor he sent forth his command that whoever could be found of the stock of David should be put to death. Simeon, at that time bishop of Jerusalem, was accused of being a christian and was scourged many days. He was one hundred and twenty years old, but God gave him grace so that he did not waver in his faith, and ere long he was crucified and died in the Lord. Some of his accusers were of the stock of David and were also apprehended and executed.

PHOCAS

Phocas, another christian bishop, was cast into a hot lime-kiln by Trajan, because he would not sacrifice to Neptune. He was afterward put into a scalding bath and thus died for his faith. We believe none of the bishops of today will meet a like fate, and we fear we shall not meet all of them in Heaven, but we expect to meet Bishop Phocas there.

IGNATIUS

Under the reign of Trajan, Ignatius was condemned to death and ordered to be thrown to the wild beasts. He had taught people to think far more of God and of the future than of the present life and was very thankful when he learned that he was counted worthy to suffer for his faith in Christ. For more than forty years he was bishop of Antioch and it was thought that his martyrdom would so terrorize his followers that they would be discouraged, and for this reason he was selected to be the object of the utmost cruelties that could be inflicted. He wrote to the christians and told them to keep faith and to pray for him. He kept the faith to the last and died in great triumph.

ZENON AND SOME TEN THOUSAND OTHERS

It is affirmed by historians that in the time of Adrian, Trajan's successor, Zenon, a Roman nobleman, and some ten thousand other persons were martyred. In Mount Ararat many were crowned with thorns in a blasphemous imitation of Christ's crown of thorns, and crucified, and then sharp darts were thrust into their sides as the spear was thrust by the soldier into the side of Christ when He was hanging upon the cross.

FAUSTINES AND JOBITA

During Adrian's reign, Faustines and Jobita were martyred and were so faithful to Christ in all the tortures they suffered that a bystander, a pagan, marveled greatly and exclaimed, "Great is the God of the christians!" For this expression of admiration for their God, he also suffered death.

Thus the record of the persecutions which the people of God suffered at the hands of the heathen, continues.

JUSTIN MARTYR

Justin Martyr, honored martyr and apologist, gave his life for the truth during these days of horrid butcheries. He was not only remarkable for his christian life and death, but he was one of the most eloquent and convincing defenders of christianity. In some of his writings he says that a chance conversation with an aged stranger brought him to the knowledge of the truth. In another place he says he was drawn to christianity because he saw the christians constant in death. Many others of the second century could say the same. Justin Martyr says of Christ, "No one trusted in Socrates so as to die for his doctrine; but in Christ, not only philosophers, but also artisans and people entirely uneducated, die, despising both glory and fear of death."

EARLY MARTYRDOM IN ASIA AND FRANCE

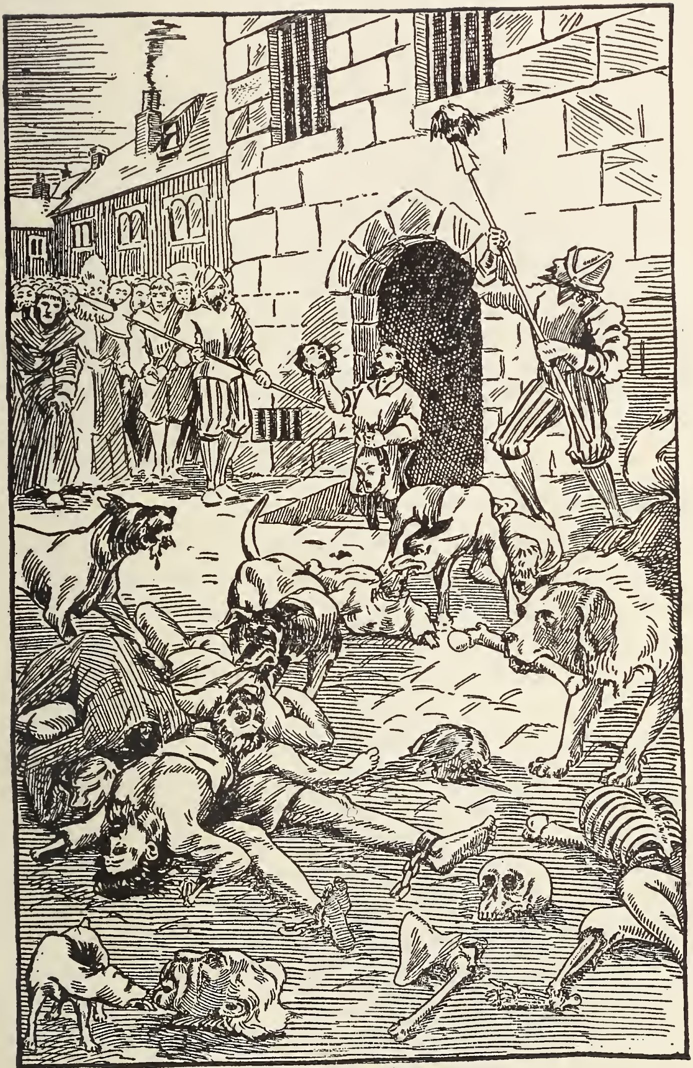
Under the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, A. D. 61, a large number of christians suffered martyrdom in Asia and in France. During his reign, as under previous rulers, the persecutors resorted to various methods of torture. Some were scourged until it seemed that they would be flayed alive, and others were driven barefooted, over sharp shells and thorns, and then put to most horrible deaths.

GERMANICUS

Germanicus, a true christian young man, was thrown to wild beasts to be devoured by them. He exhibited such constancy and such intrepidity that several of the spectators were converted to the same faith.

POLYCARP

Polycarp, the distinguished disciple of John, and successor of Ignatius in the care of the church of Antioch, was among the martyrs at Smyrna. He was one of the most eminent christians living at the time and was selected by the multitude as one who must be burned at the stake, for he was one of the greatest promoters of the true faith. They would have nailed him to the stake, or bound him with iron hoops, but he assured them that he would not try to get away; but God would give him grace to suffer. He said, "I shall abide and not stir in the midst of the fire." The God that gave him strength thus to testify and die in the fire can do the same for any who are going through fiery trials today. May the number increase that will "abide and not stir in the midst of the fire." We close the account of his death by giving a part of his last prayer: "O God, the Father of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the knowledge of thyself; O God of angels and powers, of every creature, and of all the just who live in thy presence, I thank thee that thou hast graciously vouchsafed, this day and this hour to allot me a portion amongst the number of martyrs. O Lord, receive me, make me a companion of saints in the resurrection, through the merits of our great high priest, the Lord Jesus Christ. I praise and adore thee through thy beloved Son, to whom with thee and thy holy Spirit, be all honor and glory, both now and forever. Amen." He also gave the following exhortation to christians: "Let us then continuously persevere in our hope and the earnest of our righteousness which is Jesus Christ who bore our sins in His own body on the tree, who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth, but endured all things for us that we might live in Him. Let us then, if we suffer for His name's sake, glorify Him, for He has set us the example in Himself, and we have believed."



A Street Scene

(See page 32.)

FELICITAS AND HER SEVEN CHILDREN

From "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," we select and print further record of the ten primitive persecutions, as follows:

"In Rome suffered Felicitas and her seven children, of whom her first, the eldest son, after he was whipped and scourged with rods, was pressed to death with leaden weights; two had their brains beaten out; another was cast headlong, and had his neck broken; the rest were beheaded. Last of all, Felicitas, the mother, was slain with the sword."

MARTYRS OF LYONS AND VIENNE

"In the same persecution in Rome suffered the glorious and most constant martyrs of Lyons and Vienne, two cities in France, giving to Christ a most glorious testimony, and to all christian men a spectacle, or example of singular constancy and fortitude in Christ, our Savior. The following are extracts from a letter of their own church to their brethren in Asia and Phrygia:

'The servants of Christ, inhabiting the cities of Vienne and Lyons, to the brethren in Asia and Phrygia, having the same faith and hope of redemption with us: peace, grace and glory from God the Father, and from Jesus Christ our Lord.

The greatness of this our tribulation, the furious rage of the Gentiles against us, and the torments which the blessed martyrs suffered, we can neither in words, nor yet in writing, set forth as they deserve. For the adversary in every place practiced and instructed his ministers how, in most spiteful manner, to set them against the servants of God: so that not only in our houses, shops and markets, were we restrained, but also universally commanded that none should be seen in any place. But God hath always mercy in store, and took out of their hands such as were weak amongst us, and others He set up as firm, immovable pillars, who, by suffering, were able to abide and valiantly to withstand the enemy, enduring all the punishment they could devise: they fought this battle for Christ, esteeming their great troubles as light: thereby showing that all that may be suffered in this present life, is not to be compared with the great glory which shall be shewed upon us after life. They patiently suffered railings, scourging, drawings and halings, flinging of stones, imprisonments, and whatever the rage of the multitude is wont to use against their enemies; then being led into the market place and there judged; after their confession, made openly before the multitude, they were sent back again to prison.'

VETIUS EPAGATHUS

'Vetius Epagathus, having within him the fervent zeal of love and the spirit of God, could not suffer the wicked judgment which was given upon the christians, with whom, said he, is no impiety found. The justice * * * asked him, whether he himself were a christian or not. And he immediately answered with a loud and bold voice, and said, 'I am a christian.' And thus he was received into the fellowship of the martyrs, and called the advocate of the christians.

By this man's example, the rest of the martyrs were the more animated with all courage of mind. Some of them were unready and not so well prepared, and as yet weak and not as well able to bear so great a conflict; of whom there were ten who fainted, ministering to us much heaviness and lamentation, who, by their example, caused the rest, which were not yet apprehended, to be less willing thereto. With these, also, certain men-servants were apprehended, and they, fearing the torments which they saw the saints suffer, being also compelled thereto by means of the soldiers, charged against us that we kept the feastings of Thyestes and of Oedipus, and many other crimes, which are neither to be remembered, nor named of us, nor yet to be thought that any man would ever commit the like.

These things being bruited abroad, every man began to shew cruelty against us, insomuch that those who before were more gentle, vehemently disdained us now, and waxed mad against us, and thus was fulfilled the saying that was spoken by Christ, saying, 'The time will come that whosoever killeth you shall think that he doeth God service.' Then suffered the martyrs of God such bitter persecution as is passing to be told.

Now the emperor had written that all the confessors should be punished, and others let go. The governor, therefore, caused all the holy martyrs to be brought to the sessions, that the assembled multitude might behold them, and he again examined them; as many of them as he thought had the Roman freedom he beheaded, the residue he gave to the beasts to be devoured; and truly Christ was much glorified by those who but a little before had denied Him, who now, contrary to the expectation of the infidels, confessed Him even to the death.'

ALEXANDER

'While they were being examined, one Alexander, standing somewhat near to the bar, by signs encouraged such as were examined to confess Christ; so that by his countenance, sometimes rejoicing and sometimes sorrowing, he was observed by the standers-by. The people not taking in good part to see those who had recanted again to stick to their first confession, cried out against Alexander as one who was the cause of this matter. And when he was forced by the judge, and demanded what religion he was of, he answered, 'I am a christian.' He had no sooner spoken the word than he was condemned to be devoured by the wild beasts. Neither yet did it content them when they had put the christians to death; for those whom they strangled in their prison, they threw to the dogs, setting keepers both day and night to watch them, that they should not be buried; and bringing forth the remnant of their bones, some half burned, some left of the wild beasts, and some all mangled; also bringing forth heads of others which were cut off, and committing them to the charge of the keepers to see them remain unburied.'

Thus were the bodies of the martyrs made a wondering stock, and lay six days in the open streets; at length they burned them and threw their ashes into the river Rhone, so that there might appear no remnant of them upon the earth. And this they did as if they had been able to have pulled God out of His seat, and to have hindered the regeneration of the saints, and taken from them the hope of the resurrection.

After the death of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, his son Lucius Antonius Commodus succeeded, A. D. 180, who reigned thirteen years. * * * The emperor Commodus, upon one of his birthdays, having called the people together, clothed himself with great royalty, having his lion's skin upon him, and offered sacrifices to Hercules and

Jupiter; causing it to be proclaimed throughout the city that Hercules was the patron and defender of the city.

VINCENTIUS, EUSEBIUS, PEREGRINUS AND POTENTANUS

In Rome, Vincentius, Eusebius, Peregrinus, and Potentanus, learned men and instructors of the people, who following the steps of the apostles, went about from place to place where the gospel was not preached, converting the Gentiles to the faith of Christ. These hearing of the madness of the emperor and the people, began to reprove their idolatrous blindness, teaching in the villages and towns all who heard them to believe upon the true and only God, and to come away from such worshiping of devils: * * * but the emperor hearing of it, caused them to be apprehended, and to be compelled to sacrifice to Hercules, which when they stoutly refused, after divers grievous torments, they were at last put to death with leaden weights.

JULIUS

Julius, a senator of Rome, won by the preaching of these blessed men to the faith of Christ, * * * did not keep his faith close and secret, but with marvelous and sincere zeal, openly professed it. * * * The emperor hearing that Julius had forsaken his old religion and become a christian, forthwith sent for him and said, 'O Julius, what madness has possessed thee, that thou dost fall from the religion of thy fathers, and now dost embrace a new and fond kind of religion of the christians?' Julius having now a good occasion to show his faith, gave an account of it to him, and affirmed that Hercules and Jupiter were false gods, and that the worshipers of them should perish with eternal damnation. The emperor hearing how he condemned and despised his gods, was very wroth, and committed him forthwith to the master of the soldiers, a very cruel and fierce man, charging him either to see Julius sacrifice to Hercules, or if he still refused, to slay him; and Julius continuing steadfast in the faith, was beaten to death with cudgels."

In the years that followed to about A. D. 205, "an infinite number of martyrs was slain, as Eusebius in his sixth book records." Various malicious suggestions and accusations were brought against the christians so that christians should not be tolerated at all, and there was great persecution. Among the things of which they were falsely accused was that they worshiped the sun because they assembled before sunrise to sing unto the Lord. At different periods, learned men were raised up to defend the christians for a time at least and protect them, saving some to a natural death and others until they had given their testimonies in many places. Among the defenders was Tertullian, who said of the murderous multitude, "The more we are mown down of you the more we rise up. The blood of christians is seed. For what man, in beholding the painful torments and the perfect patience of them will not search and inquire what is the cause? And when he has found it out, who will not agree to it? And when he agrees to it, who will not desire to suffer for it? Thus the sect will never die, but the more it is cut down the more it grows; for every man seeing and wondering at the suffering of the saints, is moved the more thereby to search the cause; in searching he finds it, and in finding, he follows it." Tertullian was correct in his view of the matter.

CECELIA, HUSBAND AND BROTHER.

A beautiful woman named Cecelia suffered and died for her faith in Christ, about the year 222. Of her it is written that by her exhortations, she won her brother-in-law and her husband to Christ and they were faithful until they died as martyrs and then she was condemned to death. The officers exhorted her to spare herself and not throw her life away, but she so reasoned with them that they began to yield to her religion and granted her a respite. Then she sent for a teacher for them to come to her house and tell them of Christ, and history records some four hundred conversions from those meetings in her house. Cecelia was again condemned and at this time placed in a hot bath, "but remaining there one day and night, without being hurt, was brought out and beheaded."

QUINTA.

The faithful martyrologist, John Foxe, records that under the reign of Decius, who became ruler in the year 249, the martyrs were so numerous that it would be as hard to record their names as to number the sands of the sea, and says, that the persecution "extended to many countries. We find traces of it," he says, "some of them very fearful, in Jerusalem, Antioch, Phrygia, Cappadocia, Spain, and elsewhere. They took a faithful woman (in Alexandria) called Quinta, and brought her to the temple of their idols, bound her feet and drew her through the whole street of the city upon the hard stones and so, dashing her against milestones, and scourging her with whips, brought her to the suburbs where they ended her life. This done in a great outrage, and with a great multitude running together, they burst into the houses of the religious and godly christians, spoiling, sacking, and carrying away all they could find of any value. Such things as were of less value and of wood, they brought them into the open market and set them on fire. In the meantime the brethren withdrew themselves, taking patiently, and no less joyfully, the spoiling of their goods than they did of whom Paul wrote, Hebrews 10:34."

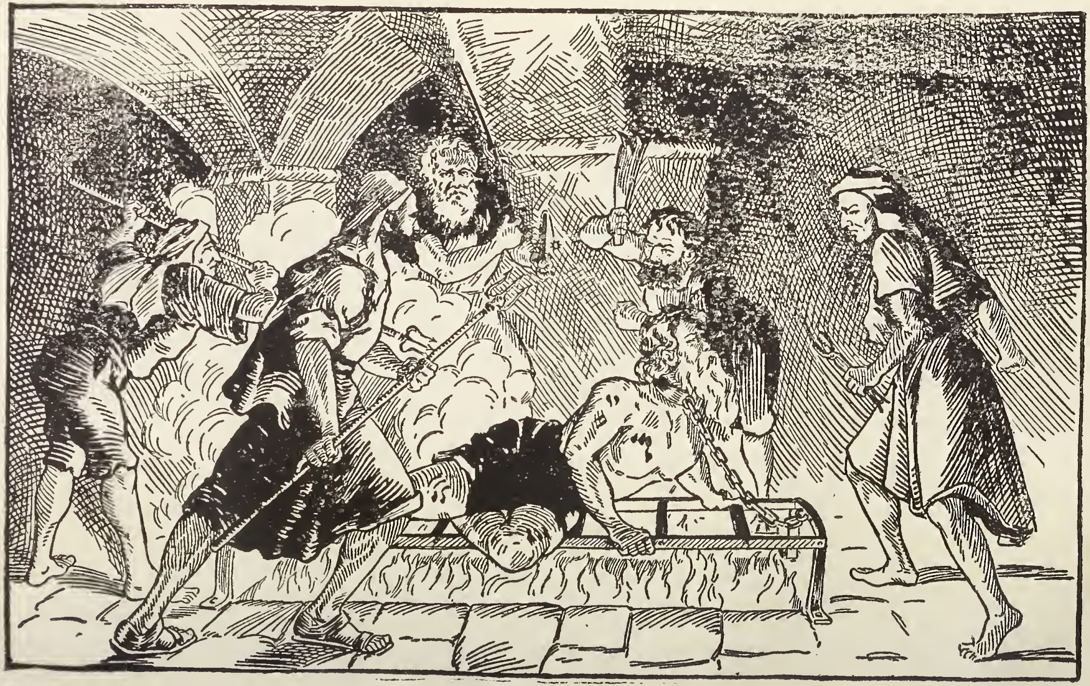
APOLINIA.

"Among the rest that were taken, there was a certain woman well stricken in years, named Apolinia, whom they brought forth, and dashing all her teeth out of her jaws, made a great fire before the city, threatening to cast her into the same, unless she would blaspheme with them and deny Christ. At this she, pausing a little as one that would consider herself, suddenly leaped into the midst of the fire, and there was burned. * * *

Others again, after long imprisonments, before they should come before the judge, renounced their faith. Some also, after they had suffered torments, yet after revolted; but others being as strong, blessed, valiant pillars of the Lord's, fortified with constancy, agreeing to their faith, were made faithful martyrs of the kingdom of God."

JULIAN.

"The first of these was Julian, a man diseased with the gout, and not being able to walk, being carried by two men. The old man confessing to the Lord with a perfect



Lawrence

faith, was laid upon camels, and there scourged, at length cast into the fire, and with great constancy was consumed."

LAWRENCE

Lawrence, a martyr, who suffered with such victory that it is said that the emperor Decius seemed to be the greater sufferer of the two, "the one broiling in the flesh and the other burning in the heart." The order was given to "kindle the fire," to "spare no wood," to "whip him with scourges," to "jerk him with rods," to "buffet him with fists," to "brand him with clubs," to "pinch him with fiery tongs." Fire forks and a grated bed of iron were brought out and placed upon the fire and when it was hot, Lawrence was bound and placed upon it and the order was "roast him, broil him, toss him, turn him," and every word of the order was carried out until he expired.

THE TRAIL NOT LOST

No emperor before Valerian, whose reign dated from A. D. 253, was so favorable as he to the christians. His court was filled with them; but ere long he was turned to idols and base sins and inaugurated fresh persecutions, having infants, even new-born children, slain, and cutting up the bodies of many persons. The years that followed until 303 were of comparative peace and tranquillity and the church grew and spread rapidly, but the trail of suffering, it seems, was not exactly lost at any time; the rack was employed and stripes and scourges fell upon young and old; neither sex nor any age was exempt from the cruel murdering. Some were hung by one hand and their bodies scratched all over with instruments pointed with talons of wild beasts; some were bound to pillars, and during their trial hung with no support under their feet until nearly dead from pain or cold, some of them hanging all day long; others were cast away half dead and others dragged through the streets while the multitude cried against them that they had sacrificed to idols. They suffered false accusation and died in reproach like their Lord. "Others who were brought to the altars and commanded to do sacrifice, would rather thrust their right hand into the fire than to touch the profane and wicked sacrifices." Saints who were not tormented to death were "terrified without ceasing, *** but the purpose of the adversary did not prevail against the holy and constant servants of Christ." Young and beautiful maidens suffered much and were cast into the sea and drowned.

"The christians of Mesopotamia were molested with many and various torments; they were hanged up by their feet, their heads downward, and suffocated with the smoke of a small fire; and also in Cappadocia, where the martyrs had their legs broken."

Martyrs were slain every day, and sometimes twenty to one hundred in various ways met death at the same time.

It seems almost impossible to believe that any could be so blind as to fail to see with their spiritual eyes these lights that shone in those early days. How could conviction fail to fasten upon the hearts of those who witnessed the faithfulness of God's martyrs? Is it any wonder that, as sword thrusts were given to the christians, heart thrusts were felt by the persecutors, that in many instances led to their conversion, and while they struck with iron hooks and cudgels the flesh of the burning martyrs, God struck at their awful sins? Could they behold unmoved and unconvinced the victory God gave their victims, who, as the fetters burned off their hands, raised them toward Heaven and waved them triumphantly, and praised God while the fire burned until they died?

In 305 the imperial dominion fell to Constantius and Galerius Maximinus. Constantine supported the christians, but Galerius Maximinus appointed officers who continued the persecution. We copy here from the faithful record of John Foxe.

EULALIA

"There is a city in Portugal called Emerita, wherein dwelt and was brought up a maiden born of noble parentage, whose name was Eulalia. She had refused great and honorable offers in marriage, as one not delighting in courtly dalliance, neither yet taking pleasure in purple and gorgeous apparel, nor costly ornaments; but, forsaking and despising all these pompous allurements, she showed herself most earnest in preparing her journey to her hoped-for inheritance and heavenly patronage. As she was so modest and discreet in behavior, so was she also witty and sharp in answering her enemies. But when the furious rage of persecution forced her to join herself with God's children in the household of faith, and when the christians were commanded to offer incense and sacrifice to devils or to idol gods, then the blessed spirit of Eulalia began to kindle, and being of a prompt and ready wit, and pouring out her heart before God, provoked thereby the force and rage of her enemies against her; but the godly care of her parents, fearing lest the willing mind of this damsel, ready to die for Christ, might be the cause of her own death, hid her and kept her close in their house in the country, being a great way out of the city. She yet disliking that quiet life, and not wishing any delay, softly steals out of the doors at night, and leaving the common road, passed through the thorny and briery places; and although the silent night was dark and dreadful, yet she had with her the Lord and giver of light. And as the children of Israel coming out of Egypt had, by the mighty power of God, a cloudy pillar for their guide in the day, and a flame of fire in the night, had this godly maiden traveling in the dark night, when flying and forsaking the place where filthy idolatry abounded; she was not oppressed by the dreadful darkness of the night.

In the morning, with a bold courage, she goes to the tribunal, and in the midst of them all, with a loud voice crying out, said, 'I pray you, what a shame it is for you thus to destroy and kill men's souls, and to throw their bodies alive against the rocks, and cause them to deny the omnipotent God! Would you know (O you unfortunate) what I am? Behold, I am one of the christians, an enemy of your devilish sacrifices; I spurn your idols under my feet. I confess God omnipotent with my heart and mouth. Isos, Apollo, and Venus, what are they! Maximinus, himself, what is he! The one thing of naught for that they be the works of men's hands; the other but a castaway because he worships them. Therefore they are both frivolous, Maximinus is a lord of substance, and yet he himself falls down before a stone, and vows the honor of his dignity to that which is much inferior to his vassals. Why then does he oppress so tyrannically more worthy and courageous spirits than himself? He must needs be a good upright judge, who feedeth upon innocent blood, doth rend and tear the bodies of godly men, and what is more, hath his delight in destroying and subverting the faith! Go to, therefore, and burn, cut, and mangle these earthly members. It is an easy matter to break a brittle substance, but the inward mind thou shalt not hurt!' Then the judge in a great rage said, 'Hangman, take her and pull her out by the hair of the head, and torment her to the uttermost; let her feel the power of our country's gods and let her know what the imperial government of a prince is. But yet, O thou sturdy girl, fain I would have thee (if it were possible), before thou die, to revoke this thy wickedness. Behold what pleasures thou mayest enjoy by the honorable house thou comest of; thy fallen house and progeny follow thee to death with lamentable tears and the nobility of thy kindred make doleful lamentations for thee. What meanest thou? Wilt thou kill thyself, so young a flower, and so near these honorable marriages and great dowries thou mayest enjoy? Does not the glistening and golden pomp of a bridal move thee? Does not the piety of thy ancestors touch thee? Who is not grieved by thy rashness and weakness? Behold here the furniture ready, prepared for thy terrible death; either thou shalt be beheaded with this sword, or else with these wild beasts shalt thou be pulled in pieces, or else being cast into the fiery flames thou shalt be consumed to ashes. What great matter is it for thee, I pray thee, to escape all this? If thou wilt but take and put with thy fingers a little salt and incense into the censers, thou shalt be delivered from all these punishments.'

To this Eulalia makes no answer, but throws down the idols, and spurns with her feet the incense prepared for the censers. Then, without further delay, the executioners took her, and pulled one joint from another, and with the talons of wild beasts tore her sides to the hard bones; she all this while singing and praising God in this wise, 'Behold, O Lord, I will not forget thee; what a pleasure it is for them, O Christ, that remember thy triumphant victories, to attain unto these high dignities!' And she still calls upon that holy name all stained and imbrued with her own blood. This she sang with a bold spirit, neither lamenting nor yet weeping, but being glad and cheerful, abandoning from her mind all heaviness and grief, when as out of a warm fountain, her mangled members bathed her white and fair skin with fresh blood.

Then they proceeded to the last and final torment, which was not only the goring and wounding of her mangled body with the iron grate and hurdle, and terrible harrowing of her flesh, but burned her on every side with flaming torches; when the cracking flame reaching the crown of her head, consumed her; so she rested in peace."

AGNES

"No less worthy was Agnes, that constant martyr and damsel of God. She was very young when she first was dedicated to Christ, and boldly resisted the edicts of the emperor; and would not, through idolatry deny or forsake the holy faith. She willingly offered her body to hard and painful torments, not refusing to suffer whatever it should be, yea though it were death itself. She was therefore ordered to be beheaded. And when she saw a sturdy cruel fellow stand behind her and approaching near to her, with a naked sword in his hand, 'I am now glad,' said she, 'and rejoice that thou art come. I will willingly receive into my bosom the length of this sword, that thus married unto Christ my spouse, I may surmount and escape all the darkness of this world. O Eternal Governor, vouchsafe to open the gates of Heaven, once shut up against the inhabitants of this earth, and receive, O Christ, my soul that seeks thee!' Thus speaking and kneeling upon her knees she prays to Christ in Heaven, that her neck might be the readier for the sword. The executioner then with his bloody hand, finished her hope, and at one stroke, cut off her head, and by such short and swift death prevented her feeling the pain of it."

VENGEANCE FROM GOD

There followed drought, famine, pestilence, so that the most precious treasures were sold for ever so little sustenance, and starvation and death came to great numbers of people. They wandered about until too weak to stand, and then, falling in the midst of the streets, they lifted their hands toward Heaven and died begging for food, so that broad thoroughfares and alleys lay full of dead bodies, many of them being eaten by the dogs. People of higher rank and greater wealth, escaping the famine, were consumed by pestilence; God showing that vengeance was His for the wrong doing of the people and He would repay.

The faithful Foxe to whom we are so often indebted, continues: "It was evident to all how diligent and charitable the christians were to the distressed in this their miserable extremity; for they showed compassion upon them, traveling every day, some in curing the sick, and some in burying the dead, who were forsaken by their own kindred. Some of the christians calling and gathering the multitude together, who were in danger of famine, distributed bread to them whereby they gave occasion to all men to glorify the God of the christians, and to confess them to be the true worshipers of God, as appeared by their works. By the means hereof, the great God and defender of the christians, opened to them again the comfortable light of His providence, so that peace fell upon them, as light to them that sit in darkness."

Another historian records the vengeance of God upon the persecutors, particularly upon Galerius Maximinus who was visited by an awful incurable disease until his whole body was a mass of rottenness. Like Herod he was eaten with worms. Living animals and boiled flesh were placed against the open wounds, and swarms of vermin were thus drawn out of his tortured body. Thus he suffered for a year "torments and pains insupportable, greater than those he had inflicted upon the christians." At last his conscience was awakened, he acknowledged the christian's God and in intervals of his dreadful paroxysms, he pledged that he would do all he could for them. He commanded that the persecutions cease, that the christians' temples should be set up and that they should pray for him. Accordingly the christian prisoners were released, and Foxe says in his book of martyrs of this relief to the christians, "As many as had turned to idols from God during the persecution, embraced the christian faith again and there was six months of rest from persecutions, and then he sent forth edicts graven in brass and commanded that they be hung in every city, against the christians, 'and the magistrates in every province were very severe against the christians; some they condemned to death and some to exile,' so the persecutions were as great as they had been before.

Theodoret, a Deacon

PERSECUTIONS IN PERSIA

Thus closed the persecutions under Maximinus; but the gospel spread into Persia and from A. D. 310 to 360 hundreds of martyrs suffered horrible deaths. On one occasion the empress of Persia fell sick and the blame of the calamity was upon the christians, and the empress gave orders that certain women should be quartered, and their limbs fixed upon poles between which the empress passed, that her health, by virtue of the charm, would be restored."

ACEPSIMUS AND ATHALAS

"Acepsimus and many other clergymen were seized upon, in Persia, and ordered to adore the sun; which refusing to do, they were scourged, then tortured to death, or kept in prison till they expired. Athalas, the priest, though not put to death, was so miserably racked that his arms were rendered useless; and he was ever afterward obliged to be fed like a child. In short, by this edict, about sixteen thus suffered horribly by torture, or lost their lives by some barbarous execution."

THEODORET

"Theodoret, a deacon, was imprisoned for two years, and, on being released, was ordered not to preach the gospel of Christ. He, however, did his utmost to propagate the gospel, for which he was miserably tortured, by having sharp reeds thrust under his nails; and then a knotty branch from a tree was forced into his body, and he expired in the most excruciating agony."

BADEMUS

"Bademus, a christian of Mesopotamia, gave away his fortune to the poor, and devoted his life to religious retirement. This christian, with seven others, was seized and cruelly tortured. The christians who were apprehended with Bademus, received martyrdom, though the manner is not recorded; and Bademus, after having been four months in prison, was beheaded by Narses, an apostate christian, who acted as the executioner, in order to convince the emperor that he was sincere in his renunciation of the christian faith."

CHAPTER II

PERSECUTIONS OF THE REFORMATION.

The Albigenses, Wycliffe* and the Lollards, Lord Cobham, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Hundreds of Bohemians Slain, Girolamo (Jerome) Savonarola, Martin Luther, John Lambert, Zwingli and Switzerland, Henry Voes and John Esch, Henry Sutphen, Monk, John Clerk of Melden, France, John Castellane, Wolfgang Schuch, a German, George Carpenter, Leonard Keyser, Council of Blood, Wendelmuta, a Widow, John Pistorius, a Learned man of Holland, Twenty-eight Martyred at Louvaine, 1543, Justus Jusburgh and Giles Tilleman, at Brussels, A. D. 1544. Persecution at Ghent and Brussels, A. D. 1543, 1544, Ursula and Maria, at Delden, A. D. 1545, Andrew Thiessen and Family, at Mechlin, A. D. 1545, John Joyer, and his Servant, at Toulouse, 1552. A Congregation in Paris Persecuted, Italian Martyrs, Barbarities in Calabria, Peter Waldo and the Waldenses, John Tewkesbury, Leather Seller, of London, James Bainham. Three Men Executed for Burning an Idol, William Tyndale, the Translator of the Scriptures.

In the beginning of the Reformation, as in the beginning of the world, there was great darkness. The centuries immediately preceding are appropriately called the dark ages. The church had been lulled to sleep; it had increased its ecclesiastical power, its dignity, form and ceremony, having apostatized from the faith. The fallen church inflicted more cruel tortures than the pagan world. The Scriptures were scarcely known and ere long the frightful curse of popery fell upon the unlearned multitudes who were poisoned and deceived by the pope's doctrine. They, in their ignorance, were dependent upon the pastors alone for religious instruction, and the pastors received their commands from Rome where the interests of temporal profit alone prevailed, to the exclusion of gospel light.

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*Out of thirteen contemporary entries in documents, twelve give "y" in the first syllable of Wycliffe.

THE ALBIGENSES

God saw that the people must have true witnesses and He raised up many who were faithful even unto death. Among these were the Albigenses—so named from their residence in the country of Albi. They were a sect of "strange thinkers," that devoutly adhered to the Protestant faith. Their enemies made exaggerated statements concerning them, but historians acknowledge these to be lies, calling them "malicious additions" to the principles of these true followers of Christ. "They denied the sovereignty of the pope, the power of the priesthood, the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and the existence of purgatory."

The priests of Rome were so unprincipled, grasping and exacting that they were despised by the nobility, as well as by the common people of the south, who, because of their tyranny, were fully ready for any doctrine that opposed Rome, hence the Albigenses and their sympathizers multiplied rapidly.

In A. D. 1207, Pope Innocent III declared war against them—a "holy war"; commanded that no life be spared and that the murderers divide the spoil for their reward. Thus, by order of the pope, those devoted peasants were slain by the soldiers of Dominic. Half of the population of the district was slaughtered and the heel of persecution held the rest in prison and torture because the order had not been completely carried out; but the sect was not exterminated for history records severe persecutions against them more than four hundred years later.

WYCLIFFE AND THE LOLLARDS

John Wycliffe, though not martyred for his testimony, was one of the first and one of the brightest lights of the Reformation. He died in 1384, leaving many spiritual children who were destined to a martyr's crown. Wycliffe, however, had his share of suffering even to imprisonment. In February, 1377, he was brought to trial; but the trial came to naught as it was broken up by a quarrel, between his defenders and the bishop, which ended in a riot.

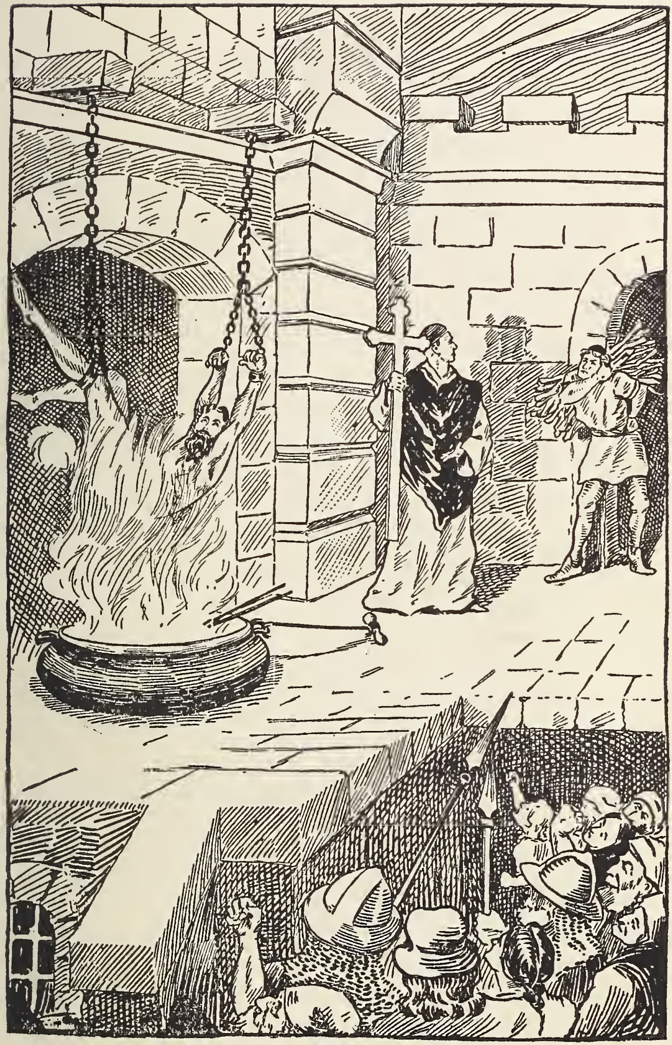
LORD COBHAM

Many of Wycliffe's writings were burned, others were preserved and spread among the itinerant preachers, and one of them was read by Lord Cobham before the king, Henry V, who tried personally to persuade Cobham to renounce the awful "heresy," and return to "his mother, the holy church, and as an obedient child to acknowledge his fault." His reply, sentence and death is given in "Foxe's Books of Martyrs," from which we quote the following:

" 'You, most worthy prince, I am always ready and willing to obey, as you are the appointed minister of God, bearing the sword for the punishment of evil doers; but, as touching the pope and his spirituality, I owe him neither suit nor service; as I know him, by the Scriptures, to be the great antichrist, the son of perdition, the open adversary of God, and the abomination standing in the holy place,' upon which the king delivered him to his enemies and in due time his death sentence was pronounced, after which he spoke to the concourse of people as follows: 'Though ye judge my body, which is but a wretched thing, yet I am certain and sure ye can do no harm to my soul, any more than Satan did to the soul of Job. He that created it will, of His infinite mercy, and according to His promise, save it. Of this I have no manner of doubt. And as concerning the articles of my belief, by the grace of my eternal God, I will stand to them even to the very death. Good christian people, for God's love, be well aware of these men, else they will beguile you and lead you blindfold into Hell with themselves.' Falling upon his knees, he said, 'Lord God eternal, I beseech Thee, of Thy great mercy's sake, to forgive my persecutors, if it be Thy blessed will.' His death was delayed, but at last after some years, he was hung in chains over a slow fire and burned to death, suffering, it is said, 'in most triumphant joy.'" Many others of Wycliffe's followers, then called Lollards, were burned alive. The word Lollard means constantly praising God.

JOHN HUSS.

In the meantime John Huss, the Bohemian reformer, had been preaching Christ to the Bohemians and many of them were converted. "He set out from Bohemia on October fourteen, 1414, not, however, until he had carefully ordered all his private affairs, with a pre-



Lord Cobham

sentiment, which he did not conceal, that in all probability he was going to meet his death. On November twenty-eight, Huss was arbitrarily seized and thrown into prison before any accusation whatever had been formulated. * * * His is undoubtedly the honor of having been the chief intermediary in handing on from Wycliffe to Luther the torch which kindled the Reformation, and of having been one of the bravest of the martyrs who have died in the cause of honesty and freedom, of progress and of growth towards the light."—Encyclopedia Brittanica.

At the age of forty-six years he ended his life at the stake, and his ashes and "even the soil on which they lay, were carefully removed and thrown into the Rhine."

When he heard the death sentence he knelt down and lifting his eyes prayed, "May Thy infinite mercy, O my God! pardon this injustice of mine enemies. Thou knowest the injustice of their accusations; how deformed with crimes I have been represented; how I have been oppressed with worthless witnesses, and a false condemnation; yet, O my God! let that mercy of Thine, which no tongue can express, prevail with Thee not to avenge my wrongs." Arriving at the place where he was to be executed he exclaimed, "Into Thy hands, O Lord! do I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O most good and merciful God!" When he was bound to the stake he smiled and said, "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake, and why then should I be ashamed of this rusty one." The fires were lighted around him and fagots piled to his neck, but above the crackling of the fire and noise of the multitude, his voice could be heard, loud and cheerful, singing a hymn.

JEROME OF PRAGUE

A contemporary and disciple of John Huss, Jerome of Prague, was burned at the stake also. "In 1415 he went spontaneously to Constance, determined to do what he could for Huss, who had meanwhile been imprisoned there; the news he received on his arrival was so discouraging, however, that, panic stricken, he immediately again withdrew, though without a safe conduct he would no doubt have reached Prague in safety had he only been able to hold his peace."

Those who can hold their peace are the ones who evade persecution and miss the "hundredfold" that Jesus promised with it. Jerome of Prague could not hold his peace. "Once, when overcome by timidity and suffering, he retracted the statements that brought persecution down upon him, but in May, 1415, all his timidity seems to have left him, and in a bold and vigorous declaration he solemnly retracted the retraction which had previously been wrung from him. He said, 'Of all the sins that I have committed since my youth, none weigh so heavily upon my mind and cause me such keen remorse as that which I committed in that evil place when I approved of the iniquitous sentence against Wycliffe and the holy martyr, John Huss, my master and friend.' Four days afterwards he was condemned as a relapsed heretic; his reply was an appeal to the supreme Judge before whom he and his accusers were destined to stand. Two days later he marched with a cheerful countenance to the stake, bidding the executioner light the fire before his face; saying, 'Had I the least fear, I should not be standing in this place.' His ashes, like those of Huss, were gathered and thrown

John Huss

(See page 50.)

into the Rhine."—Encyclopedia Brittanica. His last words were these, "This soul in flames I offer, Christ, to Thee."

HUNDREDS OF BOHEMIANS SLAIN.

After the death of Huss and Jerome of Prague, the papacy convened to excommunicate all who held to their faith. Some of the reformed Bohemians resisted the papists and thus brought upon all of their Protestant countrymen the most violent persecutions. The pope offered to forgive all the sins of any persons who would kill even one Bohemian Protestant, and the number of people desirous of obtaining forgiveness of sins at that time was very great. Bohemians were thrown by the hundreds into deep mines and left to perish; some were imprisoned for a time and then dragged through the streets; twenty-four were bound hand and foot and cast into the river Abbis and drowned; an aged minister was killed, while he lay sick in bed; another, shot, when preaching in his pulpit. Young women were brutally treated in unnamable ways before the eyes of their parents who were unable to save them from the soldiers. It seemed to be a desire of the wretches to degrade their victims and subject them to as great torture as possible before killing them; thus, they would pull out their teeth or their toe or finger nails, or pour hot lead over their fingers. Some ministers were first covered with coals and then with ice, these applications, being alternated until death came, prolonged and increased the victims' suffering.

GIROLAMO (JEROME) SAVONAROLA

Looking over the bloody history that intervened to 1499, we come to the record of Savonarola. The following record of his life and death is from M'Clintock and Strong's Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Cyclopaedia.

"Savonarola, Girolama, an Italian monk, reformer and martyr, the leader of an incipient reformation of the church in the latter half of the fifteenth century, a man whose eventful life and tragic death have called forth the most contradictory judgments, and whose real character is even to this day a matter of dispute with certain historians. Savonarola was born of an honorable family at Ferrara, September twenty-one, 1452. His education was carefully conducted. It was intended that he should devote himself to natural and medical science, but his early religious development turned him into another course. He was fond of solitude, and avoided the public walks of the ducal palace. * * * In the main he was in accord with Catholic orthodoxy, and he carried the monkish principles of abstinence and self-denial to an intense extreme. But he laid great emphasis on certain doctrines which the clergy of the age had greatly neglected, viz., that the Scriptures lead us chiefly to Christ, and not to the saints; that without the forgiveness of God no priestly absolution is of any avail; and that salvation comes of faith and submission to the Redeemer, and not from outward works or educational polish. Still there was felt throughout his sermons rather more of the earnestness of the law than of the gentleness of the gospel. One year after his arrival in Florence he was made prior of San Marco. Contrary to all precedent, Savonarola omitted to call and pay his respects to the civil ruler of the city, Lorenzo. This was all the more singular as Lorenzo had made large gifts to San Marco, and had always shown all respect to the priesthood. But Savonarola saw in him simply the incarnation of worldliness, and the robber of his country's liberties. He feared his friendship more than his hatred. Lorenzo resorted to all the arts of cunning and flattery, but in vain; he did not win the smiles of the stern preacher of righteousness. Lorenzo died April eight, 1492. On his death-bed he sent for Savonarola and desired absolution. Savonarola exacted three things: faith in Christ; the restoration of all ill-gotten property; and the re-establishment of the city's liberties. To the first two he cheerfully assented; to the latter he demurred. Thereupon the stern prior of San Marco departed. This third demand is not mentioned by Politian; it may be apocryphal.

The death of Lorenzo was the signal for the outbreak of the storm. He was succeeded by his rash and arbitrary son, Pietro II. The same year the notorious Cardinal Borgia ascended the papal throne as Alexander VI. Savonarola continued his exhortations to repentance and his predictions of speedy judgments. 'A storm will break in,' said he, 'a storm that will shake the mountains; over the Alps there will come against Italy one like Cyrus of whom Isaiah wrote.' Soon thereafter Charles VIII of France actually came with a great army, not to reform the church, however, but to take the vacant throne of Naples. Pietro Medici capitulated without resistance. Thereupon the wrath of the people broke out, and the Medici were forced to fly to Bologna. The senate pronounced them traitors, and set a price on their heads. But, as the aristocratic faction still desired to retain all political offices, Savonarola summoned a great popular assembly in the cathedral, and assumed the role of a theocratic tribune. By general consent he became the legislator of Florence. As the foundation of the new order of things, he proposed four principles: (1) fear God; (2) prefer the weal of the republic to thine own; (3) a general amnesty; (4) a council after the pattern of Venice, but without a doge. His political maxims he borrowed mostly from Aquinas. He was not opposed to monarchy, but he believed that circumstances called for a democracy in Florence. 'God alone will be thy king, O Florence!' exclaimed he; 'even as He was king in Israel under the old covenant.' The ruling element in this 'city of God' was to be, not self-seeking, but love—love to God and love to the neighbor. 'How can we have peace with God if we have it not with each other?' *Viva Cristo, viva Firenze!* responded the people to the proposition of the enthusiastic monk, and, in the beginning of 1495, committed to him the remodeling of the state. With the details of the new order of things he did not, however, concern himself. His attitude was rather that of a judge in Israel, or of a Roman censor with dictatorial power. He regarded himself as the organ of Christ for the Christocratic republic. He guided it with his counsels, and breathed into it from his throne, the pulpit, a deep moral and religious earnestness. His influence over the people lasted for three years, and was unprecedented power. This is the testimony not only of the prudent historian Guicciardini, but of the deep-seeing Machiavelli. The latter ascribes his downfall to the envy of the people, who can never long endure the spectacle of one great character towering above all the others.

With the new constitution, a new spirit took possession of the people. Unrighteous gains were given up; deadly enemies embraced each other in love; secular sports came to an end; vows of continence were made by husbands and wives; profane love songs gave place to hymns of love for

Christ; artists cast their nude paintings into the fire; fasting became a delight; the communion was partaken of daily; never-wearying crowds thronged to the great cathedral, over whose pulpit were inscribed the words: 'Jesus Christ, the King of Florence'; committees traversed the city gathering up and destroying bad books, cards, and instruments of music; the carnival gave place to a Palm-Sunday procession in which thousands of children and of adults, dressed in white, indulged in sacred dances and sang very odd christian songs, of which the following verse is a fair sample:

*'Non fu mai piut bel solazzo,
'Non fu mai piut bel solazzo,
Piu giocondo ne maggiore,
Che per zelo e per amore
Di Gesu divener pazzo.
Ognun grida com'io grido,
Semper pazzo, pazzo, pazzo.'

This popular excess Savonarola justified on the Monday after Holy Week, 1496, by citing the example of David dancing before the ark, and by the phenomena of Pentecost after the ascension.

But all this was but a transient enthusiasm of an excitable populace. The general character of levity had been

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*Greater joy there never can be,
Joy more perfect, joy more precious;
Full of zeal and love for Jesus,—
Love that for Him, we're called crazy.
When I shout, the mocking crowd cries,
"Crazy! Crazy! Crazy!"

too deeply implanted by ages of prosperity and submission to demagogues to be able now to assume suddenly the self-control and steadfastness which are so essential to a religious and free government, and a reaction was inevitable. It came only too soon. The worldly spirit reasserted itself in the form of opposition to the monk's regime at home and of alliance with the pope from without. No more violent contrast could be imagined than the austere Savonarola and the profligate and infamous pope, Alexander VI. It was impossible that these two could live in peace at the head of neighboring states. Savonarola hesitated not to attack the character of the papal court as it deserved; and he openly proclaimed his hope that the reform begun in Florence would eventually embrace the whole of Italy. The papal court saw the necessity of putting down so bold a foe. Strategy was at first resorted to. Savonarola was invited to come to Rome; and a cardinal's hat and the archbishopric of Florence were offered to him. He answered the pope in strangely prophetic words: 'I desire none of your gifts; I will have no other red hat than that which you have given to other servants of Christ—the red hat of martyrdom.' Then Alexander commanded him to come to Rome. Savonarola excused himself on the ground of his feeble health; and he continued to preach against Rome. Thereupon the pope (in the autumn of 1496) forbade him further preaching on pain of excommunication, until the termination of his trial for heresy, which was now to be commenced. At the same time, the jealousy of the Franciscan order, at the prominence of this Dominican, fell upon him. Savonarola ceased preaching for a time; but then, unable to restrain the spirit within him, recommenced. 'The pope,' said he, 'is ill informed and mis-

Girolamo (Jerome) Savonarola

guided. It is not the ideal pope who has forbidden me to preach; the true pope is the incarnation of the spirit of Christ; and Christ cannot be against the spirit of love, otherwise He would be against Himself. This wicked order is, therefore, not from the pope. I must preach, because God has called me thereto.' So reasoned Savonarola; so endeavored he to reconcile disobedience to the visible pope with obedience to the Catholic church. Meantime political affairs took an unfavorable turn for Savonarola. Charles VIII was forced to retire from Italy in inglorious failure. Combined Italy was hostile to Florence because of its alliance with the French. Also a pestilence and famine broke out in Florence (June, 1497), against which Savonarola could furnish no miraculous remedy. The party of the Medici made an attempt to seize the government; this failed, and ended with the execution (August twenty-one, 1497) of five prominent men. The avengers of their blood now watched for Savonarola's life. His followers now surrounded him with an armed guard, it was only thus that he could reach his pulpit.

The pope, learning of the decline of Savonarola's popularity, excommunicated him, first in May, 1497, and then more emphatically in October, forbidding all christians to have any intercourse with him, and threatening the city with the interdict. Savonarola, encouraged by a favorable council which was elected January one, 1498, ascended the cathedral pulpit, denied the charge of heresy, declared null and void the excommunication, and appealed from the human pope to the heavenly Head of the church. He also boldly summoned the crowned heads of all christendom to unite in calling a general council, to depose this pretended pope, and to heal the wounds of the church. And yet

Savonarola plainly foresaw the fatal result to himself of the present contest. 'To the *cause* there can be no other outcome than victory; but to *me* it will be death.' * * *

Palm Sunday, 1498, his enemies besieged him in San Marco; he disdained earthly weapons, and fell upon his face in prayer. As he was taken and conducted to judgment he was greeted with all manner of abuse. His adherents were expelled from the council, and a hasty trial was entered upon. On six successive days he was dragged forth and examined under the severest tortures. During the few days of his imprisonment he wrote a beautiful exposition of the fifty-first Psalm, which Luther afterwards published as a tract. He was then examined again, by torture, before a clerical tribunal; it was but a mere form. He was sentenced to be hanged and burned. He was thus executed with and between two of his friends, May twenty-third, 1498. At the foot of the scaffold he had adminstered the eucharist to himself and his two friends. 'My Lord was pleased to die for my sins; why should not I be glad to give up my poor life out of love to Him?' With such words he closed his eyes upon the world and yielded to the gibbet and the flames.

The Dominican order endeavored in later years to effect his canonization. Luther said that God had already canonized him. Though not a dogmatic reformer in the sense of Luther, Zwingli, or Calvin, Savonarola yet holds a most honorable place by the side of Wycliffe, Huss, and Wessel, as a forerunner of the great Reformation. Monuments were erected to Savonarola in San Marco, Florence, in 1873, and in Ferrara, May twenty-three, 1875. Savonarola left numerous writings."

MARTIN LUTHER

Passing by the persecutions that followed in Buckingham, Amersham, Uxbridge, Henley, Newbury, Colchester, and the countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, England, we arrive at the time of Martin Luther, who was one of the greatest of church reformers. His history is familiar to all as a reformer who could never be bought, frightened, or intimidated. He was born in Germany, 1483, studied at the University of Erfurt and became a monk in that city. Afterward, in 1507, he was professor of philosophy at Wittenberg and ten years later his open opposition to the sale of indulgences authorized by the pope, brought storms of persecution down upon him, but he found friends, some of whom were German princes, and thus, in the providence of God, escaped martyrdom.

It was said of Luther that his doctrine was true, but they only wished he was more moderate in his manner of expressing his thoughts. He was high spirited but very humble. To the bishop of Rome, he wrote, "Save me, kill me, call me, recall me, approve me, reprove me, as you shall please. * * * I shall be contented to die." He was followed, hooted, howled at and threatened with banishment; his books were burned. He was reproached and called a factionalist and schismatic. In 1521 he attended the Diet of Worms. His friends tried to get him to stay at home, but he refused. "His reply was that if he were obliged to encounter, at Worms, as many devils as there were tiles upon the houses of that city, it would not deter him from his fixed purpose of appearing there."

On his return he was said to be the enemy of the whole empire. Frederick, Duke of Saxony, seeing the storm that was coming, provided men to protect Luther. They thought best to conceal him; so disguised him and put him into the Wartburg Castle, which he called Patmos. While there he wrote many things helpful to the world. He was one of the first and greatest heroes of the Reformation.

JOHN LAMBERT

One of Luther's admirers, John Lambert, was accused and brought to London for examination before the archbishop of Canterbury and forty-five charges were brought against him. His answers to the questions showed great learning, through knowledge of the Scriptures, and whole-hearted devotion to Christ. To the second article in which they asked whether he "had any of Luther's books since they were condemned," how long he had kept them, and whether he had studied them, he replied, "I say that I have indeed had them, and that both before they were condemned and also since, but I never will nor can tell you, how long I have kept them; but the truth is that I have studied them, and I thank God that I did so, for by them has God showed to me, and also to a multitude of others, such light as the darkness of those that call themselves the holy church cannot abide. He covets above all things, as all his adversaries well know, that all his writings, and the writings of all his adversaries, might be translated into all languages; that all people might see and know what is said on every side, by which men should the better judge what is the truth. And in this, I think, he requires nothing by equity; for the law would have no man condemned, or justified, until his cause were heard and known."

Martin Luther

John Lambert's martyrdom took place at Smithfield and he suffered most cruel tortures, yet, as he was dying, he lifted his burning, bleeding hands and cried to the people, "None but Christ! None but Christ!"

ZWINGLI AND SWITZERLAND

The Reformation in Switzerland broke out under Ulrich Zwingli two years later than in Germany. Zwingli at once called upon his head the persecutions of the pope, but so faithful was his preaching that Switzerland was made a Protestant country within a few years. Zwingli was killed in 1531; but the work went on and Switzerland became the asylum of the oppressed for perhaps a hundred years or more; however, two hundred years later it was decreed that any one withdrawing from the Established church should not be tolerated; and that any who might attend the services of the "new religion" should be fined or imprisoned; and we find much the same conditions existed in America at that date. Those who persisted in their faithfulness to Christ and in their opposition to the old church, were dubbed "enthusiasts," "Nazarenes," and "advocates of exploded doctrines."

The Reformation was carried to France in 1523, by Luther's followers, where it gained rapidly for a time among the upper classes. John Calvin, a Frenchman, the founder of Calvinism, taking up with the Reformation, was driven out of France and fled to Switzerland where he became the head of Swiss Protestantism, six years after Zwingli's death. He continued a leader to his death and became the greatest writer of the age on theology. However, the end of his life is clouded by the part he took, as moderater, in the burning of a Spanish scholar who dissented from the reformed religion. One of his biographers, commenting upon this inhuman act, excuses him upon the ground that burning at the stake was the fault of the age, to which he fell a victim.

HENRY VOES AND JOHN ESCH

"In A. D. 1523, two young men were burnt at Brussels, one named Henry Voes, at the age of twenty-four years; the other John Esch, who formerly had been of the order of the Augustine friars. * * * They were condemned to be burned. Then they began to give thanks to God, their heavenly Father, who had delivered them through His great goodness from that false and abominable priesthood, and made them priests of His holy order, receiving them to Himself as a sacrifice of sweet odor. * * * As they were led to the place of execution, * * * they went joyfully and cheerfully, making continual protestation that they died for the glory of God, and the doctrine of the gospel, as true christians, believing and following the holy church of the Son of God; saying also, that it was the day which they had long desired. After they were come to the place where they were to be burned, and were despoiled of their garments, * * * they joyfully embraced the stake to which they were to be bound, patiently and joyfully enduring whatever was done to them, praising God with—'We praise thee, O God,' etc., singing Psalms, and rehearsing the creed, in testimony of their faith. A certain doctor beholding their cheerfulness, said to Henry, that he should not so foolishly glorify himself. He answered, 'God forbid that I should glory in anything, but only in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ.' Another counselled him to have God before his eyes. He answered, 'I trust that I carry Him truly in my heart.' One of them seeing that fire was kindled at his feet, said, 'Methinks ye do strew roses under my feet.' Finally, the smoke and the flame mounting up to their faces choked them.

Henry being demanded among other things, whether Luther had seduced him or no? 'Yea,' said he, 'even as Christ seduced His apostles.'"

HENRY SUTPHEN, MONK

"The year following the burning, at Brussels, of these two christian martyrs just mentioned, with like tyranny also, was martyred and burned, without being justly condemned, near the city of Diethmar, on the border of Germany, one Henry Sutphen, monk, A. D. 1524. This Sutphen had been with Martin Luther, and going to Antwerp was excluded from thence for the gospel's sake, then went to Bremen, not to preach, but to go to Wittenberg. Whilst at Bremen, he was asked by certain godly citizens to make one or two brief exhortations upon the gospel. So sincerely did he preach and so taken were the honest people with his words, that the religious orders, especially the canons, monks and priests rose up against him, demanding that he desist from promulgating his heresies, asking even that the senate banish such a heretic from the town.

The citizens of Bremen took their preacher's part, as did also the senate, saying it could not find any reason for which Sutphen should be convicted of heresy. Upon this the religious orders, seeing that they could not prevail, burst into a fury and certified to the archbishop that the citizens of Bremen were become heretics. Demand was then made, that Sutphen be handed over to the archbishop without delay; this being refused by the citizens of Bremen, a provincial council of all the prelates and learned men of the diocese was called at Buckstade, to which Sutphen also was called, although they had already decreed to proceed against him as against a heretic; wherefore the rulers of the city, together with the commonality detained him at home, foreseeing and suspecting malice of the council.

In October, 1524, Sutphen was sent for by Nicholas Boy, parish priest, and other faithful christians of Meldorph, a town in Diethmar, to preach the gospel to them. Alarmed by the power of God upon Sutphen, the prior of the Black Friars, at Meldorph, not being able to withstand him, went with great speed to Heida, to speak with the forty-eight presidents of the country, against the seditious monk who, he charged, would seduce all the people of Diethmar as he had done those of Bremen. These presidents decreed that the monk should be put to death, without being heard or seen, much less convicted. When notified of this, Sutphen boldly replied that he ought to obey the word of God rather than man and if it pleased God that he should lose his life there, it was as near to Heaven as any other place. The next day he went into the pulpit and preached twice with great spirit and power.

This open defiance, the ecclesiastics could not brook in silence; so disdaining all temperate means of silencing the preacher they finally determined to take Sutphen by night and burn him before the people should know of it.

They assembled, therefore, about five hundred men whom they instructed in what was to be done; for before that, none but the presidents knew the reason for their assembling. When the husbandmen understood it, they would have turned back, refusing such a detestable and horrible deed; but the presidents constrained them with most bitter threats; and, in order that they should be the more courageous, gave them three barrels of Hamburg beer.

About midnight they reached Meldorph having with them a traitor, named Hennegus, by whose treason they had perfect knowledge of everything. They burst into the house of the parish priest with violence. If they found either gold or silver they took it; they fell violently upon the priest; then with great rage and fury attacked Sutphen, bound his hands behind him and drew him to and fro until Peter Hannus, who otherwise was an unmerciful and cruel persecutor of the word of God, asked them to let him alone. When they asked him why he came to Diethmar, he gently told them, but they cried out in a rage, 'Away with him; away with him! If we hear him talk any longer, it is to be feared that he will make us also heretics.'

They then carried him to Hieda and bound him with chains and stocks. The master of the house seeing the cruel deed felt compassion and had him carried to a priest's house for the night, while the common people continued in immoderate drinking. In the morning they gathered in the market-place, to consult as to what should be done; where the rustics, boiling with drink, cried out, 'Burn him! burn him! To the fire with the heretic!'

Then, with great noise, they brought him forth, where he sat down for weakness upon the ground. There was present one of the presidents, named May, who condemned Sutphen to be burned; but the preacher, lifting up his hands toward Heaven, said, 'Oh Lord, forgive them, for they offend ignorantly, not knowing what they do; Thy name, O almighty God, is holy.'

In the meantime a woman, a sister of Hannus, offered herself to suffer a thousand stripes, and to give a large sum of money, if they would stay the burning and keep him in prison until she could plead his cause before the whole country. Upon hearing this they grew more mad, threw the woman down, trod upon her and beat Sutphen unmercifully. One struck him on the head with a sharp dagger; others thrust him in the back. This was not done only once or twice, but as often as he began to speak. Master Gunter cried out, encouraging them, saying, 'Go to, boldly, good fellows; truly God is present with us.'

After this they brought a Franciscan Friar to Sutphen that he might confess to him. Sutphen asked him: 'Brother, when have I done you an injury, either by word or deed; or when did I ever provoke you to anger?' 'Never,' said the friar. 'What then shall I confess to you that you think you might forgive me?' said he. The friar was so affected by these words that he turned away. They then bound Sutphen to a ladder and when he began to pray, struck him upon the face, saying, 'Thou shalt first be burnt, and afterwards pray and prate as much as thou wilt.' The ladder was then set upright; but he was murdered by their drunken violence before he was burned. Thus this godly preacher finished his martyrdom, A. D. 1524.

About this time many godly persons were thrown into the Rhine and into other rivers. In the town of Diethmar, another faithful saint of God was burned. Thus these men, as shining lights, set up by God in testimony of His truth, offered up the sacrifice of their lives, sealed with their blood, as a sweet savor unto God."

JOHN CLERK OF MELDEN, FRANCE

"Melden is a city in France, ten miles from Paris, where John Clerk was apprehended, A. D. 1523, for setting up upon the church door, a writing against the pope's pardons lately sent there from Rome, in which he named the pope to be antichrist; for which his punishment was this—that for three several days he should be whipped, and afterwards have a mark branded on his forehead, as a note of infamy. * * *

After this punishment John went to Metz. * * * The people of that city used to go, on a certain day, to the suburbs, to worship certain blind idols near by, after an old custom amongst them. John, being inflamed with zeal, went out of the city on the preceding day to the place where the images were, and broke them all in pieces. The next day, when the canons, priests, and monks, * * * found all their blocks and stocks broken upon the ground, they were enraged and seized John Clerk, who confessed the act. The people being not yet acquainted with that kind of doctrine, were wonderfully moved against him. * * * He was soon tried and condemned and led to the place of execution, and sustained extreme, various and ingenious torments. To all those who stood by it was an horror to behold the grievous and doleful sight of his pain; again, to behold his patience, or rather the grace of God giving him the power to endure, was a wonder. Thus quietly and constantly he endured his torments, pronouncing or in a manner singing, the verses of the hundred and fifteenth Psalm: 'Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands,' etc. His rent body was committed to the fire and consumed."

JOHN CASTELLANE

In 1524, John Castellane, a priest and St. Augustine Friar, who had become a true preacher of God and had laid some foundation of the doctrine of the gospel in the town of Metz; when returning from thence, was taken prisoner and carried to the castle of Nommenie, where he was most cruelly handled from May until January, 1525, during all of which time he continued true to the Son of God.

Thence he was carried to the castle of Vike where the cardinals proceeded to the sentence of his degradation. As the form of the sentence and the process of degradation is remarkable we annex it in part, as follows: "Concerning the process inquisitory, formed and given in the form of an accusation against thee, John Castellane; * * * and marking also the godly admonitions and charitable exhortations which we made unto thee in the town of Metz, which thou, like unto the adder, hast refused; * * * also considering thine answer to interrogatories, * * * in which thou hast devilishly hidden and kept back, not only the truth, but also, following the example of Cain, hast refused to confess thy sins and mischievous offenses, and, finally, hearing the great number of witnesses sworn and examined against thee, the inquisitor hath entered process against thee; * * * whereby it appeareth that thou, John Castellane, hast oftentimes, and in divers places, openly and manifestly spread abroad and taught many erroneous propositions, full of the heresy of Luther, contrary and against the Catholic faith, and the verity of the gospel and the holy apostolic see, and so accursedly looked back, that thou art found to be a liar before Almighty God.

It is ordained by the sacred rules of the canon law, that such as, through the sharp darts of their venomous tongues do pervert the Scriptures, should be punished. For these causes and others we pronounce thee to be excommunicated with the greatest excommunication, and a mortal enemy of the Catholic faith and truth of the gospel; also to be a manifest heretic, the follower and partaker of the execrable cruelty of Martin Luther, a stirrer up of old heresies already condemned. Therefore, thou oughtest to be deposed and deprived of all priestly honor and dignity, of all thy orders, of thy shaving and religious habit. So we do depose, deprive and separate thee, as a rotten member, from the communion and company of all the faithful; and being so deprived, we judge that thou oughtest to be actually degraded.

This sentence being thus ended, the bishop, sitting in his robes on the judgment seat, proceeded to the degrading, as they called it, of John Castellane. He was appareled in his priestly attire and brought forth from the chapel, where he knelt down before the bishop. Then the officers gave him the chalice; with wine and water, the patina and the host; all of which the bishop took from him saying, 'We take away from thee, or command to be taken from thee, all power to offer sacrifice unto God, and to say mass, as well for the quick as the dead.'

Moreover the bishop scraped the nails of both his hands with a piece of glass, saying, 'By this scraping we take from thee all power to sacrifice, to consecrate, and to bless, which thou hast received by the anointing of thy hands.' Then he took the chalice, saying, 'We deprive thee of this priestly ornament, which signifies charity; for certainly thou hast forsaken the same, and all innocency.'

The degradation of the order of the priesthood being ended, they proceeded to the order of deacon. The ministers gave him the book of the gospels which the bishop took away, saying, 'We take away from thee all power to read the gospels in the church of God, for it appertains only to such as are worthy.' After this he despoiled him of the vesture used in the various Levitical orders, down to the door-keeper, taking from him the keys, and forbidding him to open or shut the vestry or to ring any more bells in the church.

That done the bishop committed him to the servitude and ignominy of the secular state. He then took the shears and, clipping his hair said, 'We cast thee out, as an unthankful child of the Lord's heritage.' * * * The bishop also added these words: 'That which thou hast sung with thy mouth, thou hast not believed with thy heart, nor accomplished in work, wherefore we take from thee the office of singing in the church of God.'

He was then stripped of his clerical robe and the apparel of a secular man put upon him. That done, the bishop said, 'We pronounce that the secular court shall receive thee unto its charge.' He was thus degraded of all honor and privilege.

He then, after a fashion, entreated the secular judge for Castellane, saying, 'My Lord Judge, we pray you as heartily as we can, for the love of God, and for His tender pity and mercy, and for respect of our prayers, that you will not in any point do anything that shall be hurtful to this miserable man, or tending to his death, or the maiming of his body.'

The judge then condemned Castellane to be burned; which death he suffered with such firmness that many per-

NONE BUT CHRIST.
NONE BUT CHRIST.

John Lambert

(See page 62.)

sons who had some knowledge of the truth were greatly edified by his triumphant death."

WOLFGANG SCHUCH, A GERMAN

"Wolfgang Schuch, the pastor of a small town in Germany, labored there to extirpate idolatry and superstition; which, through the power of God, he did; so that the observance of Lent, images, and all idols, with the abominations of mass were utterly abolished.

Ere long sinister reports of this came to Duke Anthony, prince of Lorraine; which so incensed him that he threatened to destroy the town with sword and fire. Wolfgang, learning of this, wrote the duke's uncle, in defense both of his ministry and of his doctrine.

But this epistle availed nothing; so he took all the danger upon himself; went to Nantz and was immediately cast into prison, where he was roughly handled for a whole year; then removed to the house of the Gray Friars, learnedly disputing all who stood against him. One of these friars, an enemy to virtue and learning, and believing that it was sufficient to salvation, to know the Pater Noster (Our Father) and Ava Maria (Hail Mary), was the judge before whom Wolfgang was examined. At the last disputation Duke Anthony was present, having altered his apparel so that he might not be known; and, although he could not understand Wolfgang, who spoke in Latin, perceiving him to be bold and firm in his doctrine, gave sentence that he should be burned because he denied the church and the sacrifices of the mass.

Wolfgang hearing his sentence began to sing the one hundred and twenty-second Psalm. His Bible, with his marginal notes, was taken into their monastery and burned. He was then taken to the place of his martyrdom and upon being asked if he would have his pain diminished and shortened, he answered, 'No, as God has been with me hitherto, so I trust now He will not leave me, when I shall have most need of Him;' and beginning to sing the fifty-first Psalm, he entered into the place, heaped with fagots and wood, and continued to sing until the smoke and flame took from him both voice and life."

GEORGE CARPENTER

"On the eighth of February, A. D. 1527, George Carpenter of Emering was burned in Munchen, in Bavaria.

* * *

He was asked, 'Dost thou not fear the death and punishment which thou must suffer? If thou wert let go, wouldst thou return to thy wife and children?' He answered, 'If I were at liberty, whither should I rather go than to my wife and beloved children?' 'Revoke your former opinion and you shall be set at liberty.' George answered, 'My wife and my children are so dearly beloved by me, that they cannot be bought from me for all the riches and possessions of the Duke of Bavaria; but, for the love of the Lord God, I will willingly forsake them.' When he was led to the place of execution, the schoolmaster spake to him again, saying, 'Good George, believe in the sacrament of the altar; do not affirm it to be only a sign.' He answered, 'I believe this sacrament to be a sign of the body of Jesus Christ offered upon the cross for us.' Then said the schoolmaster, 'What dost thou mean, that thou dost so little esteem baptism, knowing that Christ suffered Himself to be baptized in Jordan?

He answered, explaining the true use of baptism, and the reason why Christ was baptized and how necessary it was that Christ should die and suffer upon the cross. 'The same Christ,' said he, 'will I confess this day before the whole world; for He is my Savior, and in Him I believe.' * * *

The schoolmaster said, 'Dost thou believe so truly and constantly in the Lord and God with thy heart, as thou dost cheerfully seem to confess Him with thy mouth?' He answered, 'It were a very hard matter for me, if I, who am ready here to suffer death, should not believe that with my heart, which I openly profess with my mouth; for I knew before I must suffer persecution if I would cleave unto Christ, who saith, 'Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.'

Then said Master Conrate to him, 'Dost thou think it necessary after thy death, that any man should pray for thee, or say mass for thee?' He answered, 'So long as the soul is joined to the body, pray God for me, * * * but when the soul is separate from the body, then I have no more need of your prayers.'

Then he was desired by certain christian brethren, that, as soon as he was cast into the fire, he should give some sign and token of what his faith was. He answered, 'This shall be my sign and token, that so long as I can open my mouth, I will not cease to call upon the name of Jesus.'

Incredible constancy was in this godly man. His face and countenance never changed color, but he went cheerfully on to the fire. 'In the midst of the town this day,' said he, 'will I confess my God before the whole world.' When he was laid upon the ladder, and after the executioner had put a bag of gunpowder about his neck, he said, 'Let it be so, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' When they thrust him into the fire, he with a loud voice cried out, 'Jesus, Jesus!'"

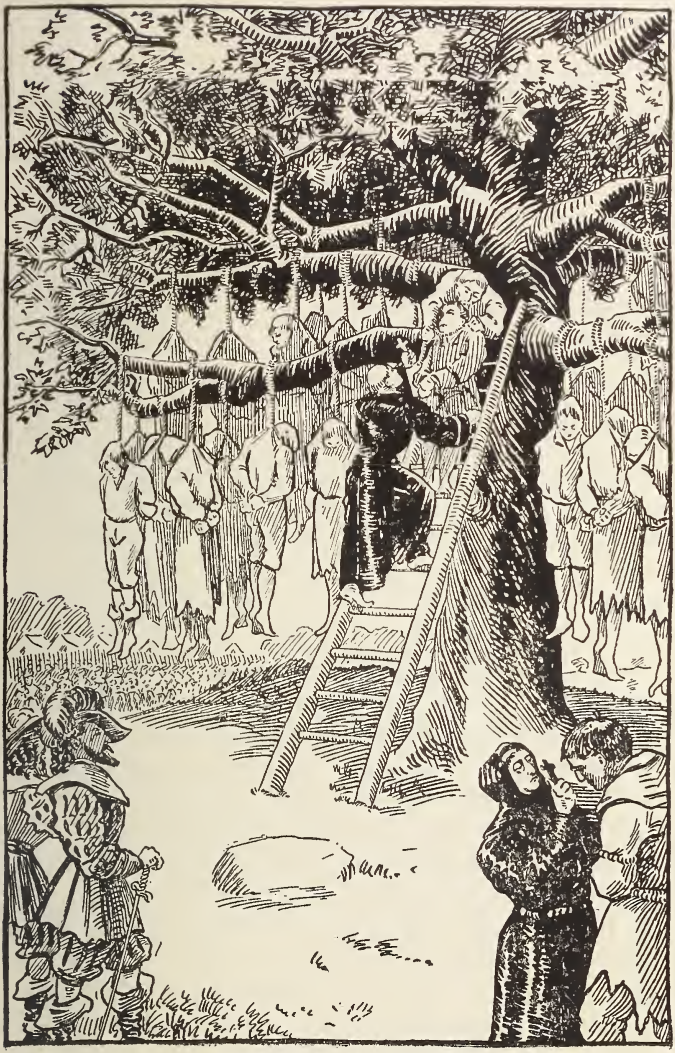
LEONARD KEYSER

"Here is not to be passed over the wonderful constancy of Leonard Keyser, of Bavaria. This man being at his study in Wittenberg, was sent for by his brethren, who told him, that if he ever wished to see his father alive, he should come with speed, which he did. Almost as soon as he appeared outside, he was seized, by command of the bishop of Passau.

Sentence was given against him that he should be degraded, and put into the hands of the secular power. He was led out of town to the place where he was to suffer, where he boldly spake, saying, 'Oh, Jesus, I am Thine! have mercy upon me and save me.' Then he felt the fire begin sharply under his feet, and about his head; and, because the fire was not quick enough, the executioner drew the body, half burnt, with a long hook, from under the wood, made a great hole in it, through which he thrust a stake, and cast him again into the fire. This was on August sixteenth, A. D. 1526."

COUNCIL OF BLOOD

"About 1567 there was organized in the Netherlands, a tribunal known as the Council of Blood. The Duke of Alva was governor general under Philip II at that time and such a career of crime and blood cannot be paralleled. An edict was procured from the Inquisition by which all



Executions in Holland

people of the Netherlands, except those specifically exempt, were sentenced to death. Nobles were beheaded and heretics burned at the stake. It was not uncommon to see scores of them hanging like rabbits from the trees.

Under this reign of blood the most flourishing country of Europe fell prostrate. Grass and weeds grew rank around the richest wharves and marts. Alva boasted that he put to death, in the Netherlands, eighteen thousand persons besides those killed in battle."

WENDELMUTA, A WIDOW

"In Holland also in the year 1527, was martyred and burned a good and virtuous widow, named Wendelmuta. This widow, receiving to her heart the brightness of God's grace, by the appearing of the gospel, was committed to the castle of Werden. * * * Several monks were appointed to talk with her, that they might convince her and win her to recant; but she constantly persisting in the truth, would not be moved. Many of her kindred were suffered to reason with her; among whom there was a noble matron, who loved and favored dearly the widow in prison. This matron coming and communing with her, said, 'My Wendelmuta, why dost thou not keep silence, and think secretly in thine heart these things which thou believest, that thou mayest prolong here thy days and life?' She answered, 'Ah, you know not what you say. It is written, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' Romans 10:10. * * * She was condemned, by sentence as an heretic, to be burned to ashes, and her goods to be confiscated. * * *

After she came to the place where she was to be executed a monk had brought out a cross, desiring her to kiss and worship her god. 'I worship,' said she, 'no wooden god, but only that God who is in Heaven;' and so, with a joyful countenance she went to the stake. Then, taking the powder and laying it to her breast, she gave her neck willingly to be bound, and with ardent prayer, commended herself to the hands of God. * * * The fire then was put to the wood and she, being strangled, was burned afterward to ashes."

JOHN PISTORIUS, A LEARNED MAN OF HOLLAND

"Pistorius was a priest; then he married, and after that he preached against the mass and pardons, and against the subtle abuses of priests. He was committed to prison with ten malefactors, whom he comforted; and to one, who being half naked and in danger of cold, he gave his gown. His father, visiting him in prison, did not dissuade him, but bade him be constant. At last he was condemned and degraded, having a fool's coat put upon him. His fellow prisoners, at his death, sung, 'We praise thee,' etc." Coming to the stake, he was first strangled, and then burned, saying, at his death, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" I Corinthians 15:15.

TWENTY-EIGHT MARTYRED AT LOUVAINE, 1543

"When some of the city of Louvaine were suspected of Lutheranism, the emperor's procurator came from Brussels to make inquisition. After inquisition, bands of armed men came and beset their houses in the night; many were taken in their beds, plucked from their wives and children, and divided into different prisons. Through terror, many citizens returned again to idolatry; but there were twenty-eight who remained constant in that persecution. The doctors of Louvaine, especially the inquisitor, came and disputed with them, thinking either to confound them, or to convert them. But the spirit of the Lord wrought so strongly with His saints that they went away rather confounded themselves.

Among them there was one Paul, a priest. * * * But at length, for fear of death he began to stagger in his confession, and so was condemned to perpetual prison, in a dark and stinking dungeon, where he was suffered neither to read nor to write, nor any man to come to him, and only to be fed with bread and water. There were two others put to the fire and burnt. There was an old man and two aged women condemned; the man to be beheaded, the two women to be burned alive, which death they suffered very cheerfully. Other prisoners who were not condemned to death, were deprived of their goods, and commanded to come to the church in a white sheet, and there, kneeling with a taper in their hand, to ask forgiveness; and they who refused to do so and to abjure the doctrine of Luther, were put to the fire."

JUSTUS JUSBURGH AND GILES TILLEMAN, AT BRUSSELS, A. D. 1544

"Justus Jusburgh, a skinner of Louvaine, being suspected of Lutheranism, was found to have the New Testament in his house, and certain sermons of Luther, for which he was committed. * * * The providence of the Lord is never wanting to His saints in time of necessity.

Shortly after, the masters of Louvaine came to examine him touching religion, on the pope's supremacy, sacrifice of the mass, purgatory, and the sacrament. When he had answered plainly and boldly according to the Scriptures he was condemned to the fire; but, through intercession made to the queen, his burning was pardoned, and he was only beheaded.

Giles (Tilleman) was born in Brussels of honest parents. He began to receive the light of the gospel through reading the Holy Scriptures, and increased therein exceedingly. And as he was fervent in zeal, so he was humane, mild, and pitiful. Whatever he had, that necessity could spare, he gave to the poor, and lived by his trade. Some he refreshed with meat; some with clothing; to some he gave shoes; some he helped with household stuff; to others he ministered wholesome exhortation of good doctrine. One poor woman was brought to bed, and had no bed to lie upon, whereupon he brought his own bed to her, and was contented himself to lie upon straw.

After he was thrown into prison, certain of the Gray Friars were sometimes sent to him; but he would always desire them to depart from him, and when the friars at any time called him names, he held his peace at such personal injuries, that those blasphemers would say abroad that he had a dumb devil in him. But when they talked of religion, there he spared not, but answered them fully by evidences of the Scripture, so that many times they would depart wondering. At various times he might have escaped, the doors having been set open, but he would not bring his keeper into peril.

He was condemned to the fire, privately, contrary to the use of the country; for they durst not openly condemn him for fear of the people, so well was he beloved. When tidings of his sentence came to him, he gave hearty thanks unto God that the hour was come when he might glorify the Lord.

Standing at the stake, the blessed martyr, lifting up his eyes to heaven, died, in the middle of the flame, to the great lamentation of all. So that after that time, when the friars would go about for their alms the people would say, 'It was not meet for them to receive alms with bloody hands.'"

PERSECUTION AT GHENT AND BRUSSELS, A. D. 1543, 1544

"When the Emperor, Charles V, was in Ghent, the friars and doctors petitioned that the edict, made against the Lutherans, might be read openly twice a year; which being obtained, great persecution followed, so that there was no city nor town in all Flanders where some were not banished or beheaded, or condemned to perpetual prison, or had not their goods confiscated; neither was there any respect of age or sex.

Afterwards, the emperor coming to Brussels, there was terrible slaughter and persecution of God's people in Brabant, Hennegow, and Artoise; the horror and cruelty of which is almost incredible; so that at one time as good as two hundred men and women together were brought out of the country into the city, of whom some were drowned, some buried alive, some privately made away with, and others sent to perpetual prison."

Charles V abdicated the imperial crown in 1556 and retired to a monastery in Spain, where he died two years later, a most miserable death. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

URSULA AND MARIA, AT DELDEN, A. D. 1545

"Delden is a town in lower Germany, three miles from Daventry, where these two virgins of noble parentage were burned. After diligently frequenting churches, hearing sermons, and being instructed in the word of the Lord, they believed that, as the benefit of salvation comes only by our faith in Christ, all the merchandise of the pope, which he sells to the people for money, was needless. Mary, being the younger, was put first into the fire; where she prayed ardently for her enemies and commended her soul to God. The judges greatly marveled at her constancy.

Then they exhorted Ursula to turn, or if she would not, at least, that she would require to be beheaded. She said that she was guilty of no error, nor defended anything but what was consonant to the Scripture in which she trusted to persevere to the end. And, as to the kind of punishment, she said she feared not the fire, and rather would follow the example of her sister that went before."

ANDREW THIESSEN AND FAMILY, AT MECHLIN, A. D. 1545

"Andrew Thiessen, citizen of Mechlin, had three sons and a daughter whom he instructed diligently in the doctrine of the gospel, and despised the doings of popery. Being hated and persecuted of the friars and priests there, he went to England, and there died. Francis and Nicholas, his two sons, went to Germany to study; and returning again to their mother, sister and younger brother, by diligent instruction brought them to the right knowledge of God's gospel; the parson there, taking counsel together with William de Clerk, the head magistrate of the town of Mechlin, and others, agreed that the mother, with her four children, should be sent to prison; where great labor was employed to reclaim them to their church. The two younger, being not yet settled either in years or doctrine, inclined to them and were delivered. The mother, who would not consent, was condemned to perpetual prison. The other two, Francis and Nicholas, standing firmly to their confession, defended that the Catholic church was not the church of Rome; and that the sacrament was to be ministered in both kinds. * * * 'Their Master,' they said, 'was Christ, which bore His cross before.' Friends they had innumerable, dispersed in all places.

At last they were brought to the judges: * * * and condemned to be burned. Coming to the place of execution, as they began to exhort the people, gags were thrust into their mouths, which they, through vehemency in speaking, thrust out again, desiring, for the Lord's sake, that they might have leave to speak. And so, singing with a loud voice, 'I believe in one God,' etc., they were fastened to the stake, praying for their persecutors, and exhorting one another to bear the fire patiently. The one feeling the flame to come to his beard; 'Ah!' said he, 'what a small pain is this, to be compared to the glory to come!'" Thus the patient martyrs committed their spirits to the hand of God.

JOHN JOYER, AND HIS SERVANT, AT TOULOUSE, 1552

"These two, coming from Geneva to their country with certain books, were apprehended and brought to Toulouse, where the master was first condemned. * * * When they were brought to the stake, the young man first going up, began to weep. The master, fearing lest he would give over, ran to him, and he was comforted and they began to sing. * * *

As they were in the fire, the master, standing upright to the stake, shifted the fire from him to his servant, being more careful for him than for himself, and when he saw him dead, bowed down into the flame, and so expired."

A CONGREGATION PERSECUTED IN PARIS

"On September fourth, 1558, a company of three or four hundred people, assembled in Paris to celebrate the Lord's supper, was discovered by certain priests, who beset the house, and made an outcry, that the watch might come to take them. In a short time almost the whole city was in arms, thinking some conspiracy on foot.

Upon learning that these people were Lutherans, the citizens were in a rage; furiously seeking their blood, stopping the streets and lanes with carts, and making fires to see that none should escape.

The congregation went to prayer. God heard and answered and the men who had weapons, with one exception, escaped. The king's attorney, with the sergeants, entered the house where were the women and children, and proceeding in their office took them all to prison. The people along the way despitefully abused them, tearing their garments and disfiguring their faces with mud and dirt.

Besides these wrongs and oppressions there followed the cruel and slanderous reports of the priests, who in their railing sermons uttered horrible falsehoods and calumnies against them. These rumors were no sooner given out, but they were received and spread, not only among the vulgar but among the court and to the king's ears.

Here the enemies began to triumph, thinking the gospel overthrown forever. On the other side there was perplexity among the brethren. However, they did not lose courage altogether, but exhorted one another, remembering the great favor and providence of God in delivering them so wonderfully out of danger.

While these faithful brethren were comforting each other in prison: their adversaries were not idle, but sought all possible means to hasten their execution. Finally a commission was appointed and councilors chosen to oversee the matter. Many of these afflicted people were brought forth to martyrdom."

ITALIAN MARTYRS

The Reformation of Luther spread to Italy as well as throughout all Christendom, and, in due time bore fruit in a harvest of martyrs, although the number who suffered in that country does not seem to be numerous, yet it includes many noteworthy names. Within two years after the appearance of his writings against the sale of indulgences, Luther's works and writings began to appear in Italy.

In 1519, John Froben, a celebrated printer of Basle, endorsed Luther in the warmest terms and immediately republished his works from his own press and sent six hundred copies into France and Spain, where they were received with favor by the learned, as well as in Italy. However, it is doubtful if the reformation would have progressed far in Italy had Luther's doctrines remained disclosed only to the learned.

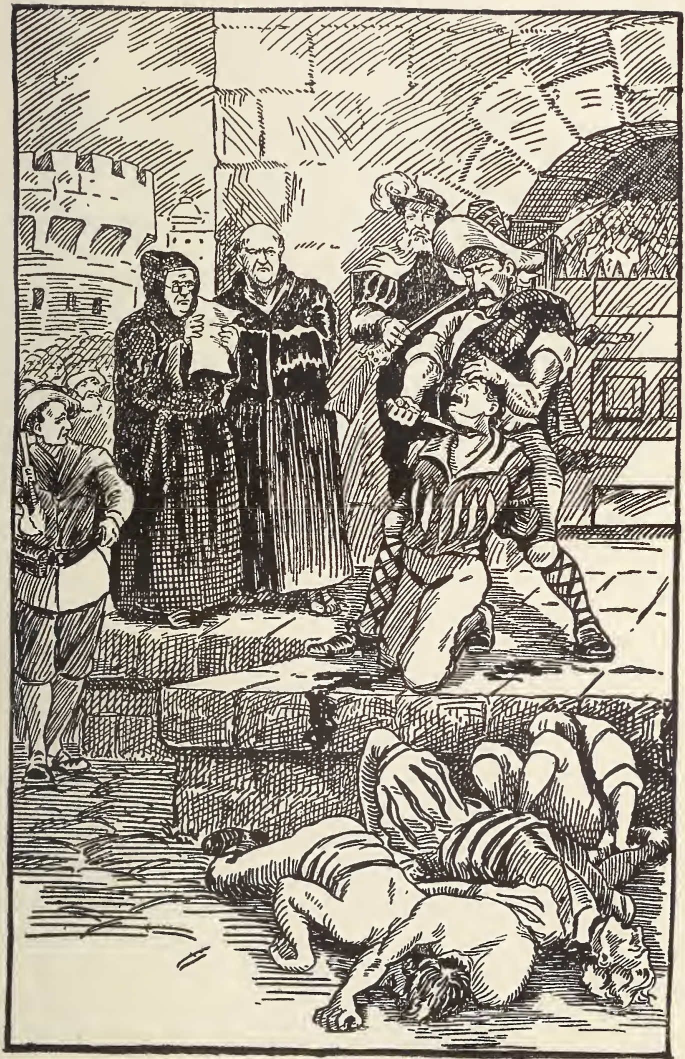
God arranged differently, and in 1530, a Bible for the people was published by Antonio Brucioli, a native of

Florence, which did much to disseminate the new religion among the Italians. It was, however, not until twelve years later, 1542, that the pope was sufficiently aroused from political wrangles he was carrying on with his foreign opponents, to take alarm at the wide-spreading heresy.

Then, commenced a series of persecutions rivaling what the devil was prosecuting against the real followers of Christ in every country where His truth was championed. Among those who suffered martyrdom was Jayme Enzinas, a noble spirit who was martyred in 1546, at Rome, being burned at the stake.

Four years later, 1550, Faninus was strangled, at Rome; after suffering the most distressing tortures at the hands of the Catholics. His body was burned to ashes the same day. With such Holy Ghost unction did he plead that his executioner wept before strangling him. The same year Dominick de Basana suffered martyrdom at thirty years of age in the city of Placentia by being hanged after heartily preaching and praying for his enemies. In 1551 Galeazius Trecius was burned at the stake, in 1553, Dr. John Mollus, a Gray Friar, was first hanged and then his body was burned, together with a weaver who stood constant with him to the end.

The same year Francis Gamba was strangled, at the stake, and two years later Pomponius Algieurius, a student of great promise of the University of Padua, was burnt alive at Rome, bringing consternation down upon the cardinals who beheld this awful scene. Thus some of the sufferings and martyrdoms of these heroes of the cross in Italy have been told, but the atrocities perpetrated upon the defenceless inhabitants of Calabria surpass anything hitherto recorded.



Executions in Calabria

BARBARITIES IN CALABRIA

In Calabria eighty-eight persons, one after another, were taken out and killed. A spectacle so tragical is almost incredible; wherefore, is here annexed part of an epistle, sent from Montallo, in Calabria, bearing date June eleven, 1560; as follows:

"I have to inform you of the dreadful justice which began to be executed on these Lutherans early this morning. I can compare it to nothing but the slaughter of so many sheep.

They were all shut up in one house and then the executioner brought out one of them, covered his face with a napkin, led him to a field near by and causing him to kneel down, cut his throat. Then taking off the bloody napkin, he brought out another, whom he put to death in the same manner. In this way the eighty-eight men were butchered. I leave you to figure for yourself the awful spectacle; for I can scarcely refrain from tears while I write; nor was there any person, who, after witnessing the execution of one, could stand to look on a second.

The meekness and patience with which they went to martyrdom was incredible. Some of them at death professed to be of the same faith with us, but the greater part died in their cursed obstinacy. Wagons are already come to carry away the dead bodies which are to be quartered and hung up on the public roads from one end of Calabria to the other.

Unless his holiness command the governor of this province to stay his hand, he will go on multiplying the execution until he has destroyed the whole."

PETER WALDO AND THE WALDENSES

About 1160, Peter Waldo, a citizen of Lyons and a man of great wealth, was convicted of God's Holy Spirit; whereupon followed a very great change in his life. He began to give to the needy; to instruct his family in God's word and to admonish others to repent.

Because of his diligent teachings and his wholesale admonitions, the bishop threatened to excommunicate him. When he ignored their threats, they persecuted him and his followers with sword, prison and banishment till they had driven them out of the city. From this time they were called the Waldenses, or poor men of Lyons, but as the cross follows the true and sincere preaching of God's word they were not suffered to remain at rest. They were dispersed to various places. Many went to Bohemia. A company settled in the Piedmont Valley in Northwest Italy, where they lived quietly for a few years; when the pope determined upon their banishment, declaring that he would not permit so rebellious a people to remain within his domains.

Then followed for more than a century the most horrible and cruel persecutions until they asked to quit Piedmont and go into exile. Their proposal was accepted; but, instead, many were massacred and the survivors, numbering over twelve thousand, were thrown into prison, where they were treated in a most barbarous manner. Here disease and torture soon diminished their number to three thousand.

At length being permitted to go, they reached Geneva in the middle of December, 1686. It was painful to behold these people, assembled, for the first time since they were dragged from their homes; parents and children inquiring for each other, husbands and wives seeking for those dearest to them; but, for the most part in vain. More than three-fourths had perished in prison or on the way to the place of refuge.

Great persecution was stirred up against those who remained in France, by the pope's commissioners. This was followed up with great expense and labor and sealed with the blood of many of them. Never was persecution, more terrible, perpetrated upon any people than in France by the French king up to A. D. 1545.

History tells us that persecution against the Waldenses continued almost uninterruptedly until the middle of the eighteenth century, and until 1845 they were allowed to live only in retired valleys of the Alps.

JOHN TEWKESBURY, LEATHER SELLER, OF LONDON

John Tewkesbury was converted by studying Tyndall's Testament, "The Wicked Mammon," and also the Bible. He openly disputed religious matter in the bishop's chapel; and in the doctrine of justification, and in all other articles of his faith, was very prompt in his answers. The bishop exhorted him to recant the errors and heresies which he held. He examined the book called, "The Wicked Mammon," and pronounced it false, heretical and condemned by the holy church. He declared Tewkesbury to be an open and obstinate heretic. Through the advice of false friends Tewkesbury abjured his opinions: but God restored him to grace and after two years he was apprehended again; taken before the bishop and condemned. His martyrdom occurred in Smithfield, December twentieth, 1531.

JAMES BAINHAM

James Bainham, a lawyer of London, was next to suffer in this reign of terror under Henry VIII. He was chained to the stake, and as he embraced the wood that was piled around him he exclaimed, "Oh ye papists, behold, ye look for miracles; here you may see a miracle; for while in this fire I feel no more pain than as if I were in bed; for it is as sweet to me as a bed of roses."

THREE MEN EXECUTED FOR BURNING AN IDOL

In "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" we find the record of the men who were executed for burning the Rood of Dover-court, in 1532, as follows:

"There was an idol called the Rood of Dover-court, to which many people resorted because of a rumor that the power of the idol of Dover-court was so great, that no man had power to shut the church door where it stood. They let the church door stand open day and night for the greater credit of the rumor. This seemed a great wonder to many ignorant men; but by others it was greatly suspected, especially by those whose consciences were burdened, to see the honor and power of the Almighty God so blasphemed. Therefore they resolved to travel to the place where the Rood stood. They found the church door open, which happened well for their purpose; for they found the idol, which had as much power to keep the door shut as to keep it open. They took it from its shrine, carried it a quarter of a mile; struck fire with a flint-stone, and set it on fire. It burned so brightly that it lighted them homeward one good mile.

Three of the men were afterward indicted for felony, and hanged in chains; which three persons at their death, through the Spirit of God, did more to edify the people in godly learning than all the sermons that had been preached there for a long time before.

The fourth man of this company, named Robert Gardiner, escaped their hands and fled. Him the Lord preserved. To God be all honor and glory.

The same year and the year before, there were many images cast down and destroyed in many places; as the image of the crucifix in the highway of Coggleshall; the image of St. Petronilla, in the church of Great Horkesley; the image of St. Christopher, by Sudbury, and another image of St. Petronilla, in a chapel at Ipswich. John Seward, of Dedham, overthrew the cross in Stoke-park, and took two images from a chapel in the park, and threw them into the water."

WILLIAM TYNDALE, THE TRANSLATOR OF THE SCRIPTURES

"William Tyndale, the faithful minister and constant martyr of Christ, was born about the borders of Wales, and brought up from a child in the University of Oxford, where he grew up and increased in the knowledge of tongues, and other liberal arts, but more especially in the knowledge of the Scriptures, to which his mind was singularly addicted; so that in Magdalen-hall he read privately to certain students, * * * instructing them in the knowledge and truth of the Scriptures. His life and conversation were such that all who knew him esteemed him to be a man of most virtuous disposition, and of unspotted life. * * *

As this grew on, the priests of the country clustering together, began to storm against Tyndale * * * affirming that his sayings were heresy. * * * There came out of England one whose name was Henry Phillips. * * * Tyndale was often invited to dinner and supper amongst the merchants, by means of which this Henry Phillips became acquainted with him, and in a short time Tyndale had great confidence in him. * * *

Through the means of this Henry Phillips was William Tyndale betrayed. After dining together at the house of Thomas Pointz, as they were leaving it, Tyndale was seized by two officers whom Phillips had brought for that purpose, and then the traitor delivered him to the emperor's partisans, his books were all seized and himself cast into prison.

Tyndale being brought to his answer was offered to have an advocate and a proctor, but he refused, saying, that he would answer for himself; and so he did.

At last, after much reasoning * * * he was condemned * * * and brought forth to the place of execution; he was there tied to the stake, and then strangled by the hangman and afterward consumed with fire in the town of Vivorden, A. D. 1536, crying thus at the stake with a fervent zeal and a loud voice, 'Lord, open the king of England's eyes.'

Such was the power of his doctrine, and sincerity of his life, that during the time of his imprisonment, which lasted a year and a half, it is said, he converted his keeper, his keeper's daughter, and others of his household. Also the rest that were conversant with him in the castle reported of him, that if he were not a good christian, they could not tell whom to trust."

Tyndale, Strangled

CHAPTER III

MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND, THE REIGN OF MARY, THE HUGUENOTS

Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, John Knox, Kennedy and Russel, Adam Wallace, 1550, Walter Milne, John Hooper, Lady Jane Grey, Beheaded, Rawlins White, Thomas Watts, Dirick Carver and John Launder, Bishop Ridley, Bishop Latimer, John Webbe, George Roper, and Gregory Parke, Hugh Laverock and John Apprice, Three Women Burned in Smithfield, Three Women in Guernsey, Cicely Ormes, Progress of the Reformation, Massacre of the Huguenots, Mademoiselle Sombruil, Sully, Crimes of the Papacy in Ireland, War in Germany.

"The corruptions by which the christian religion was universally debased, before the Reformation, had grown to a greater height in Scotland than in any other nation within the pale of the Western church. Superstition and religious imposture, in their grossest forms, gained easy admission among a rude and ignorant people. By means of these, the clergy attained to an exorbitant degree of opulence and power, which was accompanied, as it always has been, with the corruption of their order, and of the whole system of religion.

The full half of the wealth of the nation belonged to the clergy, and the greater part of this was in the hands of a few of their number who had the command of the whole body. Avarice, ambition, and the love of secular pomp, reigned among the superior orders. Bishops and abbots rivaled the first nobility in their magnificence, and preceded them in honors: they were privy-councilors and lords of session, as well as of Parliament, and had long engrossed the principal offices of state. * * *

The lives of the clergy, exempted from secular jurisdiction, and corrupted by wealth and idleness, were become a scandal to religion, and an outrage on decency. While they professed chastity, and prohibited under the severest penalties, any of the ecclesiastical order from contracting lawful wedlock, the bishops set the example of the most shameful profligacy before the inferior clergy; avowedly kept their harlots; provided their natural sons with benefices; and gave their daughters in marriage to the sons of the nobility and principal gentry, many of whom were so mean as to contaminate the blood of their families by such base alliances for the sake of the rich dowries which they brought."—"Foxe's Book of Martyrs."

The following instances are enough to show how Scotland's martyrs could meet death:

PATRICK HAMILTON

The Reformation in Scotland was started by Patrick Hamilton. Of noble birth, he went to Germany in great spiritual uncertainty but sought out Luther, from whom he received the light, and becoming converted, he returned to Scotland about 1527 and started the Reformation. The Catholics seized him, tried him and burned him to death, he, thus becoming the first, and in some respects the most eminent of Scotch martyrs. He died at twenty-eight years of age; but not before he had fired the hearts of his countrymen with true love to God, and started a long line of martyrs.

Thus died Scotland's first Reformation martyr, and his death was not in vain. A Romanist afterwards said, "The smoke of Patrick Hamilton infected all it blew upon." His mouth was closed, but the story of his death was repeated by a thousand tongues. It emboldened others to seek a martyr's crown and stirred up many more to defend the truths for which he died, and to repudiate the hierarchy which found it necessary to defend itself by such means. "Humanly speaking," says the author of "The Champions of the Reformation," "could there have been a fitter apostle for ignorant, benighted Scotland, than this fervent, eloquent, pious man, endowed with all those gifts that sway the heads of the masses? A zealous, pious laborer in season and out of season! What herculean labors might he not have accomplished! What signal triumphs might he not have achieved! So men may reason, but God judged otherwise. A short trial, a brief essay, in the work he loved and longed for, was permitted him, and then the goodly vessel still in sight of land, was broken in pieces."

GEORGE WISHART

Sixteen years after young Hamilton's death, George Wishart, a master in Cambridge College, England, fired by the new life within him, went to Scotland and carried on the work with great power. Among those who flocked to hear him was John Knox, who became one of his earliest disciples and who was, under God, destined to shake Scotland as Luther did Germany. Everywhere the Reformation spread under Wishart, and the Catholics would not tolerate this. Wishart was treacherously seized, as treacherously tried and was terribly tortured at the stake.

JOHN KNOX

Scarcely was Wishart dead, but Knox sprang to the work, and mighty in the word of God and prayer shook the devil's kingdom as it had never before been shaken. So mighty was this man of prayer, who used to pray: "Give me Scotland, or I die," that bloody Queen Mary was terrified every time she heard he was on his knees, and said she feared that man's prayers more than all the armies of England. It was largely through his prayers and influence that deliverance came to Scotland, that Parliament declared Protestantism to be the religion of the land, and that Queen Mary was removed from the throne. The story of his prevailing prayer is told as follows:

"The Protestants were being hunted as partridges on the mountains, which stirred the great heart of John Knox. On his knees, before God, he pleaded for Scotland. 'All Scotland for Christ!' was his ceaseless cry. In one of these mighty-taking-hold-of-God seasons of his, he sprang to his feet with the cry: 'Deliverance has come. Deliverance has come.' As soon as the courier could speed his way from London to the city where John Knox lived, he made the proclamation: 'Mary, Queen of England, is dead!'"

John Knox, whose memory is now honored by the world, was despised by the church and burned in effigy at the capital in 1556. No one thinks now of calling John Knox a fanatic, a ranting comeouter; but he had to quit the dead church, as the following piece of history shows:

"It was with feelings of astonishment, bordering upon horror, that he found the friends of Protestant opinions unresolved upon the great question, as to whether it was their duty to separate from the church. Many of them continued still to sanction, by their presence, the celebration of the mass."

This mighty reformer was evidently opposed to sanctioning even by being present, the fallen church of his day. Yet not a few people are wondering why, in the twentieth century, there is such a cry from real holiness people against the churches. An editor of a Massachusetts paper voices this sentiment by printing the following:

"Now, what do we find in the religious world today? Men and women who are posing as spiritual leaders crying out against churches. We do not question their personal salvation, but we do their judgment. These so-called independent men are trying to build one church by pulling down some others; for they tell their congregation that all the churches are in Babylon, and insist on the people coming out. They also cry out against salaried pastors, while they themselves, are, in some cases, receiving more money from the society they serve than some preachers receive as a stated salary. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.'

I read an abstract from a sermon of an independent preacher, whose subject was 'New Bottles for the New Wine,' in which he labored to make his congregation believe that God had raised up their society to put the new wine of His kingdom into. He wiped out every church and every religious society, but his, as no longer being fit to hold the New Testament wine. It was a production marvelous for 'its narrowness.'

In some cases I have been led to think that these men want to be bishops, and run everything themselves. I have known people to get turned down if they did not fall in with their ideas."

As we stated in a preceding paragraph John Knox saw the necessity of refusing to affiliate with a backslidden ecclesiasticism as the majority of all reformers have had to do.

KENNEDY AND RUSSEL

"In the same year, Kennedy, a youth of eighteen years of age, and Russel, a Gray Friar, were found guilty of heresy, and burned at Glasgow; Archbishop Hamilton having, it is said, in vain, interceded with the cardinal to spare their lives. Kennedy is described by Knox as one who possessed a fine genius for Scottish poetry; and it is not improbable, he may like Lindsay and Dunbar, have distinguished himself by some of those satirical effusions against the higher clergy, which is well known were not the least efficient weapons in pulling down the strongholds of superstition. But the prospect of so cruel a death shook his resolution, and it was expected that he was about to recant, when the exhortations of Russel, a meek but courageous disciple of the truth, produced a sudden change. Falling upon his knees, he blessed the goodness and mercy of God, which had saved him from impending destruction, and breaking out into an ecstasy of triumph, declared he now coveted death, and would endure the utmost torture they could inflict. 'Now,' said Russel, fixing his eyes on the prelates who presided, 'now is your hour, * * * whilst we stand before you falsely accused and most wrongfully condemned. But the day is coming when we shall have our innocence declared, and ye shall discover your blindness—meanwhile proceed, and fill up the measure of your iniquities.'

The effect of these inhuman executions was highly favorable to the doctrine of the Reformation; a circumstance to which the eyes of the clergy, and of the monarch (James V) who lent them his sanction, were completely blinded."

ADAM WALLACE, 1550

"Adam Wallace was tried, in the Black Friars' church in Edinburgh, for openly preaching, saying and teaching blasphemies and abominable heresies, and condemned. Provision was commanded to be made for his burning. When beside the fire, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and said to the people, 'Let it not cause you to stumble that I suffer death this day for the truth's sake; for the disciple is not greater than his Master.' "

WALTER MILNE

"Walter Milne, a parish priest who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, was thrown into prison but was so fortunate as to escape and remain in concealment in his native country. This venerable minister of the truth, who was past eighty, began openly to preach to the people; but the severity of the clergy again compelled him to seek his lurking places; but being discovered at this time, he was tried for heresy at St. Andrews, and condemned to be burned. From his feeble frame and great age, it was expected he would say little in his defence, but the old man exhibited uncommon spirit, and after the clergy had pronounced him guilty no secular judge could be found to pass sentence. The odious office, however, was at last performed by a dissolute retainer of the archbishop, and he was led to the stake amid the tears and sympathy of an immense multitude, who execrated the cruelty of which he was the victim. Surrounded by the flames he was yet able to testify that the cause for which he suffered was the defence of the truth of Jesus Christ. 'As for myself,' said he, 'I am four score and two years old and cannot live long, but a hundred better shall rise out of the ashes of my bones; and I trust in God I am the last that shall suffer death in Scotland for this cause.' And his prophetic wishes were fulfilled: he was the last in that country of the army of martyrs.

Yea, the whole town was so offended at his unjust condemnation, that the bishop's servants could not get, even for money, so much as a cord to tie him to the stake, or a tar barrel to burn him; but were constrained to cut the cords of their master's own pavilion to serve their turn."

JOHN HOOPER

Many were the persecutions that followed under the reign of Mary, and they continued until the day of her death. Bishop John Hooper was one of the first christians to be condemned by her, to prison and to the stake. He was burned at the stake in Gloucester and a large crowd of people were present; but he was not allowed to preach to them. Pardon was offered if he would recant; but he despised the offer. The fire was made of green wood and burned very slowly and a cold wind blew the flame from him so that his torture was long continued and his suffering very great; but he died cheerfully.

LADY JANE GREY, BEHEADED

"It was now resolved to proceed against Lady Jane Grey and her husband. She had lived six months in the hourly meditation of death, so she was not much surprised when the catastrophe arrived. * * * Her death was as much lamented as her life had been admired. It affected Judge Morgan, who had pronounced the sentence, so much, that he became insane, and thought she perpetually followed him. The queen herself was troubled at it; for it was rather a reason of state than of private resentment, that induced her to sign the death-warrant of one whose virtues she must have envied and admired. Her father, who was soon afterwards tried by his peers, condemned, and executed; was the less pitied, because by his means his daughter was brought to her untimely end."

To the "American Tract Society" we are indebted for the following further account in regard to this martyr of royal birth:

"The night before she was beheaded she sent a Greek Testament to her sister Catharine, with this high encomium written at the end of it: 'I have here sent you, sister Catharine, a book, which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is of more worth than precious stones. It is the book, of the law of the Lord. His testament and last will, which He bequeathed unto us; which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy. It shall teach you how to live and how to die. It shall win you more than you could have gained by your woeful father's land; for, if you follow its teachings, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as neither the covetous shall draw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt.'"

RAWLINS WHITE

"Rawlins White was burned at Cardiff, where he had been imprisoned for a year, in a very dark, loathsome and vile prison. At the hour of his execution, coming to where his poor wife and children stood weeping, the sudden sight of them so pierced his heart, that the tears trickled down his face. But disliking this infirmity of the flesh, said, 'Ah, flesh, checkest thou me so! wouldst thou fain prevail! Well, I tell thee, do what thou canst, thou shalt not, by God's grace, have the victory.' Then the smith put a chain about him, and while he was making it fast Rawlins said to him, 'I pray you, good friend, knock in the chain fast; for it may be that the flesh would strive mightily, but God of His great mercy, give me strength and patience to abide the extremity.' Thus died this godly old man, Rawlins, for the testimony of God's truth."

THOMAS WATTS

"Thomas Watts was a linen draper. Being in continual fear of seizure, he had sold his cloth and his shop, dispersed his things to his wife and children and given away much to the poor.

On the twenty-sixth of April he was apprehended, accused and condemned for not going to church. He was then sent to Newgate, where he remained for a short time. Just before going to the stake Watts said to his wife and six children: 'Wife, and my good children, I must now depart from you; but, as the Lord hath given you unto me, so I give you again unto the Lord, whom I charge you to obey, and fear; and beware you turn not to this abominable papistry, against which I shall soon, by God's grace, give my blood. Let not the murdering of God's saints cause you to relent, but take occasion thereby to be stronger in the Lord's cause.' Two of them offered to be burned with him. In the end he bade farewell, and was carried to the fire."

DIRICK CARVER AND JOHN LAUNDER

"On the twenty-second of July, there was burned at Lewes * * * Dirick Carver; and, on the next day, was also burned at Stening, another man, named John Launder. These two men, with others, had been apprehended about the end of October, 1554, while they were at prayer in the dwelling house of Dirick. * * * After examination they were sent as prisoners to Newgate, there to await the leisure of Bonner, bishop of London.

The bishop seeing that neither his accustomed flatteries, nor yet his cruel threatenings, could move this good man (Dirick), pronounced his usual blessing (i. e., sentence of condemnation to be burned), both on Dirick Carver and John Launder, who remained in the same constancy, and afterwards were conveyed to the places above named, and there most joyfully gave their bodies to be burned in the fire, and their souls into the hands of Almighty God, by Jesus Christ, who assured them of a better hope of life. This Dirick was a man whom the Lord had blessed well with temporal riches as well as with His spiritual treasures. * * * As he came to the stake, he kneeled down and made his prayers. * * * The sheriff spake to him, and said, 'If thou dost not believe on the pope, thou art damned, body and soul.' And further the sheriff said to him, 'Speak to thy God that He may deliver thee now, or else to strike me down for an example to this people.' But this faithful martyr said, 'The Lord forgive you your sayings.' Then he spake again to all the people with a loud voice, 'I heartily forgive you all who have offended me in thought, word or deed.' And he said further in his prayer, 'O Lord, my God, Thou hast written, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me.' But Thou, Lord, knowest that I have forsaken all to come unto Thee."

This joyful martyr had jumped into a pitch barrel, and after the above prayer and exhortation, fire was set to the barrel. "After the fire came to him, he cried, 'O Lord, have mercy upon me!' and sprang up in the fire, calling upon the name of Jesus, and died."

BISHOP RIDLEY

"Doctor Ridley was converted by reading Bertram's book of the sacrament. Soon after the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, he was imprisoned; first in the Tower, then sent with the archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Latimer to Oxford, where he was, with them, confined in the common gaol."

BISHOP LATIMER

"After the life of Bishop Ridley, we relate the life of the worthy champion of Christ, Bishop Latimer. His parents, seeing his ready, prompt, and sharp wit, proposed to give him a literary education. He became a zealous Catholic and a priest.

Later on he was led of the Holy Ghost to give up his studies and become a preacher of Christ. His preaching made such a stir in Cambridge that the devil arose up in swarms of Black Friars which beset him on every side. But in spite of their charges of heresy and their persecutions he continued to preach until soon after the death of

Burned in Pitch Barrel

King Edward, when he was arrested, by order of Queen Mary, and cast into the Tower, where Bishop Ridley was already confined. He was now sixty-seven years old.

Latimer and Ridley were examined and executed together. The place of execution was outside the city, in a ditch, and for fear of a tumult the bailiffs were well armed.

The prisoners were brought out and fagots made ready to kindle the fire; and when Latimer said, 'Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley, we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' Hundreds were moved to tears to behold the manner in which they were tortured while burning."

They are gone and the reward of this world they have had. What remains for them in Heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when He comes with His saints, shall declare. "Behold," He says, "I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be."

JOHN WEBBE, GEORGE ROPER, AND GREGORY PARKE

"After the death and martyrdom of the two most worthy champions and standard bearers of Christ's army, Doctor Nicholas Ridley and Master Hugh Latimer, followed the martyrdom of three other stout and bold soldiers, John Webbe, George Roper and Gregory Parke.

* * *

These martyrs of Christ being brought to the stake, and there compassed about with a chain, were burned and consumed all three together in one fire, at Canterbury, abiding most patiently their torments, and counting themselves happy and blessed of the Lord, that they were made worthy to suffer for Christ's gospel's sake."

HUGH LAVEROCK AND JOHN APPRICE

"I know not whether more to marvel at the great and unsearchable mercies of God, with whom there is no respect of persons, for He chooseth as well the poor, lame, and blind, as the rich, mighty and healthful, to set forth His glory, or else to note the unsearchable, or rather unnatural doings of these unmerciful papists (I mean bishop Bonner and his accomplices), in whom there was so little favor or mercy to all conditions of men, that they spared neither impotent age, nor lame, nor blind, as will appear by the following poor creatures, whose names were Hugh Laverock, painter, aged sixty-eight, a lame cripple; and John Apprice, a blind man. They were afterward taken before the bishop to be examined. The bishop then turned to John Apprice, and asked what he would say.

He answered, 'Your doctrine, that you set forth and teach, is so agreeable with the world, and embraced by the world, that it cannot be agreeable with the Scriptures of God, and you are not of the Catholic church; for you make laws to kill men, and make the queen your hangman.' * * *

At their death, Hugh Laverock, after he was chained, cast away his crutch, and comforting John Apprice, his fellow martyr, said unto him, 'Be of good comfort, my brother; for my Lord of London is our good Physician. He will heal us both shortly; thee of thy blindness, and me of my lameness.' And so patiently these two good saints of God suffered together."

Ridley and Latimer

(See page 104.)

THREE WOMEN BURNED IN SMITHFIELD

"The next day after the martyrdom of this lame and blind man, were brought to the fire three women, with whom also was joined another, who being of the same opinion and constancy with them, was likewise a partaker of the same condemnation. Their names were: Katharine Hut, widow; Joan Horns, maiden; Elizabeth Tackvell, maiden; Margaret Ellis, maiden, was condemned with them." Margaret Ellis died in Newgate before the time of her execution arrived.

"These three innocent and godly women, thus falsely and wrongfully condemned for the just cause of God's gospel, were conveyed to Smithfield on the sixteenth of May, and there cruelly bound to the stake, giving their bodies to the tormentors, but their spirits they recommended to God, for whose glory they were willing and ready to suffer whatever the cruel hands of their enemies should work against them, dying more joyfully in the flaming fire, than some of them that burned them did in their beds. Such a Lord is God, glorious and wonderful in all His saints."

THREE WOMEN IN GUERNSEY

"Amongst all the histories narrated in this book, though there are many pitiful, several lamentable, others horrible and tragical, yet is there none to be compared either for cruelty, or so far off from all compassion and sense of humanity, as this merciless act of the papists done in the Isle of Guernsey, upon three women and an infant; namely, Katharine Cawches, the mother; Willemine Gilbert, the daughter; Perotine Massey, the other daughter; and an infant, the son of Perotine.

These women, charged with having stolen goods in their possession, were confined in the castle. They made supplication to the justices to have justice administered to them, if they had offended the law; if not, beseeching them to grant them the privileges of subjects. Thereupon they were appointed to come to trial, and after examination it was proved that they lived as became christian women. Through the testimony of the neighbors they were proved not guilty; save only, that to the commandments of the holy church they had not been obedient.

The three women, * * * were returned prisoners again into the castle for their not coming to the church, and a few days later condemned as heretics.

When the time arrived that these three good women should suffer, the innocent mother with her two daughters, there were three stakes set up in the place where they were to die. At the middle post was the mother, the eldest daughter on the right hand, the youngest on the other. They were first strangled, but the rope broke before they were dead and so the poor women fell into the fire. Perotine, one of the daughters, * * * gave birth to an infant in the midst of the flames, who was taken out of the fire. * * * Then was the child carried to the provost and from him to the bailiff, who gave sentence that it should be carried back again and cast into the fire, and so the infant was both born and died a martyr."

CICELY ORMES

"About the twenty-third of September, 1557, Cicely Ormes, wife of a worsted weaver of St. Lawrence Parish, Norwich, was martyred, at the age of thirty-two. She had

Three Women of Guernsey

been imprisoned for saying that she did not believe that the priests had the power to transform bread into the literal body of Christ. The bishop offered her liberty, if she would go to church, but hold her tongue, saying she might believe as she would; which compromise she would not accept, so was condemned. On coming to the stake she said, 'Good people, I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God. This do I not, nor will I recant; but I recant utterly from the bottom of my heart the doings of the pope of Rome, and all his popish priests. I utterly refuse and never will have to do with them again by God's grace. And, good people, I would you should not think of me, I believe to be saved through the death and passion of Christ, and this my death is, and shall be, a witness of my faith, unto you all here present.' This woman was burned at the same stake where Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper were burned."

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION

Bloody Queen Mary, whose reign lasted but five years, passed out of this life, into the blackness of gloom, haunted by her foul crimes and the memory of the victims of her rage.

In England, the Reformation went forward under many preachers and was attended by awful persecutions. During the reign of Elizabeth the Puritans were most cruelly persecuted in almost every conceivable way. King James VI ascended the throne of England and was even more tyrannical and despotic than Elizabeth had been.

Queen Elizabeth passed out of this life screaming, "A half million for another minute of time!" They fought the Holy Ghost and God's true, holy people and God turned to be their enemy and they all miserably perished. Elizabeth's reign, up to 1570, embraces the first period of the history of Puritanism. Hideous persecutions and repeated offenses against freedom of conscience, resulted in driving the Puritans to America. "We cannot doubt that the scattering abroad of the Huguenots and the Puritans was blessed to the countries whither they fled, for they were intelligent, industrious, God-fearing and enlightened." The jails were still occupied by christians in Scotland and the fires were burning there. People in Germany, France, Switzerland and elsewhere were giving their lives for Christ,—saving them by losing them for Him.

In the second year of the reign of Henry II of France, a grand tournament was planned to celebrate the occasion of his entry into Paris.

To make the spectacle interesting and complete a few heretics were burned alive in the public court. The scene was so horrible as to almost unhinge the reason of one not accustomed to such exhibitions.

It is believed that Henry never quite recovered his mental equilibrium, for, ever afterward when the scene was brought to his mind, he was observed to shudder as if about to fall in a spasm.

The Reformation began in France, but it spread so rapidly that it seemed that God was speaking in all these countries at the same time, and one of the darkest chapters in the history of the world is yet to come.

While the Reformation, as a religious movement, never gained control in France, as it did in other countries, yet France, without doubt, saw in those terrible days bloodier persecutions and more deaths than any other country on the globe. The Huguenots, who became known by that name in 1560 and at one time all but made France a Protestant country, were the object of the venom and savagery of the Catholics, as were no other people that ever laid down their lives for Jesus. History records that in 135 years alone during one season of persecutions, more than one-half million Huguenots were burned, slaughtered or otherwise killed throughout France. The Catholics would not even allow these humble christians to leave the country, but would guard the roads and drive back any who attempted flight, to slaughter them as dumb animals; or force them to accept Catholicism. Such was the ferocity of the Catholics that women were taken to convents and forced to keep awake night after night, by the nuns, until they collapsed and embraced the Catholic faith.

MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS

The most atrocious persecution of all was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew days, August twenty-four, twenty-five, 1572, when the French King, Charles IV, his mother, Catherine De Medici, and the Catholics determined to wipe out every Huguenot in France. Catherine herself gave the signal for the massacre from her palace window in Paris, and in a week, between thirty thousand and one hundred thousand Huguenots were massacred. The Pope, Gregory XIII, ordered masses sung in St. Peter's, at Rome, and in all the Catholic churches, in gleeful celebration of the awful deed. By his order, a picture of the slaughter was painted, and still hangs on the walls of the papal palace. A medal was also struck in commemoration of the event, one side of it presenting the head of the pope, and the other the exterminating angel, with the sword and the cross, destroying the Protestants, and having this inscription in Latin, "Slaughter of the Huguenots, 1572."

At midnight the awful signals were given; bells were rung, torches were put into the windows, chains placed across the streets, and the bloody work began. The murderers spared neither sex nor age. Many were slain in their beds, and the headless bodies thrown through the windows. The badge worn by these inhuman monsters engaged in this tragedy was a white cross in their hats. They were encouraged by the priests, who each held a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other.

King Charles, however, after the awful first night in Paris fell more under the devil's power and became fitful and melancholy. He would have terrible nightmares, and awake from them, dripping with perspiration. He endeavored to shake off the memory of the terrible sights, by indulging in sports, but could not, and in less than two years after, was seized with a terrible illness. "It is declared by credible historians that his sufferings, both bodily and mental, were so great that the blood oozed from the pores of his skin. He died a horrible death, May thirty, 1574, when only twenty-four years of age."

Henry IV protected the Huguenots by the edict of Nantes in 1598. The edict granted them the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience; but it was repealed by Louis XIV in 1685, who decided that Catholic absolutism must be restored. Troops of dragoons were sent into the districts where the Hugue-

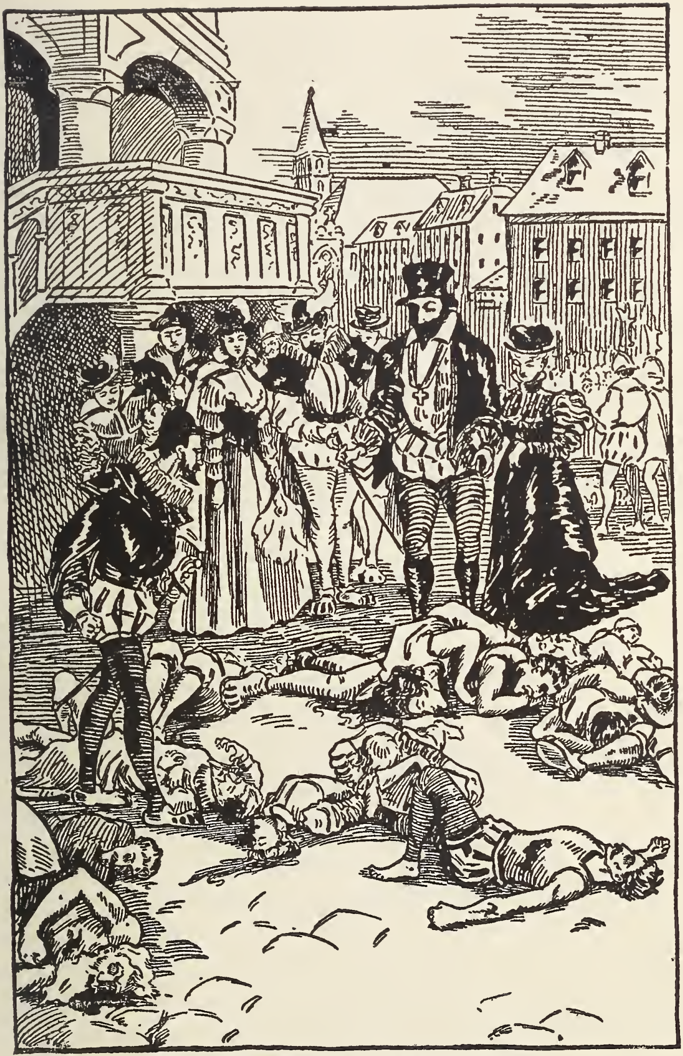
Night of St. Bartholomew

nots lived and a persecution was organized against them, which has been made famous under the name of the Dragonade. The Huguenot peasants were hunted into the woods like wild beasts and shot down at the caprice of their persecutors. As a result the Huguenots, over half a million in number, hopeless of peace in France, turned their eyes to Germany, Switzerland and to this continent where they were protected by the law, which, while it cannot change the human heart and exempt from persecution, is a very great protection.

The history of this horrid butchery is given by Rev. James White in his "Eighteen Christian Centuries," and we quote therefrom:

"This massacre was no chance-sprung event, like an ordinary populace uprising, but had been maturing for many years. The council of Trent, which met in 1545 and continued in its sittings until 1563, had devoted those eighteen years to codifying the laws of the Catholic church. A definite, clear and consistent system was established, and acknowledged as the religious and ecclesiastical faith of christendom. Men were not now left to a painful gathering of the sentiments and rescripts of popes and doctors out of various and scattered writings. Here were the statutes at large, minutely indexed and easy of reference. From these many texts could be gathered which justified any method of diffusing the true belief or exterminating the false.

And accordingly, a short time after the close of the council, an interview took place between two personages, of very sinister augury for the Protestant cause. Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Alva met at Bayonne in 1565. In this consultation great things were discussed; and it was decided by the wickedest woman and the harshest man in Europe that the government could not be safe nor religion honored unless by the introduction of the Inquisition and a general massacre of heretics in every land. A few months later saw the ferocious Alva beginning his bloodthirsty career in the Netherlands, in which he boasted he put eighteen thousand Hollanders to death on the scaffold, in five years. Catherine pondered his lessons in her heart, and when seven years had passed, and the Huguenots were still unsubdued, she persuaded her son, Charles IX, that the time was come to establish his kingdom, in righteousness (?), by the indiscriminate murder of all the Protestants. An occasion was found in 1572, when the marriage of Henry of Navarre, afterwards the best loved king of France, with the Princess Marguerite de Valois, held out a prospect of soothing the religious troubles, and also (which suited her design better) of attracting all the heads of the Huguenots' cause to Paris. Everything turned out as she hoped. There had been feasts and gayeties, and suspicion had been thoroughly disarmed. Suddenly the tocsin sounded and the murderers let loose over all the town. No plea was received in extenuation of the deadly crime of favoring the new opinions. Hospitality, friendship, relationship, youth, sex, were all disregarded. The streets were red with blood, and the river choked with mutilated bodies. Upwards of seventy thousand were butchered in Paris alone, and the metropolitan example was followed in other places. The deed was so awful that for awhile it silenced the whole of Europe. Some doubted, some shuddered; but Rome sprang up with a shout of joy when the news was confirmed, and uttered prayers of thanksgiving for so great a victory.



Morning after St. Bartholomew

If it could have been possible to put every gainsayer, everywhere, to death, the triumph would have been complete; but there were countries where Catherine's dagger could not reach; and wherever her name was heard, and the terrible details of the massacre were known, undying hatred of the church, which encouraged such iniquity, mingled with feelings of pity and alarm. For no one could feel safe. The Huguenots were under the highest protection known to the heart of man. They were guests, and they were taken unawares in the midst of the rejoicings of a marriage. Rome lost more by the massacre than the Protestants. People looked around and saw the butcheries in the Netherlands, the slaughters in Paris, the tortures in the Inquisition, and over all, rioting in hopes of recovered dominion, supported by priests and Dominicans; a pope who plainly threatened a repetition of such scenes wherever his power was acknowledged.

Germany, the Netherlands, England, Scotland, and the northern nations, were lost to the church of Rome more surely, by the scaffold and crimes which professed to bring her aid, than by any other cause. Elizabeth was now the accepted champion and leader of the Protestants, and on her, all the malice of the baffled Romanists was turned. To weaken, to dethrone or murder the English heretic, was the praiseworthiest of deeds."

MADEMOISELLE SOMBRUIL

"Mademoiselle Sombruil had been eight days with her father in prison when the unhappy massacres of September commenced. After many prisoners had been murdered, and the sight of blood continually flowing seemed only to increase the rage of the assassins, while the wretched inmates of the prison endeavored to hide themselves from the death that hovered over them, Mademoiselle Sombruil rushed into the presence of the murderers who had seized her father. 'Barbarians!' she cried, 'hold your hands, he is my father!' She threw herself at their feet. In one moment she seized the hand that was lifted against her father, and in the next she offered her own person to the sword, so placing herself that the parent could not be struck but through the body of his child. So much courage and filial affection in so young a girl for the moment diverted the attention of the assassins. She perceived that they hesitated, and seized on the favorable opportunity. While she entreated for her father's life, one of the monsters proposed the following condition: 'Drink,' said he, 'a glass of blood and save your father.' She shuddered and retreated some paces; but the filial affection gained the ascendency, and she yielded to the horrible condition. 'Innocent or guilty,' said one of those who performed the office of judge, 'it is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of the old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl.' A cry of 'pardon' was heard. The daughter, revived by this signal of safety, threw herself into her father's trembling arms, which scarcely had power to press her to his bosom, being so overcome by such powerful affection and so providential a deliverance. Even the most outrageous assassins were unable to restrain their tears; and the father and daughter were triumphantly conducted to a place of safety."

SULLY

In closing this awful record we quote the following from an eyewitness named Sully:

"I was aroused about three hours after midnight by the noise of bells and the confused cries of the populace. St. Julian and my governor went out hastily with my valet-de-chambre to learn the cause, and I have never since heard anything of those two men, who were, without doubt, sacrificed among the first, to the public fury. I remained alone, * * * where, a few minutes after, I observed my host enter, pale and in consternation. He was of the religion, and having heard what was the matter, he had decided on going to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from plunder. He came to persuade me to do the same and to take me with him. I did not think fit to follow him. I resolved on attempting to get to the college of Burgundy, where I studied, notwithstanding the distance of the house where I lived from the college, which made my attempt very dangerous. I put on my scholar's gown, and taking a large pair of prayer books under my arm, I went down stairs. I was seized with horror as I went into the street at seeing the furious men running in every direction, breaking open the houses and calling out, 'Kill, massacre the Huguenots!' and the blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my fright; I fell in with a body of soldiers, who stopped me: I was questioned; they began to ill-treat me; when the books which I carried were discovered, happily for me, and served me for a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, from which I was delivered with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a still greater danger awaited me. The porter having twice refused me admittance, I remained in the middle of the street at the mercy of the ruffians, whose numbers kept increasing, and who eagerly sought for their prey; when I thought of asking for the principal of the college of Burgundy: named Dayfaye, a worthy man, and one who tenderly loved me. The porter gained by some small pieces of money which I put into his hands did not refuse to fetch him. This good man took me to his chamber, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian Vespers, tried to snatch me from his hands to tear me to pieces, saying that the order was to kill even infants at the breast.

All that he could do was to lead me with great secrecy to a remote closet, where he locked me in. I remained there three whole days, uncertain of my fate, and receiving no assistance but from a servant of this charitable man, who came from time to time and brought me something to live upon."

The awful massacre extended through the kingdom. There is a list of names of about seven hundred dead, and some historians claim that the number of Protestants slaughtered was over one thousand. Fanaticism, bigotry and other bad passions had sway until it was supposed that the race of the Huguenots was extinct, but some of them were kept by the power of God, in dens and caves of the earth.

The following hymn, which is Number Fifty-three, in *"Burning Bush Songs," was sung by the Huguenots in the caves of France during the fierce persecution which fell upon them over three hundred years ago:

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*Burning Bush Songs, published by the Metropolitan Church Association, Waukesha, Wis. Price ten cents.

"I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully;
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well;
But with what love he loveth me,
My tongue can never tell.
It is an everlasting love,
In ever rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,

He tells me what to try,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing,
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
A loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And how he came to die;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I."

The word "Huguenot" is from low German, "eidgnoten," and was a term of opprobium applied to this persecuted people. French history says that the early French Protestants were generally called Huguenots after the year 1560.

CRIMES OF THE PAPACY IN IRELAND

Ireland at this time was not without its witnesses, and they, not without persecution. In 1601, what the Catholics call "the holy war for the preservation of the faith in Ireland," began, but it ended in defeat. The papacy then sought to crush, by secretly laid plans, the faith they had failed to destroy by the war, and a conspiracy was laid for the murder of all Protestants. The killing was to begin October twenty-third, 1641. It was delayed, however, but the order for the massacre was not recalled. Instead, the priests and friars told the common people that it was an unpardonable crime to protect or relieve a Protestant, so that they soon proceeded, in almost all parts of the kingdom, to murder them in most horrible ways.

Huguenots Suffering Martyrdom

WAR IN GERMANY

In 1630 a war broke out between the emperor of Germany and the king of Sweden. The latter was a Protestant and the Protestants of Germany angered their emperor by taking sides with Sweden. In consequence their churches were torn down and their houses pillaged and destroyed; but these were the least of the things they suffered. In 1631 the city of Magdelburg was taken by the imperialists and twenty thousand persons were slain. The cruelties enacted during these tragedies can scarcely be enumerated. The christians were smothered, hanged, half strangled and then allowed to recover and made to undergo some other torture; mutilated by having the eyes gouged out, or the ears cut off, and then chained together and turned away to starve or bleed to death. Through the bodies of others, wires were run; some were baked; some broiled; some roasted; some forced to drink water until their bodies would burst; some were crucified; some buried alive; some drawn through the streets or torn to pieces by horses; some hacked to pieces, and to others packages of powder were tied and the powder then ignited so that the victim would be blown to pieces, and others were stuffed with filthy things until they choked to death. Count Tilly's soldiers did their worst at his command, but christianity was not wiped out of Germany and at length the war was over and peace ensued for some years.

An old martyrology says:

"In 1732, thirty thousand were, contrary to the treaty of Westphalia, driven from the Archbishopric of Saltzburg. They went away in the depths of winter, with scarce clothes to cover them, and without provisions, not having permission to take anything with them."

CHAPTER IV

MARTYRS OF THE MODERN INQUISITION.

The Inquisition, Don Carlos de Sessa, Donna Maria de Bohorques, Marc Antonio de Dominis, Don Miguel Juan Antonio Solano, In Portugal, Asaad Shidiak.

To the bishops of the early church belonged the duty of contending earnestly for the faith, visiting churches, endeavoring to check false doctrines, discovering and punishing heretics, and delivering by faithful preaching and by enforcing discipline, the souls that were under their care, from the snares of the devil. The most severe punishment ever inflicted by them was excommunication; but by degrees the rules changed, the church degenerated and its customs became so perverted that the Roman Catholic church, while retaining a horror of heresy, soon came to approve of lying, perjury and the use of most dreadful instruments of torture in her attempts at its extermination; and by the exercise of temporal powers that offered to execute her sentences, became a bloody assassin, guilty of all manner of crime, and, notwithstanding her plan and desire to be protected from the charge, by having the civil authorities execute her judgments, her blood-guiltiness is ever before the Lord of all the earth. Her theology had become corrupted and the theologians and monks upon whom the office of inquisitor was conferred, were bereft, it would seem, both of soul and reason.

Inquisition in Session

THE INQUISITION

The word, Inquisition, is of Latin derivation, from *inquisitio,* a seeking after, and the Inquisition is the name usually given to a tribunal of the Roman Catholic church in Spain,—the work of which was to detect and suppress heresy. The office of inquisitor was conferred by the pope and the inquisitor-general possessed authority nearly equal to that of a king, and when that authority was supported by the pope and the king it was irresistible.

Of the martyrs of the Inquisition previous to the thirteenth century we have told in the preceding chapter; also those of the *Dominican Inquisition from the time of the council of Toulouse in 1229; but as the martyrdoms we now record took place in the third and final period of the Inquisition, known generally as the Modern or Spanish Inquisition, we have selected and herewith append a brief account thereof.

"The Inquisition seemed unequal to the problem laid before it in Spain, where, instead of simple-hearted Albigensians, it had to deal with rich and crafty Jews and highly trained Moors. Forced to profess a christianity which they hated, they loathed the worship of virgin or saint, the pictured or graven effigy of the Christ, the thousand objects of mediaeval worship, all of which to their eyes were mere idolatries; their allegiance to such a faith was that of compulsion, which fostered the bitterest sense of wrong. Between them and the old Catholic Spaniards smoldered a perpetual grudge; the Inquisition seemed unable to overcome the evil. When, however, Castile and Arragon were united by Ferdinand and Isabella, political aims, as well as religious fanaticism, demanded more stringent measures against independent thought. * * * When in 1477 Friar Philip de Barberi, inquisitor for Sicily, came to Seville for the confirmation of his office, and pressed on Ferdinand the great advantages of a revived system on the Sicilian plan, the king, led by his hunger for gold, and the queen, guided by her piety, were easily persuaded, and sent to Rome to solicit the establishment of such tribunal as Barberi suggested.

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*So successful were the Dominicans in scouting and tracking heretics (?) that they were dominated Domini canes (the dogs of the Lord).

* * *

The first inquisitors named in 1480 were Dominicans; their tribunal was established at Seville, where they were but sullenly received. In 1481 they began work, and before that year was out had burnt two hundred ninety-eight victims in Seville alone, besides many effigies of those who had happily escaped. The Jesuit historian Mariana assures us that in this year full two thousand were burned in the archbishopric of Seville and the bishopric of Cadiz; the Quemadero, or cremation place, builded at this time by the prefect of Seville, not far from that city, a square platform of stone, was a grim altar on which the lives of almost daily victims ascended in clouds of smoke to heaven.

* * *

October, 1483, the Dominican father Thomas of Torquemada (de Turrecremata), was named by Sixtus IV Inquisitor-general for Castile and Leon. From him the Inquisition received its full organization. * * * Officials were well paid from the confiscation fund; it was the interest of all that that stream of wealth should never run dry; Torquemada was to the full as eager as Ferdinand for profit from this unholy source. * * * Torquemada in 1484 summoned to Seville all heads of local tribunals, who presently published a code of thirty-nine articles. The dreary list regulates the procedure of the 'Holy Office.'

* * *

The Inquisition got the victim's property by confiscation, and the papacy, the wealth of his friends in the appeal. If the sentence was, as did sometimes occur, an acquittal, the poor wretch might slink home without redress or recompense for imprisonment, and with the agony of the trial and the torture; if it was a condemnation, the victim was made the center of an *auto-da-fé,* dressed in a sanbenito, or condemned man's robe, and eventually, at the open place of execution informed as to his fate. He might be either 'reconciled,' and then as a penitent, had to undergo penalties, almost worse than death, or 'relaxed,' that is, handed over to the secular arm for burning—for the 'Holy Office' shed no blood.

* * *

In 1492 the great work began with the persecution and expulsion of the Jews; they were ejected and their wealth confiscated. There was an enormous crowd of exiles, who wandered to different shores of the Mediterranean carrying misery and plagues in their train. A few years later under supervision of Cardinal Ximenes, the Moors were also ordered to be converted or to go; the Morescoes or christianized Moors, suffered constant persecution throughout the sixteenth century, until finally they too were expelled by Philip III in 1609. Jews, Moors, and Morescoes made up over three million of the wealthiest and most intelligent inhabitants of Spain; the loss in trade, agriculture, and manufacture was incalculable; in seventy years the population fell from ten to six million.

* * *

The statistics of death at the hands of the Inquisition in Spain given by Llorente show how the institution gradually lost force; the average number in each year steadily diminished after the beginning of the seventeenth century. * * * Down to 1809 Llorente gives as figures for Spain alone—burnt alive 31,912, in effigy 17,659, and imprisoned, etc., as penitents, 291,450—a total of 341,021. After the hand of Napoleon was taken off, the institution revived again at Rome and at Madrid; but its teeth were gone, and it could do little but show a murderous will. * * * Yet though powerless the institution is not hopeless; the Catholic writers on the subject, after long silence or uneasy apology, now acknowledge the facts and seek to justify them. In the early times of the 'Holy Office' its friends gave it high honor; Paramo, the inquisitor, declares that it began with Adam and Eve ere they left Paradise; Paul IV announced that the Spanish Inquisition was founded by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; Muzarelli calls it 'an indispensable substitute to the church for the original gift of miracles exercised by the apostles.' And now, again, from 1875 to this day, a crowd of defenders has risen up. Father Wieser and the Innsbruck Jesuits in their journal, 1877, yearn for its reestablishment; Orty Lara in Spain, the Benedictine Gams in Germany, and C. Poullet in Belgium take the same tone."

We also quote the following words of Puigblanch: "The Inquisition, in its relations as a tribunal, as well as in the laws, by which it is governed, tramples to the ground the rights of the citizens, by violating, in substance and in manner, the common rules and principles of justice. A code suggested and framed by fanaticism and error—a want of learning almost general, among the individuals of whom it is composed, accompanied by an omnigenous faculty of committing irregularities—together with the tyrannical oppression with which the innocent man is therein treated when merely indited for heresy—are all deducible from the premises established, and come in as incontrovertible arguments to prove the truth of my assertion. Busied rather in forming unhappy victims, than in extirpating crimes, this institution has spared no pains, however contrary to reason, and even to religion, as long as it was able to flatter its pride, and feed its ferocity.

Secret accusation, calumny encouraged without any regard to friendship or domestic piety; the name of the Supreme Being invoked with the greatest rashness, in order to wring from the culprit a confession, which must necessarily carry him to the scaffold; mean cavils, perfidious incitements, and even gross falsehood, employed for the same purpose, and with the same iniquity, have all entered into the complicated system of the Inquisition and constituted its chief essence and delight. Impervious prisons, secured with double bolts, and secluded from all communication; refined and overwhelming torments authorized, and even administered with unheard of cruelty, by judges who called themselves ministers of the God of peace; citizens, who already had paid the debt of nature, insulted in their memory, and their moldering remnants of mortality dug out to public scorn; whole generations condemned to mendicity and infamy, even before they had commenced their existence; blazing fagots, enkindled by the breath of implacable vengeance, hidden under the parade of charity—such have been the component parts which have formed the plan, and such the deeds of this formidable and bloody tribunal."

Puigblanch also gives the following description of the tortures used by the Spanish Inquisition: "Three kinds of torture have been generally used, viz., the pulley, the rack and the fires. * * * As sad and loud lamentations accompanied the sharpness of the pain, the victim was conducted to a retired apartment, called the 'Hall of Torture,' and usually situated under ground, in order that his cries might not interrupt the silence which reigned throughout the other part of the building. Here the court assembled; and the judges, being seated, together with their secretary, again questioned the prisoner respecting his crime, which, if he still persisted to deny they proceeded with the execution of the sentence.

The first torture was performed by fixing a pulley to the roof of the hall, with a strong hempen or grass rope passed through it. The executioners then seized the culprit, and leaving him naked to his drawers, put shackles on his feet, and suspended weights of one hundred pounds, to his ankles. His hands were then bound behind his back, and the rope from the pulley strongly fastened to his wrists. In this situation he was raised about the height of a man, from the ground, and in the meantime the judges coldly admonished him to reveal the truth. In this position as many as twelve stripes were sometimes inflicted on him, according to the inferences and weight of the offense. He was then suffered to fall suddenly, but in such a manner that neither of his feet nor the weights reached the ground, in order to render the shock of his body the greater.

Torture by Pulley

The tortures of the rack also called that of 'water and ropes,' and the one most commonly used, was inflicted by stretching the victim, naked as before, on his back, along a wooden horse or hollow bench, with sticks across like a ladder, and prepared for the purpose. To this his feet, hands and head were strongly bound, in such a manner as to leave him no room to move. In this attitude he experienced eight strong contortions in his limbs. * * * He was besides obliged to swallow seven pints of water, slowly dropped into his mouth on a piece of silk or ribbon, which, by the pressure of the water, glided down his throat so as to produce all the horrid sensations of a person who is drowning. At other times his face was covered with a thin piece of linen through which the water ran into his mouth and nostrils, and prevented him from breathing.

* * *

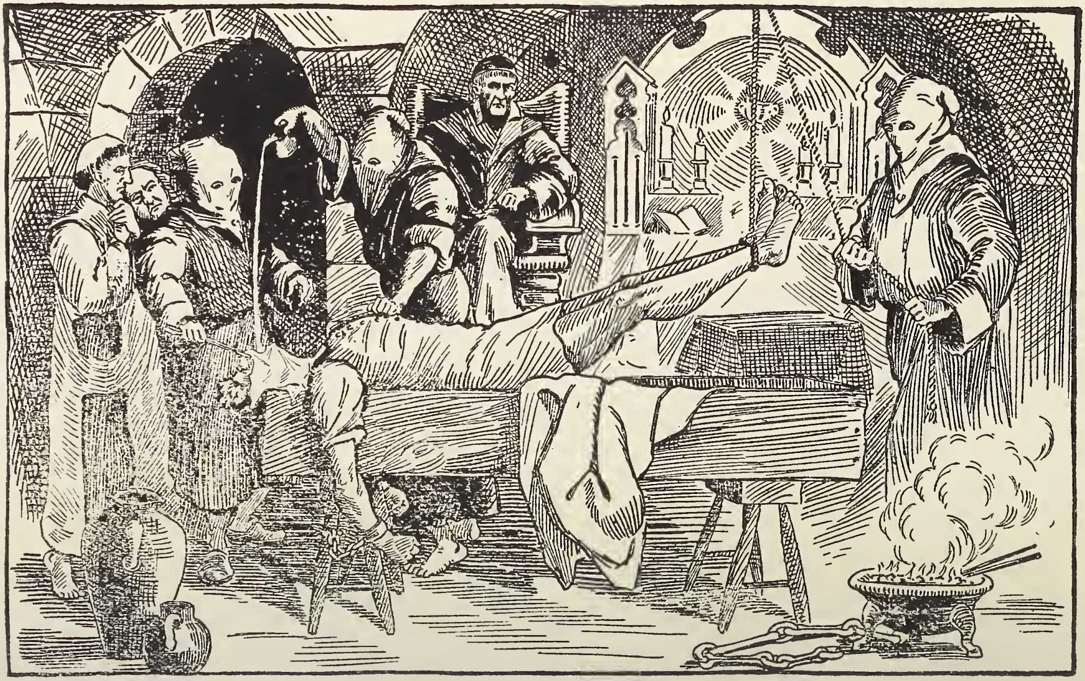
For the torture by fire, the prisoner was placed with his legs naked in the stocks; the soles of his feet were then well greased with lard, and a blazing chafing dish applied to them, by the heat of which they became perfectly fried. When his complaints of the pain were the loudest, a board was placed between his feet and the fire, and he was again commanded to confess; but this was taken away if he persisted in his obstinacy. This specie of torture was deemed the most cruel of all, but this, as well as the others, were indiscriminately applied to the persons of both sexes at the will of the judges, according to the circumstances of the crime, and the strength of the delinquent."

The preceding and all the other horrors of the Inquisition are open to God. The Catholic church has blinded the eyes of many to them—she has, very naturally, to the extent of her power, suppressed the publication of confessions that are to her discredit; but she has failed to completely conceal her crimes. In the iniquitious treatment of women by the inquisitors, every law of Heaven and earth was trampled upon by them, that they might satiate themselves with the gratification of whatever their chief desire might be. From the writings of M. Gavin, author of the "Master Key to Popery," we have selected and abridged one of the shorter confessions of a helpless woman, who, though not a christian, was in sympathy with Protestant religion, and hence became, as did many others who were likeminded, a victim to the Inquisition, and present it below:

"I went one day (says the lady) with my mother, to visit the Countess Attarass, and I met there Don Francisco Tirregon, her confessor, and second Inquisitor of the 'Holy Office.'

After we had drunk chocolate he asked me my age, my confessor's name, and many intricate questions about religion. The severity of his countenance frightened me, which he perceiving, told the countess to inform me that he was not so severe as he looked. He then caressed me in a most obliging manner, presented his hand, which I kissed with great reverence and modesty; and, as he went away, he made use of this remarkable expression: 'My dear child, I shall remember you till the next time.' I did not, at the time, mark the sense of the words; for I was inexperienced in matters of gallantry, being, at that time but fifteen years old. Indeed, he unfortunately did remember me, for the very same night, when our whole family were in bed, we heard a great knocking at the door.

The maid, who laid in the same room with me, went to the window, and inquired who was there. The answer was, 'THE HOLY INQUISITION.' On hearing this I



Torture by Water

(See page 129.)

screamed out, ‘Father! father! dear father, I am ruined for ever!’ My father got up, and came to me to know the occasion of my crying out; I told him the Inquisitors were at the door. On hearing this, instead of protecting me, he hurried down stairs as fast as possible; and, lest the maid should be too slow, opened the street door himself; under such abject and slavish fears, are bigoted minds! As soon as he knew they came for me, he fetched me with great solemnity, and delivered me to the officers with much submission. * * *

I was hurried into a coach. * * * My fright was so great I expected to die that very night; but judge my surprise, when I was ushered into an apartment, decorated with all the elegance that taste, united with opulence, could bestow.

Soon after the officers left me, a maid servant appeared with a silver salver, on which were sweetmeats and cinnamon water. She desired me to take some refreshment before I went to bed; I told her I could not, but should be glad if she could inform me whether I was to be put to death that night or not.

‘To be put to death!’ exclaimed she, ‘you do not come here to be put to death, but to live like a princess, and you shall want for nothing in the world, but the liberty of going out; so pray don’t be afraid, but go to bed and sleep easy; for tomorrow you shall see wonders within this house; and as I am chosen to be your waiting-maid, I hope you’ll be very kind to me.’ I was going to ask some questions, but she told me she must not answer any thing more till the next day, but assured me that nobody would come to disturb me: ‘I am going,’ said she, ‘about a little business, but I will come back presently, for my bed is in the closet next yours,' so she left me for about a quarter of an hour, and then returned. She then said, 'Madam, pray let me know when you will be pleased to have your chocolate ready in the morning.' This greatly surprised me, so that without replying to her question I asked her name;—she said, 'My name is Mary.' 'Mary,' then said I, 'tell me whether I am brought here to die or not?' 'I have told you already,' replied she, 'that you came here to be one of the happiest ladies in the world.'

We went to bed, but the fear of death prevented me from sleeping the whole night; Mary waked; she was surprised to find me up, but she soon rose, and after leaving me for about half an hour, she brought in two cups of chocolate, and some biscuit on a silver plate. I drank one cup of chocolate, and desired her to drink the other, which she did. When we had done, I said, 'Well, Mary, can you give me any account of the reasons for my being brought here?' To which she answered, 'Not yet, madam, you must have patience,' and immediately slipped out of the room.

About half an hour after, she brought a great quantity of elegant clothes, suitable to a lady of the highest rank, and told me I must dress myself. Among several trinkets which accompanied the clothes, I observed, with surprise, a snuff-box, in the lid of which was a picture of Don Francisco Tirregon. This unraveled to me the mystery of my confinement and at the same time roused my imagination to contrive how to evade receiving the present. If I absolutely refused it, I thought immediate death must ensue; and to accept it, was giving him too much encouragement against my honor. At length I hit upon a medium, and said to Mary, 'Pray present my respects to Don Francisco Tirregon, and tell him, that, as I could not bring my clothes along with me last night, modesty permits me to accept these garments which are requisite to keep me decent; but since I do not take snuff, I hope his lordship will excuse me in not accepting his box.'

Mary went with my answer, and soon returned with Don Francisco's portrait elegantly set in gold, and richly embellished with diamonds. This message accompanied it: 'That his lordship had made a mistake; his intent not being to send me a snuff-box, but his portrait.' I was at a great loss what to do; when Mary said, 'Pray, madam, take my poor advice; accept of the portrait, and every thing else that his lordship sends you; for if you do not, he can compel you to do what he pleases and put you to death when he thinks proper, without anybody being able to defend you; but if you are obliging to him,' continued she, 'he will be very kind, and you will be as happy as a queen; you will have elegant apartments to live in, beautiful gardens to range in, and agreeable ladies to visit you; therefore, I advise you to send a civil answer, or even not to deny a visit from his lordship, or, perhaps, you may repent of your disrespect. * * *

I would advise you never to oppose the Holy Father's will; or if you see any young ladies about, never ask them any questions. You may divert yourself sometimes among them, but must never tell them anything: three days hence you will dine with them; and at all times you may have music, and other recreations. In fine, you will be so happy that you will not wish to go abroad; and when your time is expired, the holy fathers will send you out of this country, and marry you to some nobleman.' After saying these words she left me, overwhelmed with astonishment and scarce knowing what to think. As soon as I recovered myself, I began to look about, and finding a closet, I opened it, and perceived that it was filled with books: they were chiefly upon historical and profane subjects, but not any on religious matter. I chose out a book of history, and so passed the interval with some degree of satisfaction till dinner time.

The dinner was served with the greatest elegance, and consisted of all that could gratify the most luxurious appetite. When dinner was over, Mary left me, and told me, if I wanted anything I might ring a bell, which she pointed out to me.

I read a book to amuse myself during the afternoon, and at seven in the evening, Don Francisco came to visit me.
* * * He saluted me with great respect, and told me, that he came to see me in order to show the great respect he had for my family, and to inform me that it was my lovers who had procured my confinement, having accused me in matters of religion; and that the informations were taken, and the sentence pronounced against me, to be burnt in a dry pan with a gradual fire; but that he, out of pity and love for my family, had stopped the execution of it.

These words were like daggers to my heart; I dropped at his feet, and said, 'Ah, my Lord! have you stopped the execution for ever?' He replied, 'That belongs to yourself only,' and abruptly wished me good night.

As soon as he was gone I burst into tears, when Mary came and asked what could make me cry so bitterly. To which I answered, 'O Mary! what is the meaning of the dry pan and gradual fire? for I am to die by them.'

'Madam,' said she, 'never fear, you shall see, ere long, the dry pan and gradual fire; but they are made for those who oppose the holy father's will, not for you who are so good as to obey it. But pray,' says she, 'was Don Francisco very obliging?' 'I don't know,' said I, 'for he frightened me out of my wits by his discourse; he saluted me with civility, but left me abruptly.'

'Well,' said Mary, 'you do not yet know his temper: he is extremely obliging to them that are kind to him; but if they are disobedient he is unmerciful as Nero; so, for your own sake, take care to oblige him in all respects: and now, dear madam, pray go to supper, and be easy.' I went to supper, indeed, and afterward to bed; but I could neither eat nor sleep, for the thoughts of the dry pan and gradual fire deprived me of appetite and banished drowsiness.

Early the next morning Mary said that as nobody was stirring, if I would promise her secrecy, she would show me the dry pan and gradual fire; so taking me down stairs, she brought me to a large room with a thick iron door, which she opened. Within it was an oven, with fire in it at the time, and a large brass upon it with a cover of the same, and a lock to it. In the next room there was a great wheel, covered on both sides with thick boards; opening a little window in the center, Mary desired me to look in with a candle; there I saw all the circumference of the wheel set with sharp razors, which made me shudder. She then took me to a pit, which was full of venomous animals. On my expressing great horror at the sight, she said, 'Now, my good mistress, I'll tell you the use of these things. The dry pan is for heretics and those who oppose the holy father's will and pleasure; they are put alive into the pan, being first stripped naked; and the cover being locked down, the executioner begins to put a small fire into the oven, and by degrees he augments it, till the body is reduced to ashes. The wheel is designed for those who speak against the pope, or the holy fathers of the Inquisition; for they are put into the machine through the little wheel, which is locked after them, and the wheel is turned swiftly, till they are cut to pieces. The pit is for those who condemn the images, and refuse to give proper respect to ecclesiastical persons; for they are thrown into the pit, and so become the food of poisonous animals.'

We went back again to my chamber, and Mary said that another day she would show me the torments designed for other transgressors; but I was in such agonies at what I had seen, that I begged to be terrified with no more such sights. She soon after left me, but not without enjoining my strict obedience to Don Francisco; 'for if you do not comply with his will,' said she, 'the dry pan and gradual fire will be your fate.'

The horrors which the sight of these things, and Mary's expressions, impressed on my mind, almost bereaved me of my senses and left me in such a state of stupefaction that I seemed to have no manner of will of my own. * * * To avoid the dry pan, did I entail upon myself perpetual infamy; and to escape the so much dreaded fire, give myself up to the flames of lust. Wretched alternative, where the only choice is an excruciating death, or everlasting pollution! * * * On the fourth morning Mary * * * conveyed me into a dismal dungeon, not eight feet in length; and said sternly to me, 'This is your room, and this lady your bed-fellow and companion.' At which words she bounced out of the room, and left me in the utmost consternation.

After remaining a considerable time in the most dreadful agonies, tears came to my relief, and I exclaimed, 'What is this place, dear lady? Is it a scene of enchantment, or is it a hell upon earth? Alas! I have lost my honor and my soul forever!' The lady took me by the hand, and said in a sympathizing tone of voice, 'Dear Sister (for this is the name I shall henceforth give you), forbear to cry and grieve, for you can do nothing by such an extravagant behavior, but draw upon yourself a cruel death. Your misfortunes, and those of all the ladies you have seen, are exactly of a piece: you suffer nothing but what we have suffered before you; but we dare not show our grief, for fear of greater evils. Pray take courage, and hope in God, for He will surely deliver us from this hellish place; but be sure you discover no uneasiness before Mary, who is the only instrument either of our torments or comfort. Have patience until we go to bed, and then I will venture to tell you more of the matter.'

My perplexity and vexation were inexpressible; but my new companion, whose name was Leonora, prevailed on me to disguise my uneasiness from Mary. I dissembled tolerably well when she came to bring our dinners, but could not help remarking, in my own mind, the difference between this repast, and those I had before partaken of. This consisted only of plain, common food, and of that a scanty allowance, with one plate, and one knife and fork for us both, which she took away as soon as we had dined.

* * *

Leonora was as good as her word and upon my solemn promise of secrecy, thus began to open her mind to me.

'My dear sister, you think your case very hard, but I assure you all the ladies in the house have gone through the same. In time you will know all their stories, as they hope to know yours. I suppose Mary has been the chief instrument of your fright, as she has been of ours; and I warrant she has shown you some horrible places, though not all; and that, at the very thought of them, you were so terrified that you chose the same way we have done, to redeem yourself from death. By what hath happened to us we know that Don Francisco, a second inquisitor, hath been your Nero, your tyrant. * * * We are strictly commanded to express all the demonstrations of joy, and to be very merry for three days when a young lady first comes among us, as we did with you, and as you must now do with others; but afterwards we must live like the most wretched prisoners, without seeing any one but Mary, and the other maidservants, over whom Mary hath a kind of superiority for she acts as housekeeper. We all dine in the great hall three times a week; and when one of the inquisitors has a mind for one of his slaves, Mary leads her to his apartment. * * * There are at the present time fifty-two young ladies in the house, but we annually lose six or eight, though we know not what becomes of them or whither they are sent. * * * Our continual torment is to reflect that when they are tired of any of the ladies, they secretly put to death those they pretend to send away, for it is natural to think that they have too much policy to suffer their atrocious and infernal villainies to be discovered. Hence our situation is miserable indeed.' "

The following accounts of martyrdoms that took place during the Inquisition are selected from "Foxe's Book of Martyrs":

"In the *auto-da-fé* which was celebrated at Valladolid in 1559, Don Carlos de Sessa, a nobleman of Verona, was among the number of those who were burned for having

Torture by Fire

(See page 129)

DON CARLOS DE SESSA

espoused the doctrines of the Reformation. He was arrested at Logrogna, and confined in the secret prison of the Inquisition at Valladolid. After undergoing the usual examinations, his sentence was read to him on the seventh of October, by which he was informed that he was to suffer death on the following day. Unmoved by the tidings, de Sessa requested pen and ink, and wrote his confession, which was not a recantation of his faith, but a firm adherence to the reformed principles.

In these principles, he said—the very reverse of those which were taught by the apostate church of Rome—he was determined to die, and would give himself to God through the merits of his Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. His persecutors vehemently exhorted him during the night, and on the following morning to retract, but without success. He was accordingly gagged, that he might be prevented from stating his principles to the people. When he was fastened to the stake, the gag was taken from his mouth, and he was again exhorted to return to the Romish faith, in which case the Inquisitors would have extended their mercy so far as to have strangled him first before he was burned; but with a loud voice, and great firmness, de Sessa replied, 'If I had sufficient time, I would convince you that you are lost. * * * Hasten to light the wood which is to consume me.' Fire was then set to the pile, and after great suffering, his body was consumed to ashes."

DONNA MARIA DE BOHORQUES

We have another example of steadfast adherence to the faith of the gospel, in the case of Donna Maria de Bohorques. * * * She had just completed her twenty-first year, when she was arrested on suspicion of being a Lutheran. Under the instruction of D. Juan Gil, bishop of Tortosa, she was perfectly acquainted with the Latin language, and had made considerable progress in Greek. She knew the gospels by heart, and was deeply read in those commentaries which explain, in a Lutheran sense, the text referring to justification by faith, good works, the sacraments, and the characteristics of the true church.

"Donna Maria was confined in the secret prisons of the Inquisition, where she avowed the doctrines imputed to her, and defended against the arguments of the priests who visited her. * * * Sentence was passed upon her as an obstinate heretic. In the interval between her condemnation and the *auto-da-fé,* at which she was to suffer, the inquisitors made every exertion to bring her back to the Romish faith. They sent to her successively two Jesuit and two Dominican priests, who labored with great zeal for her conversion; but they returned without having effected their object, full of admiration of the talents she displayed, and regretting the obstinacy with which she persisted in what they supposed, a damnable heresy. * * * She told them that she came to prison fully satisfied of the orthodoxy of the creed which she held, and that she had been confirmed in her belief by the evident futility of the arguments brought against it.

At the stake, Don Juan Ponce de Leon, who had just abjured the Lutheran doctrines, exhorted Donna Maria to follow his example. The weakness of this apostate for a moment overcame her, and she silenced him by language rather of contempt than of pity. * * * All that poor Juan Ponce de Leon gained by his apostasy was, that he was not burned alive, but first, strangled. * * * The attendant priests, moved by the youth and the talents of Donna Maria, offered her this milder death if she would merely repeat the creed. With this offer she readily complied; but having finished it, she immediately began to explain its articles. * * * This * * * was speedily interrupted, when Donna Maria was strangled by the executioner, and her body consumed to ashes."

MARC ANTONIO DE DOMINIS

"In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Marc Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, was considered one of the most learned men of his age, particularly in divinity and history, both sacred and profane. His learning made him inquisitive, and it was at length discovered that he had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. Having written a large work on the christian church, he was exceedingly desirous of having it published during his lifetime; but this he was aware could not be accomplished in Italy. Sir Henry Wotten, who was at that time the English ambassador at Venice, gave Dominis a letter from James I, King of Britain, inviting him to England. This invitation was accepted, and, enjoying the patronage of James, who settled a pension on him suitable to his dignity, he published the work which he had so much at heart. * * *

The unhappy prelate forgot, on this occasion, what he had often repeated in his works—namely, that the court of Rome never forgets or forgives an affront. He accordingly set out for Rome, in spite of all the arguments of his friends in England to the contrary, who represented to him the danger to which he exposed himself. * * * No sooner did he arrive in Italy, than he was arrested and confined in the prison of the Inquisition at Rome. His trial went on very slowly, and he at length died in prison.

* * * Disappointed in their expectation of putting Dominis to death by the hand of the executioner, the inquisitors determined to inflict the punishment proposed on his dead body. On the twenty-first of December, 1624, his sentence was read as follows: 'That Marc Antonio de Dominis, having been convicted of heresy, was found to have incurred all the censures and penalties appointed to heretics by the sacred canons and papal constitutions;—they accordingly declared him to be deprived of honors, prerogatives, and ecclesiastical dignities; condemned his memory; excommunicated him from the ecclesiastical court, and delivered over his dead body and effigy into the power of the governor of the city, that he might inflict on it the punishment due, according to the rule and practice of the church. And, finally, they commanded his impious and heretical writings to be publicly burned, and declared all his effects to be forfeited to the exchequer of the holy Inquisition.' This sentence was carried into effect the same day, amidst a vast concourse of spectators, with all the mock solemnity which characterizes the proceeding of the infamous tribunal."

DON MIGUEL JUAN ANTONIO SOLANO

"The following account of the persecution of a Spanish Protestant priest, who was imprisoned in the Inquisition of Saragossa in 1802, is particularly deserving of notice, showing, as it does, the cruelty of the 'Holy Office,' even in the nineteenth century: Don Miguel Juan Antonio Solano, a native of Verdun, in Arragon, was vicar of Esco, in the diocese of Jaca. His benevolence and exemplary conduct endeared him to his parishioners. * * *

A long and severe illness which made him a cripple for life, withdrew the good vicar of Esco from these active pursuits, and limited his employment to the perusal of the books which his little library afforded. Providentially the Bible was one of them. Solano read the records of revelation, with a sincere desire to embrace religious truth as he found it there; and having gradually cleared and arranged his views, drew up a little system of divinity, which agreed in the main points with the fundamental tenets of the Protestant churches. His conviction of the Roman Catholic errors became so strong, that he determined to lay his book before the bishop of the diocese, asking his pastoral help and advice upon that most important subject. An answer to his arguments was promised; but despairing, after a lapse of time, to obtain it, Solano applied to the faculty of divinity of the University of Saragossa. The reverend doctors sent the book to the Inquisition; and the infirm vicar of Esco was lodged in the prison of the holy tribunal of Saragossa in 1802. It seems that some humane persons contrived his escape soon after, and conveyed him to Oleron, the nearest French town; but Solano having taken time to consider his case, came to the heroic resolution of asserting the truth in the very face of death; and returned of his own accord to the inquisitorial prisons.

* * *

A fresh examination of the witnesses was ordered, during which time the inquisitors entreated Solano to avert his now imminent danger. Nothing, however, could move him. He said he well knew that death awaited him, but no human fear would ever make him swerve from the truth. The first sentence being confirmed, nothing remained but the *exequator* of the *supreme.* Arce, however, suspended it, and ordered an inquiry into the mental sanity of the prisoner. As nothing appeared to support this plea, Solano would have died at the stake, had not Providence snatched him from the hands of papal defenders of the faith. A dangerous illness seized him in the prison, where he had lingered three years. The efforts to convert him were on this occasion renewed with increased ardor. * * * The vicar showed grateful sense for all that was done for him; but declared that he could not renounce his religious persuasion without offending God, by acting treacherously against the truth. * * * The physician warned him to improve the short time which he had to live. 'I am in the hands of God,' answered Solano, 'and have nothing else to do.'

Thus died, in 1805, the vicar of Esco. He was denied christian burial, and his body privately interred within the enclosure of the Inquisition, near the back gate of the building, towards the Ebro."

IN PORTUGAL

In another Book of Martyrs, we find the following account of the Inquisition in Portugal:

"The Inquisition belonging to Portugal is exactly upon a similar plan to that of Spain, having been instituted much about the same time, and put under the same regulations. The Inquisitors allow the torture to be used only three times, but during those times it is so severely inflicted, that the prisoner either dies under it, or continues always after a cripple, and suffers the severest pains upon every change of weather. We shall give an ample description of the severe torments occasioned by the torture, from the account of one who suffered it the three respective times, but happily survived the cruelties he underwent.

At the first time of torturing, six executioners entered, * * * and laid him upon his back on a kind of stand, elevated a few feet from the floor. The operation commenced by putting an iron collar round his neck, and a ring to each foot, which fastened him to the stand. His limbs being thus stretched out, they wound two ropes round each thigh; which ropes being passed under the scaffold, through holes made for that purpose, were all drawn tight at the same instant of time, by four of the men, on a given signal.

It is easy to conceive that the pains which immediately succeeded were intolerable; the ropes, which were of a small size, cut through the prisoner's flesh to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places thus bound at a time. As the prisoner persisted in not making any confession of what the inquisitors required, the ropes were drawn in this manner four times successively.

The manner of inflicting the second torture was as follows: They forced his arms backwards so that the palms of his hands were turned outward behind him; when, by means of a rope that fastened them together at the wrists, and which was turned by an engine, they drew them by degrees nearer each other, in such a manner that the back of each hand touched, and stood exactly parallel to each other. In consequence of this violent contortion, both his shoulders became dislocated, and a considerable quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which he was again taken to the dungeon, and the surgeon set the dislocated bones.

Two months after the second torture, the prisoner, being a little recovered, was again ordered to the torture-room, and there, for the last time, made to undergo another kind of punishment, which was inflicted twice without any intermission. The executioners fastened a thick iron chain round his body, which, crossing at the breast, terminated at the wrists. They then placed him with his back against a thick board, at each extremity whereof was a pulley, through which there ran a rope that caught the end of the chain at his wrists. The executioner then, stretching the end of this rope by means of a roller, placed at a distance behind him, pressed or bruised his stomach in proportion as the ends of the chains were drawn tighter. They tortured him in this manner to such a degree that his wrists, as well as his shoulders, were quite dislocated. They were, however, soon set by the surgeons; but the barbarians, not yet satisfied with this species of cruelty, made him immediately undergo the like torture a second time, which he sustained (though, if possible, attended with keener pains) with equal constancy and resolution. After this, he was again remanded to his dungeon, attended by the surgeon to dress his bruises and adjust the part dislocated, and here he continued till their *auto-da-fé,* or jail delivery, when he was discharged, crippled and diseased for life."

ASAAD SHIDIAK

There have been converts from Roman Catholicism; but the church itself has never been reclaimed, and those of its members who have been converted have often been made to suffer much at its hands. The experience of Asaad Shidiak was given quite fully in a Missionary Herald many years ago, and we give to our readers the following, which has been gathered from that and many other sources, and is his own statement at a time when for his faith and constancy he was undergoing persecutions. He fled from a convent where he had been forcibly detained, and afterwards was reported as mad. Some, it was said, "especially the great ones, pitied the poor maniac (as they called him) and sent in quest of him in every direction, lest peradventure he might be found starving in some cavern, or floating in the sea, or dashed in pieces at the bottom of a precipice."

"Public Statement of Asaad Shidiak.
Beyroot, March, 1826.

Respected Brethren and Friends: Since many have heard a report that I have become insane; and others that I have become a heretic; I have wished to write an account of myself in a few words, and then let every reflecting man judge for himself, whether I am mad, or am slandered; whether following after heresy, or after the truth of the orthodox faith. Every serious man of understanding will concede that true religion is not that of compulsion, nor that which may be bought and sold; but that which proceeds from attending to the word of God, believing it, and endeavoring to walk according to it to the glory of God; and that every one, whose object is solely contention, and who does not obey the truth, but follows after unrighteousness, is far distant from the true religion. This is the standard by which I would be judged by everyone who reads this narrative.

About eight or nine months ago, I was employed by an American by the name of J. King, in teaching him the Syriac language. At that time I was very fond of engaging with him in disputatious conversations, to prove him to be in error; but with none but worldly motives, to display my talents and knowledge, and acquire the praise of men. After this, I applied myself to reading of the word of God with intense interest. Now this person wrote a farewell letter to his friends, in which he excuses himself from uniting with the Roman Catholic church. After reading this letter, I found, in the Holy Scriptures, many passages, which made against the opinions of the writer. These passages I selected, and from them and other evidences, composed a reply to him; but when I was copying the first rough draught of the same, and had arrived to the answer to the last of the objections, which he said prevented his becoming a member of the Roman Catholic church, viz: that the Roman Catholic church teaches that it is wrong for the common people to possess or read the word of God, but that they ought to learn from the popes and councils, I observed the writer brings a proof against the doctrine from the prophet Isaiah, viz: 'To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to my word, it is because there is no light in them.'

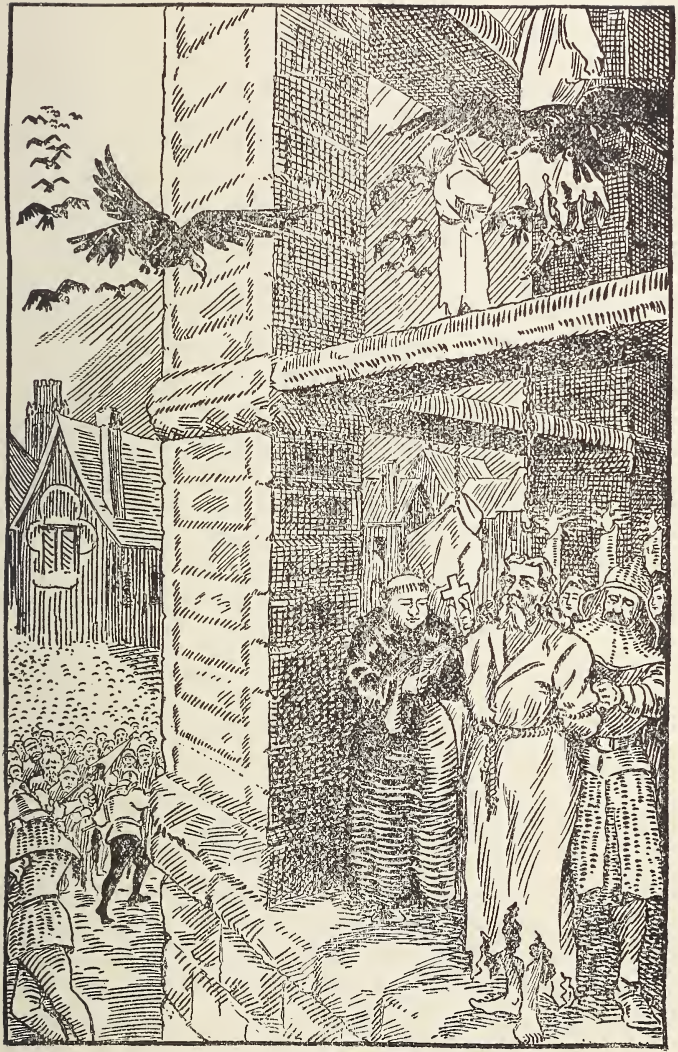
While I was endeavoring to explain this passage also, according to the views of the Roman Catholic church, with no other object than the praise of men, and other worldly motives, I chanced to read the twenty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, from the fifteenth verse to the end. I read, and was afraid. I meditated upon the chapter a long while, and feared that I was doing what I did, with a motive far different from the only proper one, viz: the glory and the pleasure of God. I therefore threw by my paper without finishing the copy, and applied myself diligently to the reading of the prophecy of Isaiah. I had wished to find in the prophets, plain proofs, by which to establish beyond contradiction, that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, so long expected from ancient days; proofs that might be made use of in answer to Moslems and Jews. While I was thus searching, I found various passages, that would bear an explanation according to my views, but did not find them sufficient to enforce conviction on others, until I finally came to the fifty-second chapter, fourteenth verse, and onward to the end of the next chapter.

On finding this testimony, my heart rejoiced, and was exceeding glad, for it removed many dark doubts from my mind also. From that time, my desire to read the New Testament, that I might discover the best means of acting according to the doctrines of Jesus, was greatly increased. I endeavored to divest myself of all selfish bias, and loved more and more to inquire into religious subjects. I saw and continue to see, many of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, which I could not believe, and which I found opposed to the truths of the gospel; and I wished much to find some of her best teachers to explain them to me, that I might see how they proved them from the Holy Scriptures. As I was reading an appendix to a copy of the sacred Scriptures, printed at Rome by the Propaganda, and searching out the passages referred to, for proving the duty of worshiping saints, and other similar doctrines, I found that these proofs failed altogether of establishing the points in question, and that to infer such doctrines from such premises, was even worthy of ridicule. Among other things, in this appendix, I found the very horrible Neronian doctrines, that it is our duty to destroy heretics. Now everyone knows, that whoever does not believe that the pope is infallible, is a heretic in his opinions.

This doctrine is not merely that it is allowable to kill heretics, but that we are bound to do it. From this I was the more established in my convictions against the doctrines of the pope, and saw that they were the doctrines of the ravenous beast, and not of the gentle Lamb. After I had read this I asked one of the priests in Beyroot respecting this doctrine, and he assured me that it was even so as I had read. I then wished to go to some place, though it might be a distant country, that I might find some man of the Roman Catholic church sufficiently learned to prove the doctrine above alluded to.

After this, as I was at Beyroot teaching a few Greek youths the Arabic grammar, I received a letter from his holiness the Maronite patriarch, saying that if I did not cease from all assistance whatever to the English, and that if I did not leave them within one day, I should, *ipso facto,* fall under the heaviest excommunication.

Thinking, as I did, that obeying my superiors, in all things not sinful, was well and good, I did not delay to leave, and so went to my friends at Hadet; but still thinking very much on the subject of religion, so that some people thought me melancholy. I loved exceedingly to converse on religious subjects; indeed I took no pleasure in any worldly concerns, and found all worldly possessions vain. After this I received a second letter from his holiness the patriarch, in which he said thus: 'After we had written you the first letter, we wrote you a second; see that you act according to it. And if you fulfill all that was commanded in it, and come up to us when we come



Executions in the Early Centuries

to Kesran, we will provide you a situation;' but I saw that nothing, in which I was accustomed to take delight, pleased me any longer. I returned again, after some time, to Beyroot; and after I had been there no long time, Hoory Nicolas arrived, brother to his holiness the reverend patriarch, with a request from the latter, to come and see him, which I hastened to do, and that Hoory Nicolas then began to converse with me, in the way of reprimand, for being in connection with the English. I replied that, as we ought not to deny the unity of God, because the Mussulmans believe it, so we ought not to hate the gospel because the English love it. He then began to tell me of the wish of his holiness the reverend patriarch, that I should come out to him, and of his great love for me; and said that he (the patriarch) had heard that I had received thirty or forty purses of money from the English; and he assured me of their readiness not to suffer this to be any hindrance to my coming out from them.

Now if my object were money, as some seem to think, I had then a fair opportunity to tell him a falsehood, and say, 'I indeed received from the English that sum; but I have expended so and so, and cannot leave them unless I restore the whole.' In this way I might have contrived to take what I wished, yet I did not so answer him, but declared to him the truth, how much wages I had received, and which was nothing extraordinary. He then gave me a paper from his holiness, the patriarch, in which he says, 'You will have received from us an answer, requesting that when we come to Alma, you will come up and see us. We expect your presence, and, if God please, we will provide you some proper situation, with an income that shall be sufficient for your sustenance. Delay not your coming, lest the present happy opportunity should pass by.' Knowing, as I did, that many people supposed my object in continuing with the English to be gain, I did not delay fulfilling the request of his reverence, hoping to remove this suspicion, and to enjoy an opportunity of speaking the truth without being hired to do it.

So, about the seventh of January, I left Beyroot, with Hoory Nicolas and arrived at Der Alma the same night. His holiness the patriarch was not there. On the next day when he came, I met him and saluted him in the road. In the evening he called me into his chamber and began to ask me questions, that he might discover what I was; and I answered him telling him the whole truth, although this course was opposed to my personal convenience. At this he seemed surprised, for he must have perceived it was contrary to what he had been accustomed to see in me. Afterwards when I declared to him that I never had before been a believer, according to the true living faith, he was probably still more astonished. He then asked me if I believed as the Romish church believed. I again told him the truth, that I did not. He asked then what was my faith, and I answered in the following purport: 'True and living faith, must be divine, connected with hope, love and repentance, and that all these virtues are the gifts of God, etc.; that I believed the truth as God had inspired it; and that it would be but a lie if I should say that I believed as the Romish church does, while in fact I do not. I must have proofs.'

After some conversation like this, he told me that this doctrine of mine was heretical, and that as long as I remained in this state of opinion, he would suffer no one to have intercourse with me in buying and selling, etc. This prohibition of his brought to my mind the words in Rev. 13:17, 'He causeth all—to receive a mark,' etc., 'and no man might buy or sell save he that had the mark of the name of the beast.' Then he gave me to understand that if, after three days, I did not get back out of this state, I must no more enter the church. At other times, he wished me to swear by the eucharist and by the gospel, that my faith was like the faith of the Roman Catholic church. He asked me if I was a Bible man; I replied, 'I do not follow the opinions of the Bible men; but if you think me a Bible man on account of the opinions I have advanced, very well.'

The sum of what I said was, that without evidence I could not believe what the Romish church believes. From that time, after three days, I did not enter the church for a space. Some time passed again, and the patriarch inquired of me my faith. I then explained to him what I believed respecting the unity and trinity of God, and that the Messiah was one person with two natures, and that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and Son. Then arose a disputation about who is the vicar that Christ has appointed to explain His law. I answered in substance as I afterwards did in writing, that by reason, and learning, and prayer to God, with purity of motive, we may know from the Holy Scriptures, everything necessary to our salvation. This was the purport of my reply which perhaps was not expressed with sufficient clearness, or perhaps I was not able to say it in the manner that was appropriate, for such a tumult and storm were excited in the company that they seemed to me to be intent on overcoming me by dint of vociferation rather than by argument and to drown my voice, rather than to understand my opinions.

When, after some days, came Bishop Abdalla Blabul and Padre Bermardus of Gzier, the patriarch one day called me to them in his chamber and asked me what I wished, whether money or office, or whatever it might be, promising to gratify me, speaking of his love to me and of his great interest in my welfare. These professions I know to be sincere, but they are according to the world, and not according to the gospel. I assured him that I wanted nothing of the things he had mentioned; that I was submissive and obedient to him; and that if he thought of me, that I had taken money of the English, he was welcome to shut me up in my chamber as in a prison, and take from me everything that I possessed; that I wished from them merely my necessary food and clothing and that I would give them this assurance in writing. The bishop and priest then begged me, in presence of the patriarch, to say that my faith was like that of the Romish church. I replied that I feared to tell a falsehood by saying a thing while actually, in my reason, I did not believe it.

'But,' said they, 'the patriarch here will absolve you from the sin of the falsehood.' I turned to the patriarch and put the question whether he would so absolve me. He answered that he would. I said, 'What the law of nature itself condemns, it is out of the power of any man to make lawful.' He then again asked me what I wished to do. I said, 'I wish to go and see the Armenian patriarch Gregory, and inquire of him what I ought to do.' He consented, and requested me, when I had done this, to return to him, to which I agreed. I was accompanied by a priest from a station of the patriarch to the college of Ain Warka, where I found Hoory Joseph Shaheen, with whom I conversed a considerable time, and with great pleasure; for I found that for himself he did not believe that the pope was infallible in matters of faith, that is to say, unless in concert with the congregated church. I then began to confess to him: but when I saw that he held steadfastly some opinions for no other reason than that the church so believed, and without bringing any proper evidence of the fact, viz., from councils or from the fathers, and burst out upon me with exceeding bitter words, saying, 'Know that the church neither deceives, nor is deceived, and be quiet;' and when I wished him to instruct me according to the word of God, with the simple object of glorifying God and fulfilling His will, I saw that he was not disposed to support any opinion because it was according to the word of God, but because so thought the church; and I saw him also ready to retain these opinions, although I should bring the strongest evidences against them from the Holy Scriptures. He told me that it was impossible for him to teach anything contrary to the council of Trent. So I found I could not receive his system, because, though you should show him that it was wrong, he would not give it up, lest with it he should be obliged to give up his office. I therefore told him, 'You are bound, i. e., shut up as between walls, by the doctrines of the pope and the council of Trent.'

In conversation on the images, he would have proved their propriety from Baronius' church history. We found this author quoting the sacred Scriptures to prove that our Savior sent a picture of Himself to the king of Abgar. I declared that it was false, in so far as he stated that the gospel made any such statement, and on that account I could not believe the story. To this he gave me no answer. After this, as we were reading the book, and found a statement respecting the bishops collected in Constantinople, to the number of three hundred and thirteen; that they decreed the abolition of the use of images, because it was idolatrous, and that in the clearest terms, I asked him the question, 'If an assembly composed of the bishops of the church were infallible, how is it that this council is said to have committed an error?'

About this time I heard that a certain individual wished to converse with me on the subject of religion, which rejoiced me exceedingly and I was impatient for an interview. He came on a Sabbath day to Ain Warka for the study of the Arabic grammar, according to his custom, and we had a short conversation together on works unlawful on the Sabbath day, and other subjects. He then excused himself from further conversation for want of time; but promised that when we should meet again he hoped to have a sufficient opportunity to dwell on these subjects at large. I continued at Ain Warka the whole week, reading with the rest at prayers and confessing to Hoory Joseph above mentioned; and on the next Lord's day, the Armenian priest aforesaid came again, and I fully expected to have time and opportunity to ascertain his opinions; but I was disappointed again; for he wished to have the dispute carried on in writing, and to have an assistant with him, with other conditions. In these circumstances I failed of my object; but was on the whole more inclined than before to receive the doctrines of the Romish church; since the priest had promised to bring his evidence, on all points, from the word of God, that they (the papists) were walking in light and not in darkness.

At this time one informed me that his holiness, Bishop Jacob, superior of the convent of Bzumar, wished to see me. And because Hoory Joseph at first told me that this state in which I had fallen was a temptation of Satan, and at one time showed me that it was usual for people, when they came to the age of manhood, to be tempted on the subject of their religion, and at another, assured me that this was a state of delirium:—and again, because I had heard formerly that this Bishop Jacob had himself been delirious, and that he was a man of information, I wished very much to see him; and on the same day I went to Hoory Joseph and declared to him plainly my opinions, and showed him that the beast mentioned in the Revelation was a figure, as the lamb evidently was, and how dreadful must be the torments of those who worship the image of the beast. I then disclosed to him my intention of going up to the convent of Bzumar, where were the patriarch Gregory, Bishop Jacob, and the Armenian priest already mentioned.

I set off the same day, and on my arrival saluted the patriarch, and on the same night reasoned on the subjects of faith, hope and love. It appeared that the patriarch's opinion was, that a man may be possessed of living faith, faith unto salvation, although he should feel nothing in his heart. I answered him with a quotation from St. Paul, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;' but this did not convince him. He explained the heart to mean the will. It then appeared to me that he was not a true believer, and from that time forward I could not believe him, as I would believe a real christian, but I wished to hear his worldly arguments. On the following day I asked him how it could be said that the pope is infallible if there were no proofs of the fact to be brought.

I asked him if this pretension of the pope was that of an apostle, or a prophet; if an apostle, or a prophet, he could not be believed mithout miracles, and that we christians were not to believe anyone, though he were to bring down fire from Heaven. His replies to me were weak; and after considerable conversation on what is the church of Christ, on the ignorance that is pardonable, etc., he began to prove that if the pope is not infallible, then there is *no religion, no gospel,* and even *no God,*—but I observed all his proofs so weak, that I could not be convinced, and I fell into deep perplexity as to what I should do. For sometimes I greatly endeavored to submit my judgment to his rules and opinions, and made these efforts until my very head would ache. The next day I asked him what was that *great city,* ruling over the kings of the earth, mentioned in Rev. 17: 18? After he had brought his book of commentaries, he answered that it was Rome, which is so called spiritual Babylon, or Babel, and after wishing me to yield to his opinion or that of the book, he said nothing more. From this time I was with the patriarch every day for three or four hours, and his best advice to me was to pray to St. Antony of Padua, together with one repetition of the Lord's prayer, and one of Hail Mary, etc., every day for three days. When I was thus in doubt from the weakness of their proofs, one of the monks said to me, 'If you wish to know *good tobacco,* ask the patriarch.' I hoped that this priest would explain to me those doctrines of the Romish church, which I could not believe; so I went into his chamber and questioned him very particularly on all points. He expressed his wish that we might discuss together all the points one by one, but on condition that the patriarch Joseph should appoint him to do so.

He told me he had in his possession a book refuting the opinions of Luther and Calvin. I begged permission to read it; but he refused, telling me that the doctrines of the church all remained unrefuted. He wished me to go down to the patriarch Joseph on this business. So after a stay of four days from my arrival, I departed for Ain Warka according to my promise to Hoory Joseph.

Here I found one of my friends of whom I had heard that he had been very much astonished at my connection with the Bible men. After I had seen him, and had conversed with him a little on some points, he would no longer hear me, fearing among other things lest he should be crazed. When we touched on the subject of the great city above mentioned, he told me that he had seen a book of commentaries on Revelation, which made the city clearly to be Rome. At this I wondered greatly, since the meaning was so clear, that not even the teachers of the Romish church herself could deny it. I then finished my confession to Hoory Joseph Shaheen, and about sunset the same day went down to the patriarch to the convent Alma. He requested me again to write a paper stating that my faith was according to the faith of the Romish church. From this I excused myself, begging that such a thing might not be required of me, for the council of Trent had added nothing to the rule of faith, which was established by that of Nice, which begins, 'I believe in one God, etc.' A short space after I gave him my advice with modest arguments and mild suggestions, on his duty to cause the gospel to be preached in the church among the Maronite people; and offered him the opinion that this should be done by the priests in the vulgar language every Sabbath day, for the space of one or two hours; and if this should appear too burdensome to the people, to take off from them some of the feast days. After this I remained silent in my chamber, near to his own; and as there came to me a few of the deacons of the patriarch, and others, I read to them at their request in the New Testament printed in Rome,—but in a little time after, I entered my room, and found in it none of all the books that had been there, neither New Testament, nor any other, and I knew that the patriarch had given the order for this purpose, for he reproved me for reading the gospel to them, but he could accuse me of no false or erroneous explanations, or that I taught them anything heretical.

One day after this, he called me to his presence and began to threaten me in a most unusual manner. I said, 'What do you wish of me, your reverence? What have I done, and what would you have me do? What is my sin, except that I conversed with some individuals, showing them the errors of the church of Rome?' Then he requested me again, to say that I believed as did that church, and said, grasping me firmly by the chin, 'See how I will take you if you do not repent.' I begged him to appoint someone to show me the truth, by the way of discussion, but he would not, and continued expressing his own sentiment, that we are bound to hold fast to the church, even to such a length that if she should even reject the gospel, we should reject it, too.'

And here I wish to say a word to every reader that regards and loves the truth; how does such doctrine appear to you? and how could I believe in all which the Romish church holds, without knowing all of it? and how could I say, without a lie, that I believe, when I do not believe?

When I saw the patriarch breaking out with an exceeding loud and unusual voice, I was afraid that I should be found among 'the fearful,' (Rev. 21:8) and rose to depart. When I reached the door, I turned and said to him, 'I will hold fast the religion of Jesus Christ, and I am ready for the sake of it to shed my blood; and though you should all become infidels, yet will not I;' and so left the room.

One of my friends told me that he had suggested to the patriarch the grand reason why I did not believe in the pope, which was, that among other doctrines of his, he taught that he could not commit an error, and that now, though a pope should see any one of his predecessors had erred, he could not say this, for fear that he also should appear to be an unbeliever. This friend also told me that the patriarch wondered how I should pretend that I held to the christian religion and still conversed in such abusive terms against it; and I also wondered, that after he saw this, he should not be willing so much as to ask me, in mildness and self-possession and forbearance, for what reasons I was unwilling to receive the doctrines of the pope, or to say I believed as he did; but he would not consent that the above mentioned Armenian priest should hold a discussion with me, and more than this laid every person, and even his own brother, under excommunication, if he should presume to dispute or converse with me on the subject of religion. Under this prohibition from conversation, and this bereavement of books, from what quarter could I get the necessary evidence to believe in their opinions?

Another cause I had of wonder, which was, that not one of all with whom I conversed, after he saw me to be heretical and declining from the truth, thought proper to advise me to use the only means of becoming strong in the faith, viz., prayer to God the Most High, and searching His Holy Word, which a child may understand. I wondered, too, that they should ridicule me and report me abroad as one mad; and after all this, be so fearful to engage in a dispute with the mad man lest he should vanquish them in argument, or spoil their understandings or turn them away from the truth.

After some time came the bishop of Beyroot. I gave him the usual salutation, and was greatly rejoiced to see him, as I knew the excellency of his understanding and his quickness of apprehension, and hoped that after some discussion between us, he would explain the truth, and that he would rest on clear evidence to support his views. But in this case also, I was disappointed; for one day, when I asked him a question, and during the whole short conversation which followed, whenever I began to bring evidence against him, he was angry, and finally drove me from my chamber in a fury, and that with no other cause, as he pretended, than that he did not wish to converse with a heretic.

Some time after this, Hoory Joseph Shaheen came down to the convent of Alma, and I endeavored to get him to unite with me in persuading the patriarch to send out among the people, preachers of the gospel or that there should be preaching in the churches as before mentioned; but he would not co-operate with me in this, and I was again disappointed.

Then, when the patriarch and the bishop of Beyroot wished to dispute with me, I expressed the hope that the discussion might be in meekness and without anger. It was concluded first that the discussion should be in writing, that no one afterwards should be able to alter what he had once said. They then commenced by asking me questions. The first question was, in amount, this, 'Has the Messiah given us a new law?'

At first I did not grant that He had, strictly speaking, given us a new law, and quoted the words of John, that 'The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ;' but when I afterwards saw that by 'a new law,' they meant merely the gospel, or the New Testament, I answered in the affirmative. They then asked me if there was not to be found in this 'new law' some obscurities. I answered, 'Yes.' They then asked me, 'Suppose any difference of sentiment should arise between the teachers of christianity, how are we to distinguish the truth from the error?' I answered thus:—'We have no other means of arriving at the truth than by searching the word of God with learning and reason, and inquiry of learned spiritual teachers, with purity of motive and with disinterestedness of inclination. If the obscurities of the word of God cannot be understood by these means, our ignorance is excusable, and will not prevent our salvation. If the passages, which still remain obscure, concern faith, it is sufficient for a man to say, 'I believe according as the truth is in itself before God, or, I believe in the thing as God inspired it to the writer,' and if the obscurity respects our practice, after making use of the means above mentioned, if that branch of our practice be forbidden or under a doubt, desist from it, but if it is not forbidden, do it, and 'Blessed is the man that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth.'

After I had given them this answer, they brought no evidence to prove any error in it, and moreover afterward never put to me any question in writing.

Once, as I was walking with the Bishop of Beyroot, he began to tell me how much they all felt for me; and how unwilling they should be to put me in chains to die a lingering death; and that were it not for the sympathy and their love toward me, there were people who had conversed with them, who were ready to take my life. Some further conversation passed and I began to introduce the subject of religion and to ask how we could believe in the pope that he was infallible. He quoted for proof, the words of our Savior, 'Thou art Peter, etc.' I asked him if it was proper to suppose that all things bestowed on Peter were also given to the pope; if so, why does not the pope speak with tongues? and why is he not secure from the evil effects of poison, etc.? He answered that these last things were not necessary. 'But how do you prove it necessary,' said I, 'that the pope should not err? Is it not sufficient if anyone has doubts, to ask his teacher who is not infallible? If you say, 'Yes,' then the opinion of the infallible man will answer. But if you say, 'No,' and that we must go to the pope, what must become of the man who dies before the answer of the pope can reach him?'

He then resorted to another mode of proof, saying, 'Is it not desirable that the pope should be infallible?' I assured him, I wished he might be so. 'Well, is not God able to render him so?' 'Yes, He is able to do all things.' He wished to infer his point from these two premises. 'But,' I said, 'your reasoning with regard to the pope, may be applied to all the bishops of the church; for it is desirable that they should all be infallible, and God is able to make them so.' He said, 'No, for the bishops, feeling less their need of the pope, would not look to him, or submit to him as their head, and thus there would be divisions and contentions in the church.' 'But why,' said I, 'did not divisions and contentions arise among the apostles? Were they not all infallible as well as Peter?' He would not admit that they were infallible. I told him that was an opinion that could not be believed, that the pope was infallible and the apostles not; for it is well known to all, that the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles in a peculiar manner. I asked him again, how it could be made to appear that divisions would be produced if all bishops were infallible; for if they were all of one opinion, as they of course would be, their union must be the more perfect. We conversed further at some length when he concluded by saying, 'You are possessed of a devil.'

The next day, as the patriarch and the Bishop of Beyroot were seated under a tree without the convent, I went out to them and said, 'Your holiness sent to me to come hither for employment and I came, and have remained here a considerable time, what do you wish me to do for you, for I cannot remain here in idleness.'

He said, 'What do you wish to do?'

'If your holiness pleases that I teach in the school of Ain Warka, I will do that.'

'No, I cannot have you go to Ain Warka, to corrupt the minds of those who are studying science and to contradict my opinions.'

'But I will instruct in grammar.'

'No, the youths of the college are now attending to moral science.'

'Well, I only beg you let me know what I am to do, and if you have no employment for me, I wish to return home.'

The bishop here broke in upon the conversation, saying, 'I will not suffer you to go back among my flock to deceive them and turn them away to heresy.'

'Will you then debar me,' said I, 'from my home? If so, let me know where I shall go? what I shall do?'

The bishop then said to the patriarch, 'Indeed I will not suffer this man to go abroad among my people, for he is even attempting to make heretics of us also.'

'Yes,' replied the patriarch, 'it will not do after this, to afford him a residence in any part of the land.'

The bishop then turned to me in the bitterest anger and rage, reviling me and saying, 'If you go among my people again, I will send and take your life, though it be in the bosom of your own house.'

I said, 'Well, what would you have me to do and what will you do with me? If you wish to kill me, or shut me up in prison, or give me up to the government, or whatever it may be, I wish to know it.'

'You must wait here until spring or summer,' said the patriarch, 'and then we shall see how you are.'

I answered him, in the words of that christian who was given by his judge ten days to deliberate whether he would worship an image: 'Consider the time already passed, and do what you please.'

I asked the bishop his reasons for wishing to kill me, what evil had I done? He was filled with high and bitter indignation, saying, 'What, miscreant! Shall we let you go forth and corrupt my flock for me? Is not what has passed enough?' I arose and said to them, 'God at least is with me,' and left them. The patriarch sent after me his nephew, requesting me, in soothing words to return and saying that he would do what I wished; but when I contemplated the hardness of heart manifested by the bishop, I could not restrain myself from reproving him, hoping that he would grow mild. I said, therefore, 'Our Lord Jesus Christ said, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and that Satan, who was in his heart, wished to kill me, for Satan was a murderer from the beginning.' I told him, moreover, that he was not a true disciple of Christ, and when I had left them a second time the patriarch again sent his nephew to inquire of me what I wished; whether it was money, or what else? promising that he would answer my inquiries.

I returned and told him that I had a request to make of one thing only, and that I hoped he would answer me not as to a little child, who would ask a childish thing. He asked me what it was. I said, 'I have to ask of you the favor to send from your priests two faithful men to preach the gospel through the country, and I am ready, if necessary, to sell all that I possess to give to them as part of their wages.' He promised me it should be done; but I had reason to expect that he would receive such a request as from the mouth of one out of his reason.

Now there was at the convent a man called Hoory Gabriel, who was said to be insane and was known to all his acquaintance as a man who never would say a word on the subject of religion and he was a scribe of the patriarch, and from the time of my arrival until that day, had never asked me a single question about my faith, or opinions, nor had given me the least word of advice about any of my errors. The same night, as this priest was passing the evening in company with the patriarch, bishop and other individuals, as if they had been conversing on my idiocy in making the request of today, the patriarch sent for me to come and sit with them. I came. The patriarch then asked this priest and the others present, if two proper men could be found to go and preach the gospel. They then answered one to another, such a one and such a one, would be the fittest persons, some mentioning one, and some another, looking at me and in the meantime laughing, to see what I would say.

I smiled in a pleasant manner at all this, and when one asked me, why I laughed I said to the patriarch, 'Have you not perfect confidence in the integrity of the priest Gabriel?' He said, 'Yes.' I then said, 'Pray let this priest then examine me for the space of a few days, and if he does not conclude that I am a heretic, I will for one, take upon myself this duty of preaching.' This remark put an immediate end to the conversation.

The third day, when the bishop wished to mock me before the patriarch and a shekh of the country, I answered his questions according to his own manner; but in a little time he began to revile me, and to rebuke me for blaspheming against the eucharist, against the virgin Mary and the pictures, and that because I had said before one of his deacons that were it not for fear of the patriarch, I would tear all the pictures to pieces and burn them. I gave him answer to every particular by itself, and when he found he could produce against me no accusation he increased in wrath. I then said, 'If this is your pleasure, I will say no more.' I told him that I had said, 'That pictures were not gods;' that such was my opinion always; and that I wished to tell all the common people so that they might understand it; but to this he would not consent. He then began to accuse me of saying of the eucharist, 'Let them smell the scent of it and know that it is but bread and wine still.' I told him that if he would give me leave to speak, or if he wished to hear my views, I would speak. 'But how is it that you bring against me accusations, and do not suffer me to make my defense?' Here again he was not willing that I should speak, but the patriarch said to me, 'Speak.' I then observed that St. Ephraim says, 'Come, eat the fire of the bread, and drink of the spirit of the wine;' and began to say from this that our eating of the body of Christ was not natural but spiritual. Then again he fell into a rage against me. I said to him, 'It is written, be ye angry and sin not.' I told you before, that I would keep silence and not speak without your consent, and whatever you wish, tell me, that I may act or refrain accordingly.' At this the patriarch smiled. But the bishop fell into a passion still more violent against the patriarch, as well as myself, and rose and went away. I also left the room. In the evening, when were collected together the patriarch and bishop and all the monks, with priest Nicholas, whom they were about to ordain bishop on the morrow, the patriarch began to ask me questions respecting my faith. When I saw that their object was neither to benefit me, nor receive benefit, I gave them answers calculated to continue the conversation in a trifling strain, saying, 'My faith is the faith of Peter, and the faith of Peter is my faith. I believe all that God has given by inspiration to the one only holy Catholic church.' He asked me, 'What is the church?' I answered, 'The church is the whole company of those who believe in the Messiah and His law, on all the face of the earth.' 'But where is the place of the church?' 'The place of the church is the whole earth, it is made up of every nation and people.' 'What,' said he, 'the English among the rest?' 'Yes, of the English also.' Afterwards, when he continued to question me, and I saw that he had no other object than to try me, I assured him, 'This is my faith, and to this faith will I hold, whether it is worth anything in your estimation or not.' I then asked him if he were willing to hold a discussion on the subject; but he would not permit it in any shape. He afterward requested me to tell my faith again without fear and without concealment. I referred them to the priest that was about to be ordained, saying that I had conversed with him on all points particularly and that he was able to make answer for me. The priest then bore testimony on the spot, that I had said before him that I believed the pope could be infallible, while I never said this to him at any time. Afterward, when I was in his company privately, I inquired how he could bear such testimony as he had done. He confessed in the fullest terms that he knew it was a falsehood, but that he said what he did that they might cease talking with me. The same night I had resolved on quitting them; so at about midnight I left the convent, committing myself to the protection of God, who never deserts them who put their trust in Him, and arrived at Beyroot on the morning of Thursday, March two, 1826.

Here then I remain at present, not that I may take my views from the English or from the Bible men, nor that I may receive my religion from them. No, by no means; for I hold to the word of God. This is beyond all danger of error. In this I believe; in this is my faith; and according to it I desire to regulate my life and enjoy all my consolations. By this I wish to show what I believe, and not to confer with flesh and blood, that I may not run now nor hereafter in vain; for I know and am persuaded that the true religion is not according to the teaching of men, but according to the inspiration of God; not according to the custom of education, but according to the truth, which is made manifest by the word of God. I therefore say to myself now, as I did in the convent with the patriarch, where I wrote thus:

'Far from me be all the commandments of men. Nothing is to come into comparison with the teaching of Jesus by reading the New Testament. If our hearts are not transformed, there is the greatest danger that we die in our sins. If anything in the doctrine of Jesus seems burdensome, let us pray that He may make it light; and if there is anything that we do not understand, let us pray that He would instruct us and reveal the obscurity to all who truly believe in Jesus. There is nothing more delightful to the soul than He. 'O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed are all that put their trust in Him.' 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee.' Sweet is the sorrow produced by His word; for it gives us an aversion to all the consolations of time. Let us therefore seek refuge in God. Alas for thee, O thou that trusteth to the doctrines of men, especially if they give rest to your conscience, for that rest is false and deceitful, proceeding from the thoughts of men, and preventing you from attaining that true rest of which the apostles speak, saying, 'We do rest from our labors.' Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.' Read the word, and it shall teach you all things necessary to your salvation. If you say you do not understand it, behold the promise of St. James, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' The divine Word is a most precious treasure, from which all wise men are enriched. Drink from the fountain itself. Again I say, vain is the philosophy of men; for it recommends to us doctrines newly invented and prevents our increase in virtue, rather than promotes it. Cast it from you.'

This is what I wrote some time since, and I would revolve these thoughts in my mind at all times. The object in all that I have done, or attempted, or written, in this late occurrence is, that I may act as a disciple and servant of Christ. I could not, therefore, receive any advice which would direct me to hide my religion under a bushel. I cannot regulate myself by any rules contrary to those of Christ; for I believe that all who follow His word in truth, are the good grain, and that all those who add to His word are the tares sown by the enemy, which shall soon be gathered in bundles and cast into the fire unquenchable. And I beg every member of my sect, i. e., of the Maronite church, who loves truth, if he sees me in an error to point it out to me, that I may leave it, and cleave to the truth. But I must request those who would rectify my views not to do as did a priest at Beyroot, who, after a considerable discussion, denied the inspiration of the New Testament. Men like him I do not wish to attempt to point out my errors; for such men, it is evident, need rather to be preached to than to preach; and to be guided, rather than to guide; but if any understanding man will take the word of God and prove to me from it any doctrine whatever, I will respect him and honor him with all pleasure. But if a doctrine cannot be established thus, it is not only opposed to the doctrines of Christ, but to the views of the early christians, the fathers of the church, such as St. Ephraim and others. Such doctrines I cannot confess to be correct, although it should cost me the shedding of my blood. Be it known, that I am not seeking money, nor office; nor do I fear anything from contempt, nor from the cross, nor from the persecution of men, nor from their insults, nor their evil accusations, so far as they are false,—for I am ready for the sake of Christ to die daily, to be accounted as a sheep for the slaughter, for 'in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.' 'I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.' I believe that Jesus is our High Priest forever, and hath an unchangeable priesthood. 'Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him,' for He is the one Mediator between God and man, and He ever liveth to make intercession with the Father for us; and He is the propitiation for our sins, and to Him be glory with the Father, and his Holy Spirit of Life, forever and ever. Amen.

I would only add, if there is anyone, whoever he may be, that will show me to be under a mistake, and that there is no salvation for me unless I submit to the pope, or at least show me that it is lawful to do so, I am ready to give up all my peculiar views and submit in the Lord; but without evidence that my views are thus mistaken, I cannot give them up and yield a blind obedience until it shall be not only told that I am mad, but until I shall be so in fact and all my understanding leaves me. Not until men shall have burned not only the Bibles printed by the

English, but all the Bibles of the world; but these two things, understanding and the Bible, I pray God to preserve both to me and to all the followers of Christ and that He will preserve and save all you, my friends, in the Lord. ASAAD SHIDIAK."

Returning to his relatives he attempted to converse with them upon the subject of religion; but found them averse to listening to his testimony and exhortation, and they at length delivered him to the patriarch. Of the unkindness of his relatives he said on leaving them, "If I had not read the gospel, I should have been surprised at this new movement of yours; but now it is just what I might have expected. In this blessed Book, I am told, 'the brother shall deliver up the brother to death.' and 'a man's foes shall be they of his own household.' "

The last word received concerning Asaad Shidiak was from the convent, where he was in close confinement, bound in chains to the floor and daily beaten because he refused to worship the virgin Mary.

CHAPTER V

SINCE THE INQUISITION

George Fox, Friends in America, John Bunyan, John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Griffith Jones, Harris and Rollins, George Whitefield, John M'Burney, Bishop Asbury, Solomon Sharp, Thomas Smith, Henry Boehm, and Jacob Gruber, Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, James B. Finley, Mrs. Mary Fletcher, The Salvation Army, Freeborn Garrettson and Hartley, Philip Gatch and John Cooper, Benjamin Abbott and Sterling, Peter Cartwright, West Indies, Baptist Missionaries, Testimony of G. W. Henry, Elijah Sabin, Lorenzo Dow and Others, In Madagascar, Bishop Taylor and Rev. William Hill, Monrovia, Liberia, Moslem Countries, Arabia, Vivian A. Dake, Out of Great Tribulation, Child Martyrs, The Redeemed in Heaven.

The persecution of God's true people did not cease with the close of the Inquisition. God's people have always been despised by the world and ecclesiasticism has fought them from far back in the history of the church. True religion is a persecuted religion. The suffering and the woes and the losses of early Quakers, Spirit baptized Methodists and members of other pentecostal churches who were bitterly persecuted by the enemies of God should not here be lost sight of. They were everywhere covered with shame and reproach and worse, even as the true followers of Jesus are today.

GEORGE FOX

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, and missionary of that society, suffered persecution continually for years. He was left in prison, in the mud and mire and given no chance to wash himself until he almost rotted in the filthy surroundings, but he had the Holy Ghost and they could not get him to compromise. In the year 1673 he was imprisoned, and was later on released by the influence of Sir Matthew Hale. History records that, "after the accession of William III to the throne of England, the public worship of the Friends in England became tolerated"; which is to say that previous to that time it was intolerable to the enemies of Christ. The following from the journal of George Fox shows that he was at the time referred to, having his share of persecution:

"I came to Thomas Taylor's, within three miles of Halifax, where there was a meeting of about two hundred people, amongst which were rude people, and divers butchers, several of whom had bound themselves with an oath before they came out, that they would kill me,—as I was told. * * * The word of Christ was largely declared that day and in the life and power of God we broke up the meeting; and that rude company went its way to Halifax. The people asked them why they did not kill me, according to the oath they had sworn; and they maliciously answered that I had so bewitched them that they could not do it. Thus was the devil chained at that time. Friends told me that they used to come at other times and be very rude; and sometimes break their stools and seats, and make frightful work among them. * * * Shortly

George Fox

after this the butcher who had been accused of killing a man and woman before, and was one of those that had bound themselves by an oath to kill me, killed another man and then was sent to York jail. Another of these rude butchers, who had also sworn to kill me, having accustomed himself to thrust his tongue out of his mouth, in derision of the Friends when they passed by him, had it so swollen out of his mouth that he could never draw it in again, but died so." George Fox died in London in 1690.

Any one who is acquainted with the Quakers knows that they were quite different from the ordinary Protestants and that their peculiarities made them objects of contempt. The very name "Quaker," was given as a term of reproach. Their first leader forsook the national church and that subjected him and his followers to still greater ostracism. They were beaten, whipped, stoned, placed in stocks, imprisoned; some of them "for their plain speeches to the magistrates," were whipped as vagabonds.

A history of the Quakers is at hand, from which we learn that during the life of George Fox three thousand and sixty-eight Friends and their sympathizers were imprisoned; that their meetings were frequently broken up by armed men, their members thrown into the water and trampled under foot until the blood gushed out. A later reliable document places the number of imprisoned Quakers at four thousand two hundred, and states that many of the prisoners died in Newgate of close confinement—some being suffocated in the crowded rooms and others, being removed, while sick, died of malignant fever in a few days.

FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

The Friends in America fared little better. Much suffering was inflicted upon them here. They were persecuted and fined, beaten, whipped, imprisoned and banished; some had their ears cut off and four were hanged. Marmaduke Stevenson, William Robinson, and Mary Dyer were imprisoned at Boston, and then released and ordered to leave the city on pain of death, the following notification being given against them:

"You are required by these, presently to set at liberty, William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, Mary Dyer, and Nicholas Davis, who, by an order of the court and council, have been imprisoned, because it appeared, by their own confession, words and actions, that they are Quakers: wherefore a sentence was pronounced against them, to depart this jurisdiction on pain of death; and that they must answer it at their peril, if they, or any of them, after the fourteenth of this present month, September, are found within this city, or any part thereof.—Edward Rawson."

One can read of the persecutions and suffering of christians in the old world, and in the dark ages and feel that such things were quite possible under the then existing conditions, but one would hardly look for outrages of this kind to be perpetrated in the name of law and common decency, in the seventeenth century and in such a supposedly enlightened center as Massachusetts, particularly in Boston, the very hub around which it has for many years been asserted the very universe revolves. Nevertheless history is compelled to chronicle the atrocious persecution and butcheries of the early Quakers, to which despised sect belonged Mary Dyer.

Mary Dyer was without doubt a holy, loyal servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and had probably left England for America, with many others, in the days of the awful persecutions against the Quakers in that country. We infer that her home was in Rhode Island although of this we are not certain. She first appears upon the scene, in Boston, in connection with the trial and banishment of Robinson and Stevenson, September, 1659. It appears that she left Boston after their trial. They visited Salem and other places and were again arrested and put into prison with chains locked to their right legs. Mary Dyer, too, soon returned and went to visit them, and as she stood before the prison speaking with one Christopher Holder, she was taken into custody. Massachusetts had made a law aimed particularly at the Quakers whereby people who taught obnoxious, religious doctrines could be banished on pain of death if they returned. On the twentieth of October they were brought into court where John Endicott, and others, were assembled. Sewel's history gives the following account of their trial:

"Being called to the bar, Endicott commanded the keeper to pull off their hats: and then said that they had made several laws to keep the Quakers from amongst them; and neither whipping, nor imprisoning, nor cutting off ears, nor banishing upon pain of death would keep them away. And further, he said, they desired not the death of any of them. Yet, notwithstanding that, his following words without more ado were, 'Give ear and hearken to your sentence of death.' After this sentence had been passed on Robinson and Stevenson, Mary Dyer was called; to whom Endicott spoke thus: 'Mary Dyer, you shall go to the place from whence you came (to-wit, the prison), and thence to the place of execution and be hanged there until you are dead.' To which she replied, 'The will of the Lord be done.' On her way back to prison she was wonderfully filled with the love and praise of God and it was said, being full of joy she told the marshal he might let her alone for she would go to prison without him. To which he answered, 'I believe you, Mrs. Dyer; but I must do what I am commanded.'

She and her two companions in tribulation were kept in prison a short time whence she wrote to the general court as follows:

To the General Court in Boston:

'Whereas I am by many charged with the guiltiness of my own blood; if you mean in my coming to Boston, I am therein clear, and justified by the Lord, in whose will I came, who will require my blood of you, be sure, who have made a law to take away the lives of the innocent servants of God if they come among you, who are called by you, cursed Quakers. Although I say and am a living witness for them and the Lord, that he hath blessed them, and sent them unto you; therefore be not found fighters against God, but let my counsel and request be accepted with you, to repeal all such laws, that the truth and the servants of the Lord may have free passage among you, and you be kept from shedding innocent blood; which I know there are many among you would not do, if they knew it so to be; nor can the enemy that stirreth you up thus to destroy his holy seed, in any measure countervail the great damage that you will, by thus doing, procure. Therefore seeing that the Lord hath not hid it from you it lieth upon me, in love to your souls, thus to persuade you.

I have no self ends the Lord knoweth; for if my life were freely granted by you, it would not avail me, nor could I expect it of you, so long as I would daily hear or see the suffering of these people, my dear brethren, the seed with whom my life is bound up, as I have done these two years; and now it is like to increase, even unto death, for no evil doing, but coming among you. Was ever the like laws heard of among a people that profess Christ come in the flesh? And have such no other weapons but such laws to fight against spiritual wickedness withal, as you call it? Woe is me for you! Of whom take you counsel? Search with the light of Christ in you, and it will show of whom, as it hath done me and many more, who have been disobedient and deceived, as now ye are; which light as you come into, and obeying what is made manifest to you therein, you will not repent that you were kept from shedding blood, though it were by a woman. It is not mine own life I seek (for I choose rather to suffer with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of Egypt), but the life of the seed, which I know the Lord hath blessed, and therefore seeks the enemy thus vehemently to destroy the life therof, as in all ages he ever did. O hearken not unto him, I beseech you, for the seed's sake; which is * * * dear in the sight of God, which they that touch, touch the apple of His eye, and cannot escape His wrath; whereof I having felt, cannot but persuade all men, * * * especially you who name the name of Christ, to depart from such iniquity as shedding blood even of the saints of the Most High.

Therefore let my request have as much acceptance with you, if you be christians, as Esther's had with Ahasuerus, whose relation is short of that that is between christians;

and my request is the same that hers was; and he said not that he had made a law, and it would be dishonorable for him to revoke it; but when he understood that those people were so prized by her, and so nearly concerned her, as in truth these are to me, you may see what he did for her. Therefore I leave these lines with you, appealing to the faithful and true witness of God, which is one in all consciences, before whom we must all appear; with whom I shall eternally rest, in everlasting joy and peace, whether you will bear or forbear. With Him is my reward, with whom to live is my joy, and to die is my gain, though I had not had your forty-eight hours warning, for the preparation of the death of, Mary Dyer.

And I know this also, that if through the enmity you shall declare yourselves worse than Ahasuerus, and confirm your law, though it were by taking away the life of one of us, that the Lord will overthrow both your law and you, by His righteous judgments and plagues poured justly upon you, who now, whilst ye are warned thereof, and tenderly sought unto, may avoid the one by removing the other. If you neither hear, nor obey the Lord, nor His servants, yet will He send more of His servants among you, so that your end shall be frustrated, that think to restrain them ye call cursed Quakers, from coming among you, by anything you can do to them. Yea, verily, He hath a seed here among you, for whom we have suffered all this while, and yet suffer; whom the Lord of the harvest will send forth more laborers to gather, out of the mouths of the devourers, of all sorts, into His fold where He will lead them into fresh pastures, even the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Oh, let none of you put this good day far from you, which verily in the light of the Lord I see approaching, even to many in and about Boston. * * * Let the time past, therefore, suffice; for such a profession as brings forth such fruits as these laws are. In love, and in the spirit of meekness, I again beseech you; for I have no enmity toward the person of any; but you shall know, that God will not be mocked; but what ye sow, that shall ye reap * * *. He will render to everyone according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil. Even so be it, saith,

MARY DYER.'

(A copy of this was given to the general court after Mary Dyer had received sentence of death, about the eighth or ninth month, 1659.)

The day appointed to execute the bloody sentence, was the twenty-seventh of October, when in the afternoon the condemned prisoners were led to the gallows, by the marshal, Michaelson, and Captain James Oliver, with a band of about two hundred armed men, besides many horsemen; as if they were afraid that some of the people would have rescued the prisoners; and that no actors on the stage might be wanting, the priest, Wilson, joined the company, who, when the court deliberated how to deal with the Quakers, said, 'Hang them, or else,' (drawing his finger athwart his throat) as if he would have said, 'Despatch 'em this way.' Now the march began, and a drummer going next before the condemned, the drums were beaten, especially when any of them attempted to speak. * * * They went on with great cheerfulness, as going to an everlasting wedding feast, and rejoicing that the Lord had counted them worthy to suffer death for His name's sake.

Robinson and Stevenson were executed and Mary Dyer was led to the gallows and up the ladder; her clothes tied about her; the halter put around her neck and her face covered with a handkerchief which a priest loaned the hangman; when, just as she was to be swung off a cry was heard, "Stop, for she is reprieved." They loosed her feet and bade her come down. But she whose mind was so absorbed in the things of God; as our historian says; 'was already as it were in Heaven,' remained motionless and said she was willing to suffer as her brethren did unless they would repeal their wicked laws. They paid little heed to what she said, but ruthlessly pulled her down and carried her to prison again.

It seems that she was reprieved at the intervention of her son. She again wrote to the general court as follows:

The twenty-eighth of the eighth month, 1659.

'Once more to the general court assembled in Boston, speaks Mary Dyer, even as before. My life is not accepted, neither availeth me, in comparison of the lives and liberty of the Truth and the servants of the living God, for which in the bowels of meekness I sought you; yet, nevertheless, with wicked hands have you put two of them to death, which makes me to feel that the mercies of the wicked one are cruelty. I rather choose to die than to live, as from you, as guilty of their innocent blood: therefore seeing my request is hindered, I leave you to the righteous Judge, and searcher of all hearts, who, with the pure measure of light He hath given to every man to profit withal, will in His due time let you see whose servants you are, and of whom you have taken counsel, which I desire you to search into; but all His counsel hath been slighted, and you would none of His reproofs. Read your portion, Proverbs 1:24-32. For verily the night cometh on you apace, wherein no man can work, in which you shall assuredly fall to your own master. In obedience to the Lord, whom I serve with my spirit, and pity to your souls, which you neither know nor pity, I can do no less than once more to warn you, to put away the evil of your doings; * * * before His wrath be kindled in you; for where it is, nothing without you can help or deliver you out of His hand at all; and if these things be not so, then say, there hath been no prophet from the Lord sent amongst you; though we be nothing, yet it is His pleasure, by things that are not, to bring to naught things that are.

When I heard your last order read it was a disturbance unto me, that was so freely offering up my life to Him that gave it to me, and sent me hither so to do, which obedience, being His own work, He gloriously accompanied with His presence, and peace, and love in me, in which I rested from my labor; till by your order and the people, I was so far disturbed, that I could not retain any more of the words thereof, than that I should return to prison, and there remain forty and eight hours; to which I submitted, finding nothing from the Lord to the contrary, that I may know what His pleasure and counsel is concerning me, on whom I wait therefore, for He is my life, and the length of my days; and as I said before, I came at His command, and go at His command.

MARY DYER."

The magistrate saw that the putting to death of Robinson and Stevenson caused great discontent among the people, hence they resolved to send Mary Dyer away. She was therefore placed on horseback and by four men escorted fifteen miles toward Rhode Island, one man conveying her the rest of the way.

Sewel's history says, "By the style of her letters and her undaunted courage, it appears that she had some extraordinary qualities. She was of a comely and grave countenance, of a good family and estate, and a mother to several children: but her husband was of another persuasion."

After traveling through Long Island and returning home, she was moved to again return to the bloody town of Boston, which she accordingly did March twenty-first, 1660.

On the thirty-first she was sent for by the general court and Endicott remanded her to prison, there to remain until the following day at nine o'clock, at which time he said she should be taken to the gallows and hanged according to the sentence passed upon her at the last general court. An account of her execution is also given in Sewel's history, Volume 1, page 291, as follows:

"About the appointed time the marshal, Michaelson, came and called for her to come hastily; * * * she desired him to stay a little; and speaking mildly, said, she would be ready presently. But he being of a rough temper, said he could not wait upon her, but she should now wait upon him. One Margaret Smith, her companion, being grieved to see such hard-heartedness, spoke something against their unjust laws and proceedings; to which he said, 'You shall have your share of the same.' Then Mary Dyer was brought forth, and with a band of soldiers was led through the town, drums being beaten before and behind her, and so continued, that none might let her speak all the way to the place of execution, which was about a mile.

With this guard she came to the gallows, and being gone up the ladder, some said to her, that if she would return, she might come down and save her life. To which she replied, 'Nay, I cannot, for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in His will I abide faithful to the death.' The captain, John Webb, said that she had been there before and had the sentence of banishment upon pain of death, and had broken the law in coming again now; and therefore she was guilty of her own blood. To which she returned, 'Nay, I came to keep blood guiltiness from you, desiring you to repeal the unrighteous and unjust law of banishment upon pain of death, made against innocent servants of the Lord; therefore my blood will be required at your hands, who willfully do it; but for those that do it in the simplicity of their hearts, I desire the Lord to forgive. I came to do the will of my Father, and in obedience to His will, I stand even to death.' The priest, Wilson, said, 'Mary Dyer, O repent, O repent, and be not so deluded, and carried away by the deceit of the devil.' To this Mary answered, 'Nay, man, I am not now to repent.' And being asked by some whether she would have the elders pray for her, she said, 'I know never an elder here.' Being further asked, whether she would have any of the people pray for her, she answered, she desired the prayers of all the people of God.

Thereupon some scoffingly said, 'It may be she thinks there are none here.' She looking about said, 'I know but few here.' * * * After this she was charged with something that was not understood what it was, but she seemed to hear it; for she said, 'It is false, it is false; I never spoke those words.' Then one mentioned she should have said, she had been in paradise. To which she answered, 'Yea, I have been in paradise several days.' And more she spoke of the eternal happiness which she was now to enter. In this well disposed condition she was turned off, and died a martyr of Christ; being twice led to death, which the first time she expected, with undaunted courage, and now suffered with christian fortitude. Thus this honest, valiant woman finished her days."

In Lossing's Field Book of the Civil War, Volume 3, page seventy-nine, an instance is related which shows the loyalty of the Quakers or Friends, to their faith. Some of their number were forced into the ranks at the battle of Gettysburg, but they steadfastly refused to fight. As a consequence they were cruelly punished and one was to be shot. Twelve soldiers were ordered to fire upon him but each refused. The remainder of the company was ordered to shoot the disobedient twelve. Then the Quaker prayed for them that they might be forgiven, for, he said, "they know not what they do," whereupon the whole company of soldiers refused to obey the command and so the captain tried to shoot the Quaker; but the cap would not explode. He then tried in another way to kill him, but God interfered as by a miracle and saved his life. Ere long the Quaker and his fellow "Friends" were sent to Ft. Delaware as prisoners; the facts were placed before the President, who ordered their release.

JOHN BUNYAN

One of the contemporaries of George Fox, was John Bunyan, who suffered long imprisonment on account of his religious opinions, and whose book, "Pilgrim's Progress," partly written in the Bedford jail, has been translated into more languages than perhaps any other book aside from the Bible, and enjoyed by all classes of people from his day until now. Many ministers would like the fame of John Bunyan, but not at the price he paid. They prefer honor and ease to the reproach that he bore and the suffering that he endured at the hands of the church and the world.

Yet, "he was able to bear his imprisonment patiently. The Lord was very gracious to him. 'I never had,' he said, while in prison, 'in all my life, had so great an insight into the word of God as now. Those scriptures which I saw nothing in before, are made in this place and state, to shine upon me. I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins, and of my being with Jesus in another world. 'O, the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels and God, the Judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect,' And Jesus has been sweet unto me in this place, I have seen that here, which I am persuaded I shall never, while in this world, be able to express. I have seen a truth in the words, 'Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

The thoughts of his afflicted family would sometimes press upon his mind, especially the case of one of his four children, who was blind. Mr. Bunyan was a man of strong affection, a tender husband, and a very indulgent parent, and he was supported under his affliction by these two scriptures, Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' * * * 'Verily it shall be well with thy remnant; verily I will cause the enemy to entreat thee well in the time of evil.'

He was not idle during his long and severe confinement, but diligently studied his Bible, which with the book of martyrs, composed his whole library. His own hands also administered to the necessity of his indigent family; but he was still more usefully employed in preaching to all who could gain access to the jail, and with a spirit and power that surprised his hearers."

JOHN WESLEY

John Wesley was a very well educated man, but he was called ignorant and pretentious, and the churches were closed against him, so he, with all his followers, had to preach in prisons or on commons, and wherever they could, in the open fields. His most bitter persecutions took place after 1740, when he separated from the Moravians and became an itinerant preacher. We quote the following from "Life of John Wesley; or, A Study for the Times:"

"Nothing could show more clearly the need of the great revival than the manner, which, for many years, both the laity and the ministry received Mr. Wesley's labors. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that he could have met with no greater discouragement or more determined opposition had he been attempting to christianize the tribes in the heart of Africa. * * * Not only oaths and curses, but stones, clubs, dragging by the hair, trampling in the mire, were not unusual experiences of Wesley and his coadjutors. * * * Mobs pelted him with stones, windows were shattered, while he preached; men, women and children were dragged along the streets; and more than once Wesley himself narrowly escaped with his life.

* * * But the most cruel part of all was the persecution arising from false charges, slanderous imputations and scurrilous attacks from those to whom he would naturally have turned for friendly aid and sympathy."

We add the following from "Illustrated History of Methodism:"

"He (Mr. Wesley) was denounced as a restless deceiver of the people; an ignorant pretender; a newfangled teacher, setting up his own fanatical conceits in opposition to the authority of God; a rapturous enthusiast. 'Everywhere,' says Wesley, 'we were represented as mad dogs, and treated accordingly. We were stoned in the streets and several times narrowly escaped with our lives. In sermons, newspapers and pamphlets of all kinds we were painted as unheard of monsters, but this moved us not.'

* * *

In those days there was enough hardship in the life of a Methodist preacher to keep all common men away; nevertheless there were streaks of human nature, rather broad ones sometimes, in the character of these heroes, on account of which many of them fell out of the ranks after a short period of service."

To the "History of Methodism" we are also indebted for the following:

"The city of Cork, especially at that day, was not a very safe place for a Methodist preacher; but when John Wesley was planned, the element of fear was left out of his composition, and therefore he was not afraid to invade that wild Irish city. As he rode through the town he found that his fame had preceded him, for the people crowded to the doors and * * * windows to catch a glimpse of the arch-Methodist as he passed. * * *

A small society had been formed in Cork, which went on peacefully enough until the clergy and the town corporation started persecution against them. A strolling ballad-singer, named Butler, was engaged to lead the anti-Methodist mob, and this despicable fellow, dressed in a parson's gown and bands, with a Bible in one hand, and a collection of lampooning rhymes in the other, paraded the streets singing and peddling the most outrageous and ridiculous slanders against Wesley and his followers. The next step was to attack the society as they were coming out of their place of meeting. Mud, stones and clubs were used against them with genuine Irish freedom and vigor, and when some of the wounded ones fled back into the preaching house for shelter, two sheriffs of the city came upon the scene, turned them out into the midst of their assailants, and locked the doors of their own chapel against them.

Butler and his gang amused themselves daily and nightly, by maltreating the Methodists, breaking their windows and spoiling their goods; the mayor of the city, himself, being sometimes a silent spectator, and refusing to interfere and preserve the peace. Every day for a fortnight the mob gathered in front of the house of David Sullivan and threatened to pull it down, and he at length applied to the mayor for protection.

'It is your own fault for entertaining those preachers,' answered the mayor; whereupon the mob set up a loud huzza, and threw stones faster than ever.

'This is fine usage under a Protestant government,' said Sullivan. * * * 'If I had a priest saying mass at my house it would not be touched.'

The mayor replied, 'The priests are tolerated, but you are not.' The crowd thus encouraged continued throwing stones until midnight.

On May thirty-one, 1749, the day that Wesley passed through Cork, Butler and his friends assembled at the chapel, and beat and bruised and cut the congregation most fearfully. The rioters burst open the chapel doors, tore up the pews, the benches and the floor, and burned them in the open street. Having demolished the chapel, Butler and his gang of ruffians went from street to street, and from house to house, abusing, threatening and maltreating the Methodists at their pleasure, some of the women narrowly escaping with their lives. For two months these horrible outrages were continued; and at the end of that period, Wesley writes: 'It was not for those who had any regard either to their persons or goods to oppose Mr. Butler after this. So the poor people patiently suffered whatever he and his mob were pleased to inflict upon them.'

CHARLES WESLEY

Twenty-eight charges were made against Butler and his crew, before the grand jury of the Cork Assizes, but they were all thrown out, while the same jury made a presentment declaring that Charles Wesley and seven other Methodist preachers, therein named, together with Daniel Sullivan, were all persons of ill fame, and common vagabonds, disturbers of His Majesty's peace, and ought to be transported. This, of course, gave Butler greater license than ever. His fiendish persecutions had now received a semi-official sanction and were carried on with greater gusto.

The farce of a trial of six Irish Methodist preacher itinerants for vagabondage and disturbing the peace, was afterward attempted at Cork, with the infamous Butler as chief witness against them, but the judge declared that it was an insult to the court to bring such a case and such witnesses before him.

One of the rabble died shortly afterward, and was buried in a coffin made of two of the benches which he had stolen from the Methodist meeting house; while the notorious Butler went first to Waterford, where, * * * in another riot he lost an arm, and then fled to Dublin, where he dragged out the remainder of his life in misery, and was actually saved from starvation by the charity of the Dublin Methodists."

Charles Wesley often shared his brother's persecutions. He preached to large congregations, but many a church was closed against him. We have selected the following in regard to him and their co-laborer George Whitefield:

"He (Charles Wesley) was ejected from the curacy of Islington, not so much (it is alleged) because of his doctrine, as for the earnestness with which he uttered it. * * * He went from the closed pulpits not only to the 'societies' but to the prisons and hospitals, where his message was received with gratitude and tears, and was attended with demonstration of the Spirit and of power * * *"

GRIFFITH JONES, HARRIS AND ROLLINS

While all this was transpiring in England, Griffith Jones was preaching the gospel in Wales from "tombstones," and on the "greenswards," for the churches could not accommodate the multitudes that desired to hear him. Howell Harris, another faithful evangelist, had gone up to Oxford to study for the church, but the infidelity and immorality which prevailed there at that time so discouraged him that he was forced to leave the university. Harris was a lay preacher; he applied repeatedly for ordination, but was denied it by the bishops on account of his irregular modes of labor. At one time, being denied the church, he stood upon a horseblock before the inn and delivered his message. He received very little sympathy from the established clergy, though he died a churchman.

Driven out of the churches, these evangelists of God went into the fields, coal pits, and on the mounts, having as a splendid example, our Lord's sermon on the mount, 'one pretty remarkable precedent;' as John Wesley said.

Christmas Evans, the Calvanistic Baptist, wrote that Harris and Rollins were jumping and praising the Lord and preaching in Wales at the time of Wesley and Whitefield in England. They, "were both of the communion of the Episcopal church and as such there was not much enmity against them at first, but after they had come out, and when people understood that they were preachers of the cross of Christ, considerable persecution arose against them from the multitude." "History of Methodism," by Abel Stevenson, page twenty-five, gives further account of the "Holy Club," of the persecutions of Howell Harris, and of Whitefield, as follows:

"Howell Harris, amid storms of persecution, planted Methodism in Wales, where it has elevated the popular religious condition, once so exceedingly low, above that of Scotland."

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

"The 'Holy Club' was formed at Oxford in 1729, for the sanctification of its members. The Wesleys there sought personal purification by prayer, watchings, fastings, alms, and christian labors among the poor. George Whitefield joined them for the same purpose; and was the first to become 'renewed in the spirit of his mind,' but not till he had passed through a fiery ordeal, till he had spent whole days and weeks prostrate on the ground in prayer. * * * He was hooted, and pelted with missiles in the streets by his fellow students, but was preparing meanwhile to go forth a sublime herald of the new 'movement;' a preacher of Methodism in both hemispheres; the greatest preacher, it is probable, in popular eloquence, of all the christian ages. Whitefield returned from Georgia and the Methodist movement began in good earnest. Its apostles were excluded from the pulpits of London and Bristol; they took the open fields, and thousands of colliers and peasants stood weeping around them. They invaded the fairs and merrymakings of Moorfields and Kensington Common; ten, twenty, sometimes fifty and even sixty thousand people, made their audiences. The singing could be heard two miles off, and Whitefield's voice, a mile.

The whole country was soon astir with excitement. Whitefield died of asthma September thirtieth, 1770, after preaching powerful sermons at Newburyport, Portsmouth and Philadelphia."

JOHN M'BURNEY

"John M'Burney deviated sometimes from his circuit to preach in the market place at Clones (Ireland). Many

A Protestant's Corpse Desecrated

(See page 127.)

people attended, and much good was done; but the papists took alarm, and, assembling the rabble, persecuted the assembly so violently that it was feared the worship must be abandoned, especially as no magistrate would interfere. When about to give up, a single incident occurred to restore confidence to the worshipers. A veteran military pensioner astonished the preacher and his friends by taking his post at a tree in the market place, musket in hand, and proclaiming with a terrible oath that he would shoot the first man who should pass the tree to disturb the meeting. He was a Scotchman, wicked, but with high hereditary notions of religious decorum, and good courage to maintain them. 'His word,' says a contemporary writer, 'was certainly attended with power of some kind, for not one of the rioters, although they shouted from a distance, attempted to pass the prescribed limits.' The staunch old soldier mounted guard at the tree regularly at every visit of the preacher for several weeks, until he had completely won the field. 'What strange instruments,' writes a Methodist preacher who recorded the case on the spot, 'what strange instruments are sometimes raised up to prevent or defeat the designs of Hell!'

But the cowed rioters sought revenge elsewhere. M'Burney attempted to preach near the neighboring village of Enniskillen. While the congregation was singing, the mob armed with clubs, rushed in, breaking the windows and violently thrusting out men and women. The preacher was knocked down and dragged on the earth. He lay for some time senseless under the blows of the rioters. On becoming conscious he attempted to rise, but staggered and fell again. A ruffian set his foot upon his face, swearing he would 'tread the Holy Ghost out of him.'

'May God forgive you, I do,' exclaimed the sufferer as soon as he could speak. He was then placed upon his horse, and one of the rioters, mounting behind him, drove him impetuously down the mountainside to the town, where he was rescued by a hospitable citizen. Preaching as long as he had strength, and rejoicing that he had been counted worthy to suffer for Christ, he died at last of the injuries thus received, and claims in the history of Irish Methodism the honorable rank accorded to Thomas Beard in that of England." Stevens' "History of Methodism," Volume I.

FRANCIS ASBURY

Francis Asbury was converted at fourteen years of age and shortly after began holding meetings in his father's house in England. He started out as an itinerant preacher at the age of twenty-one and five years later was appointed by Wesley to go to America. He came to America in 1771 and his labors in his new field were abundant and very extensive. Of his departure from England we read that when he was about to embark from Bristol he had no money for his expenses; but God laid it upon the hearts of some of his friends to supply him with extra clothes and with the fare. "Thus," he says, "I found by experience that He will provide for those who trust in Him." God blessed his pioneer work among the early settlers of this country and rewarded him for his perils and hardships, with souls. Methodism had a stirring time during the war of the revolution. Asbury states that their chapel at Salem, Virginia, was "hardly better than a barn," and says that, "it was often besieged by mobs, till at last the magistrates interfered and protected the feeble society. A profane club of the town continued its persecution in burlesque imitation of the Methodist worship, but was suddenly arrested by an appalling occurrence in one of their assemblies. While they were amusing themselves with jocular recitations of hymns and exhortations, a female guest rose on a bench to imitate a Methodist class, 'Glory to God!' she exclaimed; 'I have found peace, I am sanctified. I am now ready to die.' At the last words she fell to the floor a corpse. The club, struck with consternation, never assembled again, and Methodism became eminently influential in the town and all its vicinity." Thus it was that God saw fit to take in hand the punishment of one of his persecutors. Numbers of similar instances could be related.

SOLOMON SHARP, THOMAS SMITH, HENRY BOEHM, AND JACOB GRUBER

The pioneers of Methodism were God-attended ministers and their spirit and zeal everywhere provoked persecution. The subjects of this sketch were full of faith and courage, and it is inspiring to read of the opposition they encountered and of the difficulties they overcame and of the way that God protected them, blessed them, and oft followed their warnings with quick judgments. Their victories came through fearless preaching and through prayer.

Solomon Sharp often had occasion to show whether he feared God more than men, and proved to be a brave hero of the cross. Thomas Smith, perhaps naturally a coward (converted almost immediately after an attempt to commit suicide), received strength from God to carry on the work bravely and suffered no little ill treatment at the hands of persecutors. On one occasion a band of young men gathered at the door of his preaching place, armed to kill him; but when he appeared at the close of the sermon their arms fell helplessly and they allowed him to pass by unharmed. The next day he preached to them and to hundreds of African slaves. This so enraged the devil that four persons bound themselves with an oath, to kill him before sundown. He had recourse to prayer and they began to fight among themselves and let him go unharmed. Henry Boehm's persecution was stopped for a time at least by a judgment which he relates as follows: "There was a shop in the neighborhood where some men used to meet together. One of the company, a young man, undertook to mimic the Methodists. He went on to show how they acted in their meetings. He shouted, clapped his hands, and then he would show how they fell down. He then threw himself down on the floor and lay there as if asleep. His companions enjoyed the sport, but after he had lain for some time they wondered why he did not get up. They shook him in order to awake him. When they saw he did not breathe they turned pale, and sent for a physician, who examined the man and pronounced him dead." Jacob Gruber was a convert to the "new faith," as Methodism was in those days called, and was driven from his home on account of his conversion. He went away with such clothes as he could carry and did not know whither he should go; but as he wandered along he was met by a Methodist preacher, who told him to go and preach the gospel, and he at once heeded the call, feeling it came as from the Lord, put the little money that he carried into the purchase of a horse, which he mounted at once and rode away to the circuit to which he had been directed by the faithful itinerant. Thus began his ministry, which continued about fifty years almost without an interruption. He died at the age of seventy-two years and among his last words were these, "Tomorrow, I shall spend my first Sabbath in Heaven."

MRS. HESTER ANN ROGERS

In England, in 1756, was born to an Episcopal clergyman, named Roe, a little daughter whom they christened Hester Ann. The early training of Hester Ann was of a very religious and careful nature, and when but six years of age, she would ask God to supply all her need and to heal her body when afflicted. At one time she was severely rebuked by her father for lying; which she never forgot. He died when she was but nine years old, and she was so overcome by grief, that her mother, thinking to divert her mind, permitted her to visit worldly relatives, who made a laughing stock of her because of her piety.

Later on she was instructed in dancing, and she became quite proficient; this fed her pride. She then began to be admired and aimed to excel in fashionable dress. She also began reading novels and attending the theater. In this way she misspent her time and her foolish heart wandered far from God. Yet, through all this the Holy Ghost plead with her. At the age of fourteen she had a severe illness which very nearly proved fatal; and while she had been confirmed in the Episcopal church, she was totally unprepared to meet God: still after her recovery she continued in her worldly pleasures.

About this time, through reports, she became greatly prejudiced against the Methodists and determined she would not give up her sins and be converted among them; and while God strove with her mightily, she fought conviction and plunged more deeply into sinful pleasures. But the preaching of the Methodists sank deeply into her heart, until, at last, she solemnly vowed to renounce worldly amusements and trifling companions. The next morning, without informing her mother she destroyed her fashionable dresses, cut her hair short and promised God she would never dance again.

Her mother feared for her reason and forbade her attending the Methodist meetings. At last she begged to act as servant in her mother's house if permitted to attend the Methodist services, and her mother consented to the proposal and accepted her as a servant. She entered cheerfully upon her new duties and was soon remarkably converted. She shortly after sought and obtained the Holy Ghost and became an instrument in God's hands to the salvation of many souls.

JAMES B. FINLEY

In a Kentucky camp meeting, in the year 1801, Mr. Finley was awakened to the fact that he was a great sinner. We give his description of the meeting and of his conversion, as it is quoted in "Shouting, Genuine and Spurious:"

"We started for the meeting. On the way I said to my companions: 'Now, if I fall, it must be by physical power and not by singing and praying;' and as I prided myself upon my manhood and courage, I had no fear of being overcome by any nervous excitability, or being frightened into religion. We arrived upon the ground, and here a scene presented itself to my mind not only novel and unaccountable, but awful beyond description. A vast crowd, supposed by some to have amounted to twenty-five thousand, was collected together. The noise was like the roar of Niagara. The vast sea of human beings seemed to be agitated as if by a storm. I counted seven ministers, all preaching at one time, some on stumps, others in wagons, and one—the Rev. William Burke, now of Cincinnati—was standing on a tree which had, in falling, lodged against another. Some of the people were singing, others praying, some crying for mercy in the most piteous accents, while others were shouting most vociferously. While witnessing these scenes, a peculiarly strange sensation, such as I had never felt before, came over me. My heart beat tumultuously, my knees trembled, my lip quivered, and I felt as though I must fall to the ground. A strange supernatural power seemed to pervade the entire mass of mind there collected. I became so weak and powerless that I found it necessary to sit down. Soon after I left and went into the woods, and there I strove to rally and man up my courage. I tried to philosophize in regard to these wonderful exhibitions, resolving them into mere sympathetic excitement—a kind of religious enthusiasm, inspired by songs and eloquent harangues. My pride was wounded, for I supposed that my mental and physical strength and vigor could most successfully resist these influences.

After some time I returned to the scene of excitement, the waves of which, if possible, had risen still higher. The same awfulness of feeling came over me. I stepped up on to a log, where I could have a better view of the surging sea of humanity. The scene that then presented itself to my mind was indescribable. At one time I saw at least five hundred swept down in a moment, as if a battery of a thousand guns had been opened upon them, and then immediately followed shrieks and shouts that rent the very heavens. My hair rose on my head, my whole frame trembled, the blood ran cold in my veins, and I fled for the woods a second time, and wished I had stayed at home. While I remained here my feelings became intense and insupportable. A sense of suffocation and blindness seemed to come over me, and I thought I was going to die. There being a tavern about half a mile off, I concluded to go and get some brandy, and see if it would not strengthen my nerves. When I arrived there I was disgusted with the sight that met my eyes. Here I saw about one hundred men engaged in a drunken revelry, playing cards, trading horses, quarreling, and fighting. After some time I got to the bar, and took a dram and left, feeling that I was as near Hell as I wished to be, either in this or the world to come. The brandy had no effect in allaying my feelings, but, if anything, made me worse. Night at length came on, and I was afraid to see any of my companions. I cautiously avoided them, fearing lest they should discover something the matter with me. In this state I wandered about from place to place, in and around the encampment. At times it seemed as if all the sins I had ever committed in my life were vividly brought up in array before my terrified imagination, and under their awful pressure I felt that I must die if I did not get relief. Then it was that I saw clearly through the thin veil of Universalism, and this refuge of lies was swept away by the spirit of God. Then fell the scales from my sin-blinded eyes, and I realized, in all its force and power, the awful truth that if I died in my sins, I was a lost man forever. O, how I dreaded the death of the soul, for:

'There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!'

Notwithstanding all this, my heart was so proud and hard that I would not have fallen to the ground for the whole state of Kentucky. I felt that such an event would have been an everlasting disgrace, and put a final quietus on my boasted manhood and courage. At night I went to a barn in the neighborhood, and creeping under the hay, spent a most dismal night. I resolved, in the morning, to start for home, for I felt that I was a ruined man. Finding one of the friends who came over with me, I said, 'Captain, let us be off; I will stay no longer.' He assented, and getting our horses we started for home. We said but little on the way, though many a deep, long-drawn sigh told the emotions of my heart. When we arrived at the Blue Lick Knobs, I broke the silence which reigned mutually between us. Like long pent-up waters, seeking for an avenue in the rock, the fountains of my soul were broken up, and I exclaimed, 'Captain, if you and I don't stop our wickedness, the devil will get us both.' Then came from my straining eyes the bitter tears, and I could scarcely refrain from screaming aloud. This startled and alarmed my companion, and he commenced weeping, too. Night approaching, we put up near Mayslick, the whole of which was spent by me in weeping and promising God, if he would spare me till morning, I would pray and try to mend my life and abandon my wicked courses.

As soon as day broke I went to the woods to pray, and no sooner had my knees touched the ground than I cried aloud for mercy and salvation, and fell prostrate. My cries were so loud that they attracted the attention of the neighbors, many of whom gathered around me. Among the number was a German from Switzerland, who had experienced religion. He, understanding fully my condition, had me carried to his house and laid on a bed. The old Dutch saint directed me to look right away to the Savior. He then kneeled at the bedside and prayed for my salvation most fervently, in Dutch and broken English. He then rose and sung in the same manner, and continued singing and praying alternately till nine o'clock, when suddenly my load was gone, my guilt removed, and presently the direct witness from Heaven shone full upon my soul. Then there flowed such copious streams of love into the hitherto waste and desolate places of my soul, that I thought I should die with excess of joy. I cried, I laughed, I shouted, and so strangely did I appear to all, but my Dutch brother, that they thought me deranged. After a time I returned to my companion, and we started on our journey. O what a day it was to my soul! The Sun of righteousness had risen upon me, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the brightness of its rising. The trees that waved their lofty heads in the forest, seemed to bow them in admiration and praise. The living stream of salvation flowed into my soul. Then did I realize the truth of that hymn I have so frequently sung:

'I feel that Heaven is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne—
From Jesus' throne on high;

It comes in floods I can't contain;
I drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet am ever dry.' "

In camp meetings subsequently held by James B. Finley people fell 'like slain in battle.' Professed infidels, and other vicious characters, were arrested by the Holy Ghost and sometimes when they were uttering blasphemies against the work of God, were like Saul, made to declare the same to be God's work. Six years of his ministry were devoted to work among the Indians of Ohio. God blessed his labors and sufferings and gave him glorious success among them. Mr. Finley was a man of stalwart frame, his voice was like thunder, and his courage made riotous opposers quail before him. He did not hesitate to seize disturbers of his meetings, shake them in his athletic grasp, and pitch them out of the windows or doors. His many years of successful ministry were ended by death, September six, 1856.

MRS. MARY FLETCHER

In the first part of the eighteenth century was born in Essex, England, "a child of beauty, who received the name of Mary. She was of noble descent, grew up amid the smiles of affluence and was fanned by the soft breath of uninterrupted and genial prosperity. Yet amid all the blandishments of gayety and fashion her heart at times, and at an early age, grew sad, tears alternated with smiles, and she longed for something to which she was as yet a stranger. A voice came to her, sometimes in solitude, and then again in the very midst of convivial scenes, telling her of a sinful heart, awakening desires for a higher and more permanent good, and beckoning her to approach the fountain of living waters and drink and live forever. That voice was heeded. After long strugglings, and amid divers adverse influences, she leaned at last upon the Strong for help—laid her weary head upon the bosom of the Redeemer and was at rest. Nor was it a mere nominal process. She most deliberately resigned this world and all the delicious hopes it presented to her youthful eye. She retired at once from the play-house, the dance, and the circle of revelry; she put off the robes and adornments of fashion and worldliness, and wedded herself without reservation to Him who loved her and gave Himself for her eternal life.

Her parents, though of the Church of England, and professors of religion, sorrowed deeply for the turn which their Mary had taken; grew angry at her obstinate renunciation of all the sports and recreations of youthful years; looked darkly as they helped her to exchange the rich vestments suited to rank and refinement for the 'modest apparel' which she deemed more in harmony with the simplicity and purity of her christian profession. In vain they reasoned and expostulated, till at last a father's face grew stern and even a mother's heart waxed cold, and the fountains of parental tenderness and love seemed hastening to be dried up. Then presently came dark hints to this poor child that her presence was not welcome as once, that the home of her infancy and childhood was become weary of her, and how it was preferred that another than her father's house should shelter her henceforth.

She had watched with aching eye the gathering storm, so that when the sad crisis came, as it soon did come, she was not entirely unfortified against the shock. One day, as the parents were going out to spend some hours, said the mother to Mary, 'If you please, when the coach has set us down it may carry you home to your lodging.' It was a lodging which she had provided in anticipation of this sad day. And thus she went forth from the presence and house of those who should have protected and blessed her —went forth to face alone the temptations and adversities of a stormy world. O they perceived not, that father and mother, that it was one of God's holy angels they were turning from their doors; nor did they discern that other angels walked with her as she retired; nor did they hear the voice, richer and sweeter than heavenly music, that fell on the ear of that dear child, singing, 'When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.'

Thus, at the age of twenty-one, did Mary Bosanquet become, for Christ's sake, an exile from the splendid home of her early years. The love of Christ constrained her from participating in the gayeties and frivolities of high and fashionable life, and she was ejected. Sadly yet joyfully she took the spoiling of her earthly home and hopes, and in the lone lodging whither she went that night we seem almost to hear her song tremulously whispering along the evening air as it utters—

'Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.'

* * *

The great subject of doing good she studied as a science, while the capacity and privilege of beneficence she longed for like as the miser covets gold and silver. Such was the fullness and tenderness of affection swaying, and, as it were, swallowing up her heart, that every sight and sound of distress, whether of man or brute, moved her to tears, while to impart comfort to sorrowing hearts, and especially the sweet influences that bear salvation on their wings, became the passion of her soul. Especially upon 'them who are of the household of faith' was poured forth the exuberance of her benevolence and love. Heart-felt and delicious were the notes breathing from the beautiful lips of Mary as she sung:

'O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples' feet—
After my lovely Lord to go,
And wait upon His saints below—
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of Heaven.'

Nor long could a charity so large and earnest as that of this precious young lady be confined to one or two. She reached after a more widespread usefulness, and was fully bent upon compassing nobler and more far reaching results. It seemed almost a heavenly allotment—her own quiet and pleasant little home, and a few chosen friends, happy counterparts of herself, and participation in the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord that were now shining as some glorious morning amid the startling ministry of the Wesleys at London. Here she could have lingered through sunny years, and in her walks with God her steps would have been as music, and her lovely countenance would have beamed gladness upon many a heart, and her

Martyrdom in Germany

(See page 68.)

voice would have charmed away a thousand sorrows, and the touch of her soft hand would have prevented many an aching head from sinking beneath dark waters.

But some holy voice seemed beckoning her away. It came whispering as if from her natal region, and its utterances seemed in behalf of poor and neglected ones scattered amid the hills and forests of Leytonstone. There, about a mile from a country seat of her father's, and in the margin of an extensive forest, was a house of her own, and thither the beautiful finger of her destiny seemed pointing her. Yet was she not rash or premature in her movements, for she walked with God, and such do 'not make haste.' As she lingered, blissful scenery of her nightly dreams was laid amid that rural abode, and there, mingled with the soft slumbers of her peaceful rest, happy visions rose up before her of many a pilgrim walking beneath her guidance along the pleasant paths of heavenly wisdom. Thither presently she went, accompanied by an associate whom she loved as her own soul. Joy, too, accompanied her as she retired to take possession of her new and rural home; for the sublime assurance dwelt with her that her ways were ordered in Heaven. Hence her step was light and gladsome, and smiles of delicious sunshine gilded her pathway as she went. Nor was it a scene of inglorious ease that was instituted at Leytonstone. That unpretending mansion soon became rather a theater of holy charity and ceaseless activity. Poor orphan ones came thither and found an asylum and an angel of goodness waiting to extend to them her hand and shelter, feed and clothe, to teach them, and train them up for the life everlasting. To this work of mercy was Mary's little fortune, her time, her attainments and patience, and all the splendid affluence of her spiritual and moral treasure strenuously devoted. 'What things were gain to her she counted loss for Christ.' She left father, and mother, and brethren, and lands for the kingdom of Heaven's sake. She withdrew from the circles of rank and wealth to mingle with the lowly children of adversity and help to lift them up to a higher and nobler sphere of life and action. She laid by forever the robes of elegance and fashion, and assumed cheap and humble apparel, so that she might extend her means of charity, and gratify to the utmost limit her passion for beneficence. She retired from a life of ease and splendor to labor day and night for the needy and unfortunate. Of noble descent and nurtured in the lap of abundance, she might have lingered amid charming scenery and reclined in bowers of beauty, and mingled in fascinating circles, and fared sumptuously every day, and reveled in all the refined enjoyments of polished life. Yet from all these did she turn away, literally choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. With the utmost deliberation did Mary, of Leytonstone, like Mary, of Bethany, choose the good part which shall never be taken away from her." "Queenly Women."

THE SALVATION ARMY

History says that the Salvation Army, fifteen or twenty years ago, had as many as five hundred of its officers in jail at one time in this country, and they were there for nothing at all; but for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

God tells us in His word that every one that "will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." A holiness evangelist who was at one time superintendent of a prosperous Sunday school of seven or eight hundred children, and was well acquainted with the dignitaries of the church, ate with its highest authorities and was held in highest esteem by them, said, "Oh, when that thought had fastened itself in my mind it nearly frightened me to death. Where was my persecution? Forty-five hundred dollars a year salary for a man and every one fawning upon him and bowing at his feet is not persecution!" He said, "Give me the kind of salvation that will bring persecution." Wherever Paul went he had persecution, and when you get the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire you will not have so easy a life, with every one bowing and telling you how nice you are. Mobs followed John Wesley and stoned him; they never told him that he was a nice man. Men have been cursing God's people all through the ages and the devils have ever tried to get the Bible off the earth,—tried to burn it up; but God Almighty kept it. Think of the Waldenses and the Albigenses back yonder, and others who walked with God; how they suffered! A man would be looking for a Holy Ghost meeting and suddenly he would hear the yells of the saints and the crash of rocks and by this know the place of the meeting.

If you want to know where Holy Ghost people live, read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and you will find that they lived in caves and dens of the earth. It seems that wherever real revivals spring up, persecutions follow.

Compare the work of the Salvation Army twenty years ago with its work of today and we find a very great and lamentable change. Its members used to be a God-fearing, persecuted people, used to the salvation of many souls, especially among the lower classes where it appears General

Booth was chosen of God to labor, often preaching to multitudes in the open air. At other times occupying vacant stables, sheds, or anything in the shape of buildings, obtainable. "The resistance then to the truth was by pistol, dagger and knife; and the officers were not only severely wounded in several cases, but were chased from the neighborhood for miles, barely escaping under the care of the police in trams and other public conveyances."

The Salvation Army of today is not being persecuted. Its light has gone out, and it has become a nonentity as far as having the power of God is concerned. Souls tossed by the tempests of temptation and sin are no longer finding Jesus through its ministrations. The lives of its workers do not appeal to people in sin and trouble. The enemy has destroyed the Army's influence for good and it has developed into a Christless organization whose members do not live by faith in the Son of God, but eke out an existence by begging.

FREEBORN GARRETTSON AND HARTLEY

Freeborn Garrettson became an exhorter with the early Methodists and brought persecution to himself wherever he went. The "History of Methodism" says in regard to him:

"He was attacked by ruffians, smitten on the face, mobbed and summoned to drill as a soldier. When carried before a military officer he told his 'experience' and sat on his horse 'exhorting with tears,' a thousand people; the court-martial dismissed him with a fine of twelve dollars and a half year, but he was never called upon to pay it.

* * *

He was menaced by persecutors, interrupted sometimes in his sermons, threatened by armed men, and one of his friends was shot (but not mortally), for entertaining him; 'but,' he says, 'the consolation afforded me was an ample compensation for all the difficulties I met with wandering up and down.' At Kent, Maryland, * * * one of his colleagues, Hartley, was imprisoned, the others were dispersed, and he was left alone to bear the brunt of the persecution. * * * His friends in Kent entreated him not to hazard his life by traveling at large; but he traveled through the country preaching once, twice, thrice and sometimes four sermons a day to listening multitudes 'bathed in tears.'

At one time he was near receiving the honors of martyrdom. Being unmolested in the congregation he deemed himself safe, notwithstanding he had been threatened, privately, with imprisonment. But on riding away he was met by an opposer, formerly a judge of the county, who struck him on the head with a bludgeon. The itinerant attempted to escape, but was overtaken by the swifter horse of his assailant, and, struck again, fell senseless to the ground. He was carried to a neighboring house, where it was supposed that he could live but a few minutes; 'the heavens,' he writes, 'seemed in a very glorious manner opened, and by faith I saw my Redeemer standing on the right hand of the Father pleading my cause. I was so happy I could scarcely contain myself.' The ruffian who assailed him seemed to relent, and came and sat by his bedside listening to his exhortations, and offered to carry him in his own carriage wherever he wished to go. The itinerant was cited, however, before a magistrate, who boisterously charged him with violating the laws. 'Be assured,' replied Garrettson, 'this matter will be brought to light in an awful eternity.' The pen dropped from the magistrate's hand, and the preacher was allowed to retire; * * * and that night was preaching in a private house, though his bed was his pulpit. * * *

The next day he rode many miles and preached twice, his face 'bruised, scarred and bedewed with tears.' His hearers were deeply affected, and his own soul was triumphant with grateful joy that he could suffer for Christ. 'It seemed,' he writes, 'as if I could have died for Him.' In a few days he returned courageously to the place of his sufferings and preached to a numerous and deeply affected concourse of people. He had conquered the field. * * *

He began his labors in Dover, Delaware, amid a storm of opposition in the latter part of 1778. * * * Hardly had he dismounted from his horse when the mob gathered, crying out, 'He is a Tory; hang him, hang him!' while others shouted in his defense. * * * 'I was in a fair way,' he said, 'to be torn to pieces.' He was rescued, however, by some friendly gentlemen, one of whom * * * bade him preach. The ringleader of the mob repented * * * and Garrettson preached repeatedly in the town.

He went into Sussex County, and at Broad Creek preached to hundreds, in a wood. * * * One of his hearers afterwards attempted to shoot him, coming into the audience with a pistol for the purpose, but was prevented. * * * A hearer from Salisbury was converted and opened the way for his preaching in that town. Garrettson was threatened by the leading townsmen, with imprisonment. The sheriff came to seize him, but was confounded and left him. * * *

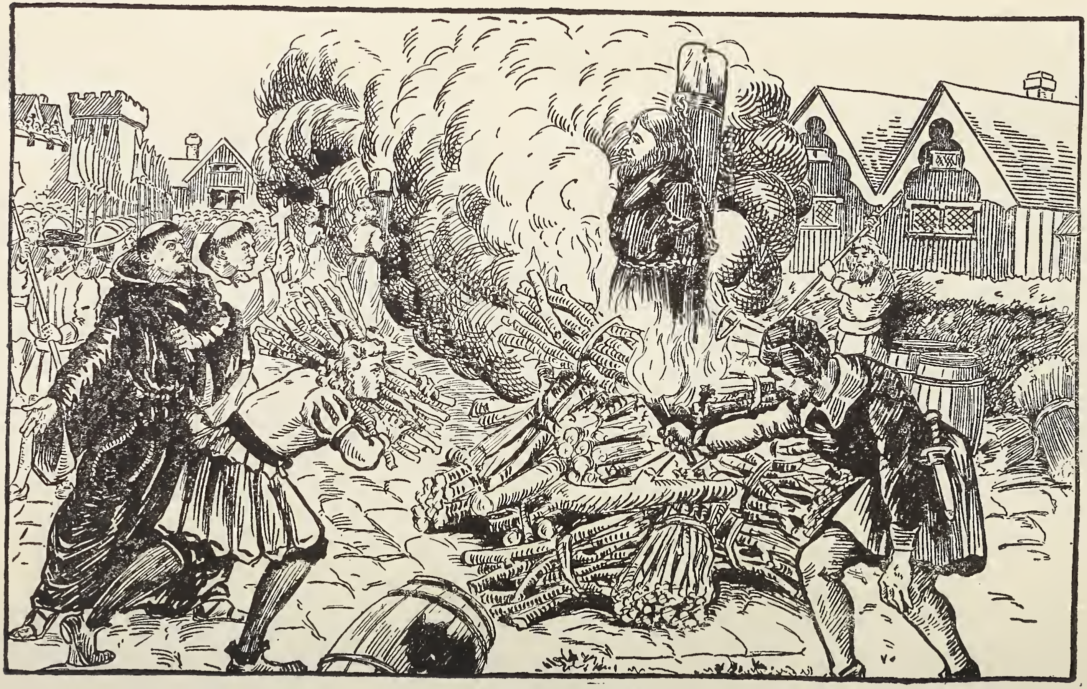
He preached in Dorchester County, and while there was attacked on the highway by a mob and taken, after dark, before a magistrate, who ordered him to prison. On the way to the jail his conductors were dispersed by being frightened by lightning, and he escaped. The following Sunday he was again attacked by a mob, headed by an aged man 'with locks as white as a sheet,' who had a pistol in his hand. The evangelist was seized while he was preaching. He was taken to Cambridge jail where, for a fortnight, 'I had,' says he, 'a dirty floor for my bed, my saddle bags for my pillow, and two large windows open, with a cold east wind blowing upon me, but I had great consolation in my Lord.'"

PHILIP GATCH AND JOHN COOPER

"During most of the period now under review, 1775-1784, Philip Gatch was 'abundant in labors' and sufferings. Though he escaped imprisonment, he was, perhaps, the subject of as much or more persecution for his Master's sake than any of his contemporaries. He was sent by the conference of 1775, to Kent circuit in Maryland. His colleague was John Cooper, a young man whom he first met on Frederick circuit * * * and who had suffered much persecution. Cooper's family opposed him. His father, seeing him once on his knees in a chamber, threw a shovel of hot embers upon him and afterward expelled him from his home. His trials only confirmed his faith, and he joined the itinerant band of evangelists and lived and died in their ranks.

Gatch was soon sent to Frederick circuit. Between Bladensburg and Baltimore, two men seized the bridle of his horse, and stopped him; others, till then in concealment, hailed the assailant and the preacher was led up to the mob. They had made preparations for him, and proceeded to tar him. * * * 'I felt,' said he, 'an uninterrupted peace.' * * * At length one of the company cried out in mercy, 'It is enough.' The last stroke, made with the paddle, with which the tar was applied, was drawn across the naked eyeball, which caused severe pain, 'from which,' he says, 'I have never entirely recovered. * * * I was then taken from my horse, which was a very spirited animal. Two men led him by the bridle, while the one, elevated to a suitable height, applied the tar. My horse became so frightened that when they let him go he dashed off with such violence that I could not rein him up for some time, and narrowly escaped having my brains dashed out against a tree. If I ever felt for the souls of men I did for theirs.' * * * The leader of the mob, who had applied the tar, and several of his associates were afterward converted, but a conspiracy was formed by others to waylay, if not to murder the itinerant. A number of ruffians concealed themselves under a bridge with weapons to attack him who should pass over it. The design was revealed to some of his friends, and one of them rode over the bridge while he was sent around another road. The conspirators rushed upon his friend, but were confounded when they discovered not the preacher, but one of their own neighbors. Gatch escaped and went on his way rejoicing and preaching. * * *

In 1777 he was sent to Sussex, Virginia, in enfeebled health, but the persecutors ceased not to attack him. One Sabbath morning while riding to his appointment, he was seized by two strong men, who caught hold of his arms



Smithfield, Reign of Mary

(See page 93.)

and turned them in opposite directions with such violence that he thought his shoulder would be dislocated, causing torture which he supposed must resemble the rack.

* * *

His shoulders were bruised, they turned black, and it was some time before he recovered the use of them. His lungs, which were weak, grew worse than ever and the following year he was compelled to retire from the work."

BENJAMIN ABBOTT AND STERLING

The next of the early Methodists whose history we review is Benjamin Abbott. The "History of Methodism" says of him:

"It is difficult to trace with exactness, through the present period, the labors of Benjamin Abbott, in many respects the most remarkable evangelist in the eventful field. * * *

If we can pause at all over his exciting narrative, it is to wonder at the moral, the beneficent efficacy of his ministrations, the peculiar, the magnetic eloquence of his unpolished discourse, and the questionable, if not inexplicable problems of its physical effects. Seldom does he preach without some of these 'physical phenomena,' his hearers fall like dead men to the earth. * * *"

The preaching of Mr. Abbott made the devil rage, but the Lord blessed his word and worked in a powerful manner. He says, "We appointed a watch night. This brought so many to see what it meant that the house could not contain the people. One of our preachers preached; the Lord poured out His spirit in such a manner that the slain lay all over the house; many others were prevented from falling by the crowd, which stood so close that they supported one another. We continued till about midnight; some stayed all night and in the morning others came; several found peace, and many cried to God for mercy; it was a powerful time to many souls.

These extraordinary effects sometimes spread through nearly his whole congregation, few escaping, except such as rushed out of doors, or leaped out of windows. * * * Abbott and his companion, Sterling, continued their travels and labors without intermission; almost everywhere attended with such remarkable scenes.

In the latter part of 1780 Abbott writes: 'I had been pressed in spirit for some time to visit Pennsylvania, and, in the love and fear of God, I set out with my life in my hand, it being at a time when war was raging in the land.' He crossed the Delaware to New Castle, and opened his mission in that town to a 'pack of ruffians' who had met to mob him. One of them stood before him with a bottle of rum in his hand, threatening to throw it at his head. Abbott preached on, however, dealing out to them the 'terrors of the law,' in a manner he had seldom done before. * * * He was now known through much of the land as one of the most extraordinary preachers of Methodism —a Boanerges before whom gainsayers, persecutors, and mobs yielded or were prostrated."

PETER CARTWRIGHT

It is evident from the foregoing that pioneer Methodist preachers in this country knew what it is to suffer persecution. Peter Cartwright, born in Amherst County, New Jersey, 1785, was one of them, and preached a full gospel.

We judge from his writings that certain peculiar "wild exercises," as he called them, were not uncommon in his meetings, and on one occasion they brought persecution to him. Two finely attired, fashionable ladies took the jerks in one of his meetings. He had swallowed a little peppermint from a phial before he began to preach. The two young ladies' brothers swore to horsewhip him. One of them swore that he gave, to the young ladies out of the phial, something that gave them the jerks, and finding his efforts to persuade them of their error futile, he jerked the phial of peppermint from his pocket and said, "Yes, if I gave your sisters the jerks I'll give them to you." The angry young man did not wait to try the peppermint; but fled and left the preacher.

On another occasion a large crowd of rowdies came to break up his meeting, armed with clubs, dirks, knives and horsewhips. He ordered the magistrates to take two of them who were disturbing the meeting and they said they could not, so he acted as officer. A drunken magistrate told him to let them go at the risk of his life, but he would not. In a few moments friends of order rushed upon the mob and cleared the tent. In a meeting that followed it was estimated that three hundred fell like dead men. Sinners were all mourners and no altar call was made, and the christians shouted so the noise was heard afar off. The meeting lasted all night and two hundred professed salvation.

In another meeting a young man sought to whip him, and in an attempt to carry out the latter threat, both he and his opponent were ducked. Another young man strung some frogs and was hanging around the altar waiting for a chance to place them around Mr. Cartwright's neck, when suddenly the mighty power of God struck him and he fell full length inside the altar and "roared like a bull in a net," says Mr. Cartwright. "At daybreak," he continues, "after an all night struggle, he began to shout the victory and during the day made the confession about the frogs." He said he never wanted to know a worse Hell than his convictions. Many other rowdies were stricken down and converted. One enraged man swore to not only whip; but to kill him, and many a perilous scene he passed through and related in his later years to show Methodist preachers of the present day the difference between walking on Brussels carpets and eating yellow legged chickens, and walking through mud and water and eating nothing for days.

He gives an interesting account of a local preacher who was persecuted by his wife as Wesley was. He says:

"She was high tempered, overbearing, quarrelsome, and a violent opposer of religion. She would not fix her husband's clothes to go out and preach, and was unwilling he should ask a blessing at the table, or pray in the family. When he would attempt to pray she would not conform, but tear around and make all the noise and disturbance in her power. She would turn the chairs over while he was reading, singing, or praying, and if she could not stop him in any other way, she would catch a cat and throw it into his face while he was kneeling and trying to pray. Poor little man! Surely he was tormented almost to desperation. He invited several preachers home with him to talk to her, and see if they could not moderate her, but all to no purpose; she would curse them to their face, and rage like a demon. He had insisted on my going home with him several times, but I frankly confess

I was afraid to trust myself. I pitied him from my very heart, and so did everybody else who was acquainted with his situation. But at length I yielded to his importunities, and went home with him one evening, intending to stay all night. After we arrived I saw in a moment that she was mad, and the devil was in her as large as an alligator; and I fixed my purpose and determined on my course. After supper he said to her very kindly, 'Come, wife, stop your little affairs, and let us have prayer.' That moment she boiled over and said, 'I will have none of your praying about me.' I spoke to her mildly and expostulated with her and tried to reason; but no, the further I went, the more wrathful she became, and she cursed me most bitterly. I then put on a stern countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, if you were a wife of mine, I would break you of your bad ways, or I would break your neck.'

'The devil you would!' said she. 'Yes, you are a pretty christian, ain't you?' And then such a volley of curses as she poured on me was almost beyond human endurance.

'Be still,' said I; 'we must and will have prayer.' But she declared we should not.

'Now,' said I to her, 'if you do not be still, and behave yourself I'll put you out of doors.'

At this she clinched her fist, and swore she was one-half alligator and the other half snapping turtle, and that it would take a better man than I to put her out. It was a small cabin we were in, and we were not far from the door, which was then standing open. I caught her by the arm, and swinging her around in a circle, brought her right up to the door, and shoved her out. She jumped up, tore her hair, foamed and such swearing as she uttered was seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

The door, or shutter of the door, was very strongly made to keep out hostile Indians; I shut it tight, barred it, went to prayer and I prayed as best I could, but I have no language at my command to describe my feelings; at the same time, I was determined to conquer, or die in the attempt. While she was raging and foaming in the yard and around the cabin, I started a spiritual song, and sang loudly to drown her voice as much as possible. The five or six little children ran and squatted about and crawled under the beds. Poor things, they were scared almost to death.

I sang on, and she roared and thundered on the outside, till she became perfectly exhausted, and panted for breath. At length, when she had spent her force, she became calm and still, and then knocked at the door, saying, 'Mr. Cartwright, please let me in.'

'Will you behave yourself if I let you in?' said I.

'O yes,' said she, 'I will,' and throwing myself on my guard, and perfectly self-possessed, I opened the door, took her by the hand, led her in, and seated her near the fireplace. She had roared and foamed until she was in a high perspiration, and looked pale as death. After she took her seat, 'Oh,' said she, 'what a fool I am!'

'Yes,' said I, 'about one of the biggest fools I ever saw in all my life, and now,' said I, 'you have got to repent of all this, or you must go to the devil at last.' She was silent. Said I, 'Children, come out here, your mother won't hurt you now,' and turning to her husband said, 'Brother C., let us pray again.' We kneeled down, and both prayed, and she was quiet as a lamb.

And now, gentle reader, although this was one of the hardest cases I ever saw on this earth, I must record it to the glory of divine grace that I lived to see, in less than six months after this frolic with the devil, this woman soundly converted to God, and if there was ever a changed mortal for the better, it was this woman, * * * and she was as bold in the cause of God as she had been in the cause of the devil."

WEST INDIES

The first missionaries who attempted to carry the news of the gospel to the West Indies, met with much opposition, especially from the white people there. The Moravians sold themselves as slaves so as to labor among them, and to be able to preach to the Africans in these Islands. In the year 1816, the Methodist chapel at Barbadoes was totally demolished and the authorities did not interfere in the least with the work of destruction, but in a short time a proclamation was issued offering reward to any person who would apprehend the desperadoes; but the mob said that to apprehend them, meant death at the hands of the mob, instead of reward; and the people feared mob rule and so far as is known, no efforts were made to carry out the governor's order.

In August, 1832, there was an insurrection at Demarara, among the negroes, and the white people, especially the missionaries, were charged with being the cause of it and accordingly many of them were placed in stocks and imprisoned. One of the directors of the London Missionary Society says in regard to Mr. Smith, a missionary, who was in prison, and over whom a guard was stationed, "Numerous false reports have been sent forth in regard to Mr. Smith, but assure yourself and all the directors that regardless of whatsoever reports you may hear the only crime of which the missionaries have been convicted is their zeal for the conversion of the negroes." Some of the negroes testified against Mr. Smith. He was tried, condemned and sentenced to death. Finally the sentence was reversed; but he languished in prison and died before the news reached him. The subjoined death notice appeared in a Demarara paper:

'DIED—In the colonial jail, at Demarara, February ninth, where he had been confined as a state prisoner since the twenty-sixth of November last; and on the termination of his trial by the general court martial, on a charge of high treason, sentence thereon having been transmitted to his majesty for his final decision—JOHN SMITH, missionary.' The conviction which results from our information on the subject is, that, through prejudice and exasperated feeling, Mr. Smith was condemned, being innocent.

The following year the Wesleyan Methodists suffered much from the hands of the Roman Catholics in St. Domingo. Showers of stones were thrown at them and they were everywhere noted as "fanatics." They were not only in disgrace, but in prison, both men and women. The chief judge forbade them holding any more meetings but kindly granted them the privilege to worship God in their homes as they pleased. They were duly notified that if they assembled for a meeting again they would be again cast into prison; and the act would be repeated as often as they chose to disobey the order. The next day they assembled for another meeting, their zeal continuing unabated, and were subjected to another shower of stones. A letter written at this time is worthy of place before our readers:

"Since the Lord granted us the favor of meeting again, we have continued our assemblies without intermission, although forbidden to do this under pain of prison and exile. The only interruption we meet with is bad words, and a few stones now and then; I am become so marked, that I cannot go out without people crying after me, 'Methodist! Parson!'—with a contemptuous sneer, and a thousand other things not fit to write, but which serve only to strengthen my faith in the promise of Him who is faithful. * * * The hairs of our head are all numbered. * * * It would be useless for us to ask or hope for the protection of the law; and we are thus led to place all our confidence in God, who can and will deliver us in His time. And if the Lord is for me, of whom shall I be afraid? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for me, will He not with Him freely give me all things? I have already experienced that all my suffering for Him are great blessings to me. All my care is about His church; and what wisdom it does require to conduct so many persons of such different dispositions. I feel new wants daily."

A letter written the next year says, "I have read of many instances of martyrdom for the testimony of Jesus Christ, but I have not yet read a passage which relates that the people of a city rose up like murderers, with a very few exceptions, to stone a few persons met together, in a house, as our fathers, mothers, brethren and children have done unto us not long ago. O cruel people! They began to throw stones at us at five o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till ten o'clock. * * * They broke down the doors, broke open the windows, destroyed the first and second partitions of the upper chamber; in a word everything there was in the house, and beat with their cow skin whips, the brethren and sisters there, without showing compassion for either age, youth or infancy. I believe I have suffered the least of any. * * * It is impossible to go out without being beaten, stoned, dragged, abused and covered with dirt. We could neither buy nor sell without being dragged before a magistrate, beaten, covered with spittle and mud, and all kinds of outrages." A proclamation was made for their protection; but the people did not cease to insult and persecute them, and all without cause. At the present time the West India Islands are almost wholly without witnesses and preachers who have the Holy Ghost. Who will go to them?

BAPTIST MISSIONA

The Baptist church today is as dead as any other old denomination, but at one time the Baptists had salvation. Among the first missionaries to leave this country for India were Mr. and Mrs. Adoniram Judson of the Baptist church. They labored for some time in Hindustan and then settled in Rangoon, in 1813. Eleven years later a war broke out in which Burma was involved and these two missionaries who were at the capital were arrested and confined for months in prison. An account of their sufferings is given in a letter to Mrs. Judson's brother, dated May twenty-sixth, 1826, from which we quote the following:

"The first certain intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival at Tsenpyookywon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops under command of the celebrated Bandoola,

In the Seventeenth Century

(See page 121.)

had encamped. For several weeks nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. Judson preached every Sabbath; all the material for building a brick house was procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

On the twenty-third of May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the doctor's house, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The government was now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand was sent off in three or four days.

On the eighth of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black boot, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner. * * * 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer; a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm; 'Stay,' said I, 'I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer, 'she also is a foreigner.'

Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain until further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighborhood was now collected—the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools and ran—the little Burmese children were screaming and crying—the Bengalese servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master—and the hardened executioner, with a hellish joy, drew the cords tighter, bound Mr. Judson, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted faced man to take the silver, and loosen the ropes but he spurned my offers and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner to the ground, and drew the cords still tighter; so as to almost prevent respiration.

The officer and his gang proceeded to the court house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king, to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed—and Moung Ing saw no more.

What a night before me! I retired to my room and endeavored to obtain consolation by committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. * * *

The next morning I sent Moung Ing to ascertain the situation of Mr. Judson, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence that he and the white foreigners were all confined in the *death prison,* with three pair of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving. The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no effort for the release of the missionaries. * * *

On the third day, I sent a message to the governor of the city, * * * asking that he allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect; and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going to town. The governor received me pleasantly; and asked what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners and particularly that of the teachers, who were

Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison, or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable. * * *

'Pay to me,' said he, 'two hundred tickals (about a hundred dollars), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs.' I had taken money with me in the morning, our house being two miles from the prison, I could not easily return. This I offered to the governor. * * * He hesitated for some time, but fearing to lose sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to release the teachers from their most painful situation. * * * They were taken out of the common prison and confined in an open shed in the prison inclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on; but was not permitted to enter for several days. * * *

The following morning, the royal treasurer, * * * who was in future our steady friend, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. * * * They apologized for what they were about to do, by saying that it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled to do so by order of the king. * * * The continual extortions and oppressions to which Mr. Judson and the other white prisoners were subjected, are indescribable. * * *

There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. * * * The acme of my distresses consisted in the awful uncertainty of our fate. My prevailing opinion was, that my husband would suffer violent death; and that I, of course, should become a slave, and languish out a miserable, though short existence in the tyrannical hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion during these trying circumstances, were neither 'few nor small.' It taught me to look beyond this world, to that rest, that peaceful, happy rest where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters. * * *

In a short time, my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country. * * * Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer, * * * and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By taking presents to the jailer, I begged permission for Mr. J. to come out of the prison, and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so near and dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. * * *

Soon my health declined and I was seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. While recovering from this, the servant brought me the news that Mr. Judson had returned and had again been imprisoned. * * * I could only plead with that great and powerful

Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear, and thou shalt glorify me'; and who made me, at this time, to feel so powerfully this promise, that I became quite composed, feeling sure that my prayer would be answered. In a short time, Mr. Judson was released and taken to the governor's house where he was treated with every possible kindness and where I was removed as soon as my health would allow.

The treaty of peace was concluded, and signed by both parties, and a termination of hostilities publicly declared. We soon left for the mission house, which we reached, after an absence of two years and three months."

TESTIMONY OF G. W. HENRY

G. W. Henry, author of "Shouting, Genuine and Spurious," says, in his book, of the persecution of the true people of his day, "The flame of persecution waxed hot and blazed high; yet the bush was unconsumed. The vilest epithets were heaped upon them, their peculiarities were magnified, and rendered so odious by misrepresentation, that, by brethren in distant neighborhoods, they were looked upon as 'wild cats' rather than christians."

ELIJAH SABIN, LORENZO DOW AND OTHERS

Dow (the eccentric), Abner Wood, Langdon, and Crawford.

The "History of Methodism" gives a concise report of the trials of Elijah Sabin, Hibbard, Hedding, Lorenzo

"Elijah Sabin was mobbed in Needham circuit, where he preached in the open air. Some of his brethren at the conference would moderate his zeal; but Asbury approved him, affirming, 'this is the way Methodist preachers began.' * * * Boston Methodists suffered much from the rabble. * * * Hibbard fought his way through intolerable trials on Granville circuit. He speaks of twenty-six sermons a month. * * * 'Some threw stones at me, and some set their dogs on me as I rode along; but the Lord defended me. I never had a stone hit me, nor a dog bite me. Some threatened to whip me, but I escaped all. I heard many threats but none laid hands on me.'"

Elijah Hedding received license to preach in 1801, and supplied the place of Lorenzo Dow who had gone to preach in Ireland. "In some places Hedding was hooted and threatened in the streets. * * * Abner Wood was horsewhipped. * * * Still they prevailed; but their persecutors were often marvelously awakened."

"In Lancaster, Vermont, Langdon, Clark, and Crawford were assailed by the mob. The ruffians cowered before the courage of Langdon, who was a gigantic and brave man; but they carried off Crawford and ducked him in the river with huzzas. * * * Washburn had similar trials, though better escapes. 'I have had,' he says, 'stones and snowballs cast at me in volleys. I have had great dogs sent after me, to frighten my horse, * * * but I was never harmed by any of them. I have been saluted with the sound of 'Glory, Hosanna, Amen, Hallelujah!' mixed with oaths and profanity." * * * Even in Middleton, Connecticut, the Methodists suffered much persecution. Stocking of Glastenbury, long a venerated local preacher, writes, "I have been stoned, and my life put in jeopardy, by the lawless mob." Open persecution continued there until put down by the strong arm of the law. * * * Ostrander, reporting a great revival there in 1802 says, "The spirit of persecution is much awake. The houses where we are assembled are frequently stoned, and the windows broken to pieces, but all this does not move the young converts, who are bold as lions."

"Kibby was threatened with violence in Marblehead, and advised to leave the town, but stood his ground successfully. The Methodists in those days were in many places persecuted even to fines and the seizure of their goods; and, were sometimes, imprisoned by the dominant church. They were denounced from the pulpits, maltreated in the courts, interrupted in the course of their sermons with charges of heresy, and assailed in the streets by the rabble. Washburn, * * * was hooted through the villages; Hedding, cursed with outcries on the highway; Dow's nose was publicly wrung; * * * Christie, summoned out of bed to answer to a charge of violating the laws, by marrying a couple of his people; Willard wounded in the eye by a blow, the effects of which was seen through his life; Mudge denied the rights of a clergyman, and arraigned before a magistrate for assuming them; * * * and Taylor was drummed out of town. It requires more determination to endure such grievances than to meet graver trials; but the early Methodist itinerants were proof against both. With all its poverty and privation the church prevailed surprisingly during this period. There were at its close, more than ten thousand Methodists in New England."

We read also of Simon Carlisle's persecution, which was more cruel than the infliction of physical suffering. He was falsely accused of theft and expelled from the Methodist conference in 1794, having been arrested and adjudged guilty. Surely, it seems that the wicked prevailed against him, and for two years he suffered cruel ostracism and then the real criminal confessed his crime and proclaimed Mr. Carlisle's innocence so the latter was restored to the ministry.

IN MADAGASCAR

"In 1835 the profession of the christian religion was declared illegal in Madagascar; all worship was to cease and all religious books were ordered to be given up. By the middle of the following year all the English missionaries were obliged to leave the island, and for twenty-five years the most strenuous efforts were made by the queen and her government to suppress all opposition to her commands. This, however, only served to show in a very remarkable manner, the courage and faith of the christian Malagasy, of whom about two hundred suffered death in various cruel forms, while many hundreds were punished more or less severely by fine, degradation, imprisonment and slavery.

BISHOP TAYLOR AND WILLIAM HILL

Bishop Taylor says, "The peril of Christ's cause in Madagascar now, is its popularity with the government, and the patronage it brings." Is not this the mark of apostasy in the United States as well? A sham religion has been palmed off on people who would not think of bowing to wood and stone. It is an easy going kind that the devil does not think worth while to oppose. It is not Bible religion, it is not the religion of Jesus Christ. Holy Ghost religion makes the one who has it a target for the devil and the curses of people who will not get right.

Bishop Taylor has given a number of interesting incidents in connection with his work, which show that he

BEHOLD OH, LORD I WILL NOT FORGET THEE.

Eulalia, a Lady of the Fourth Century

(See page 39.)

believed in a rugged kind of salvation, a salvation that stirs carnality in the breasts of the unsaved. He says that during a series of meetings which he conducted in this country, two beautiful young ladies were saved, whose parents bitterly opposed them. He met the father and told him that his two daughters had accepted Jesus as their Savior and joined the Methodists. The father was infuriated and beat the young ladies unmercifully and forbade their ever attending a Methodist meeting again. They, however, chose to "obey God rather than man," and remained true to God in spite of the most awful persecution at home.

When Satan found that Bishop Taylor was about to plant missions in South Africa he set about to kill him. He was out by the seashore December, 1877, when a trooper hurried up the bluffs, followed by armed soldiers. One of the soldiers, an Indian intoxicated by rum, took deliberate aim and Taylor knew it would be useless to run so he turned aside quickly; the Indian sprang upon him; Mr. Taylor grasped the barrel of his rifle and began to say, "Amigos, amigos," which being interpreted means, "Friends, friends." They shook hands and the Indian marched off with the other soldiers.

He tells of a native christian of Cape Colony, South Africa, who, with unsaved travelers, was passing over a hill and was met by a lion. They all fled and the christian outran them. Suddenly he thought that he could give himself for them, as they were not saved, so he turned back to let the lion feast on him, and let his companions escape, as one of them must surely be overtaken and destroyed. The two men passed him and the lion struck the christian down. He said, "I would rather die and give them a chance for repentance." They, seeing that he had given his life for them, turned and fired on the lion, which dropped dead before the bleeding christian. "Some would even dare to die." Thus the willing martyr was saved to live for God.

Another incident is told by Taylor, of a British soldier stationed at Montreal, Canada. His persecution began before he was saved. Mr. Taylor had told him that he could get saved at the barracks and so he said, "I kneeled down by my bunk, and the soldiers began to swear at me saying, 'Here is a fellow on his knees,' and they pelted me with their old boots and shoes and whatever they could get hold of, but I paid no attention; but kept on crying, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.' I felt worse and worse until finally I surrendered to God, and the Holy Ghost notified me of my pardon, just as you said He would. I laid on my bunk and praised God all the rest of the night, and all this day I have been walking the streets of Montreal, praising God for this great salvation."

The martyrdom, many years ago, of Rev. William Hill, a member of the Australian conference, is told by Bishop Taylor in "The Story of my Life." His tragic death took place at Melbourne, Australia. He visited in jail, a man who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, for murder in the first degree. William Hill was loved and highly esteemed by the prison officials who welcomed his gratuitous services among the prisoners, allowing him to go into their cells and talk and pray with each one, personally. One day while in this murderer's cell, praying for him, the condemned man seized an iron bar and summoning his strength for one mighty blow, hit the preacher's head, and knocked his brains out. The verdict was changed and he was sentenced to be hanged. Other ministers visited, and prayed with him; and before the time came for him to hang, he professed to be saved.

Mr. Taylor tells also of one of his converts in Australia. He was first converted to Mr. Taylor and said that if any one molested Taylor he would knock him down. Soon after both he and his wife were converted to God and immediately his former companions began to deride him, but he boldly gave his testimony. Mr. Taylor says, "The man who claimed to be his minister called to see him and said, 'Mr. M., I hear that you have been to the meetings of that foreigner, and that you have been mixed up with these despised Methodists. I hope it is not so.'

'Yes, it is and I am glad of it,' said Mr. M. 'And allow me to say, ever since I came to this town, you have had free access to my house and to my sideboard, to help yourself to whatever you wanted; you have laughed and joked with me and drank whiskey with me through all these years but never hinted to me, in all this time, that I had a soul to be saved. And now God has had mercy on me through the agency of Mr. Taylor, I think you ought to be glad and rejoice with me.'

'Then, Mr. M., will you promise me that you will not leave your mother church?'

'No sir; my mother church never gave me any motherly attention, so I shall hold myself free to join the church in which I can and do get the most good.'"

MONROVIA, LIBERIA

On the introduction of christianity into the district of Monrovia, Liberia, the first missionaries were welcomed by a shower of deadly missiles, but one great king took their part and allowed them possession of the cape. George S. Brown was sent there as missionary, working through interpreters. About two hundred heathen professed Christ, abandoned their idols and their polygamy and became consistent christians. The king boasted that he would eat Mr. Brown. One morning, about four, he heard the cry of war, and soon the muskets and spears of armed men were closing around him. Mr. Brown immediately dropped on his knees, called upon God for help and was delivered.

MOSLEM COUNTRIES

Since 1453 Turkey has been the scene of frequent outbreaks of the most frightful barbarities and most hellish cruelties. When Constantinople was besieged, by Mahomet the Second, the Turks subjected the christians to the most frightful deaths, sawing some asunder, tearing others to pieces by tying them to wild horses, dragging them through the streets until dead, burying them to their necks and leaving them in the earth to die; hundreds of women were the victims of the most deplorable crimes and shocking tragedies, and young maidens who were spared the fate of their mothers were captured to serve as maids of honor to the sultans, or to be sold, and we know that in many of the Oriental countries the persecution of missionaries in the present century is as rampant as ever before. The daily papers have kept the world posted in regard to the things that Armenian and other christians have suffered. We cannot believe that all who were destroyed by the Kurds when the Armenian villages were burned, were saved people; but we doubt not that among the missionaries who have escaped death and are still laboring there, the Lord may have some real heroes of the cross.

ARABIA

The missionaries in foreign lands have hard paths to tread; but God watches over them. One of them tells of a plot laid to kill him in Arabia, and of miraculous deliverance from his enemies. One night he was awakened by someone rapping heavily upon his door. He asked who was there and they said, "Open the door." Again he asked who they were and what they wished. The only reply was that if he did not open the door they would break it down. As soon as he admitted them, they said they were there to kill him. He told them there was no need for them to be in a hurry, made some coffee, and they talked a while. Then they took their revolvers, pointed at his head and said again, "We are going to kill you." He answered, "Well, why do you not do it? Why wait so long?" They were astonished and stopped and asked if he were not afraid to die. He replied that he was not afraid because as soon as he was killed his soul would go to Heaven to be with Jesus. They said they were afraid to kill him if he was not afraid to die. Then he showed them several pictures of Christ and they became so interested that he talked to them about the Son of God until daybreak. They then went away, promising to disturb him no more.

A short time afterward he was sent for to visit a wounded man who said he was the meanest man in all the country and asked if he could be forgiven. When told that if he would repent and confess all his sins Jesus would surely forgive him; he confessed to having murdered several men; began to cry to God for forgiveness and soon fell back into the missionary's arms dead. His last word was, "Jesus."

VIVIAN A. DAKE

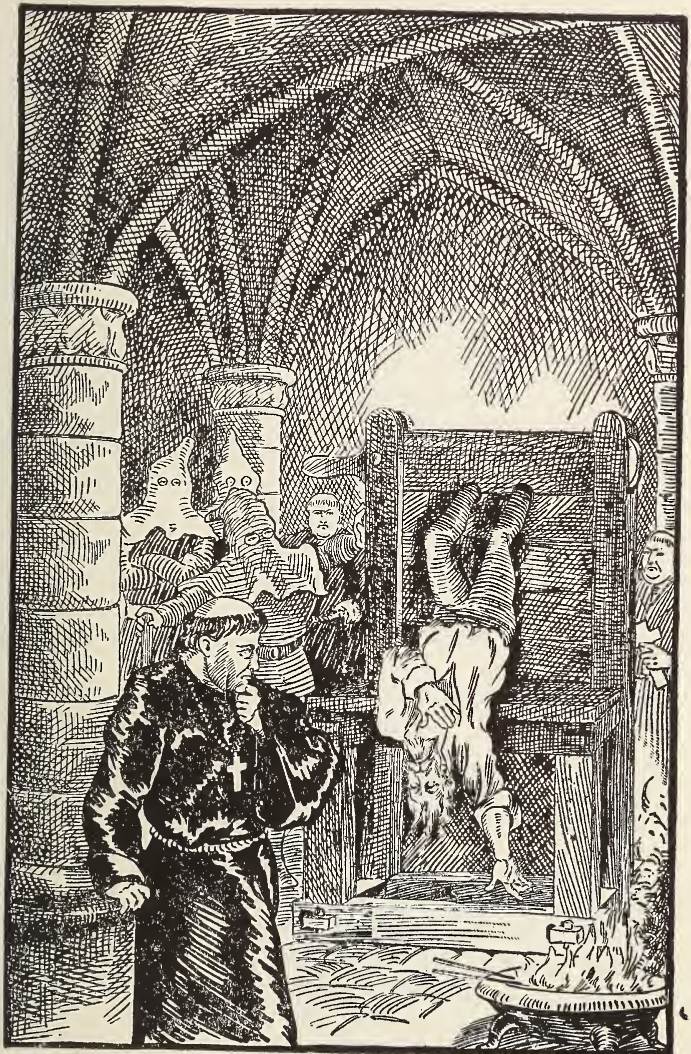
The Pentecost bands are now almost as free from marks of the Holy Ghost, as any worldly organization; but it would seem from a study of their organizer and leader, Rev. Vivian A. Dake, that he once had the Holy Ghost. The following is a brief record of what he and his co-workers suffered:

"Fiery persecution at T.," "Arrested," "Hose turned on workers," "Mob work at S.," "Mob work at A.," "Persecution," "Mob again," "Arrested again," "Mob work at S.," "Opposition by Catholics," "Shameful treatment," "Arrested again," "Arrested again," "Arrested again." "Struck with a brick," "Shower of eggs," "Knocked down in the mud," "Wheels removed," "Worker knocked down," "Infidels and Spiritualists try to break up the meetings," "Mob at P.," "Threatened about jail," "Workers arrested," "In jail again," "Opposition," "Arrested," "Arrested again, and imprisoned," "Run in for shouting," "Mt. E., intense persecution," "More persecution," "Persecution," "Mob work," etc.

It seems that the workers of the Pentecost bands were pursuing a hot track in the earlier part of their history as a holiness movement, and we greatly regret their present state, as, "whoever will live godly in this present world, shall suffer persecution."

OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION

Jesus was maltreated, scoffed, mocked at, and spit upon and they stopped His holding open air meetings. They stoned Him and when He preached, they kicked Him, cuffed Him and beat Him, spit in His face, and scourged



Inquisition in Holland

(See page 114.)

Him on the back; and they are doing the same today to His followers. The people of today are as devilishly wicked as they were in the days of Jesus. Jesus told His disciples before He left them, that they would suffer many things for His sake, and the religion of Jesus Christ has never changed. It is the same, and God is the same, yesterday, today and forever.

The salvation that carried Daniel through the den of lions; that gave the early christians grace to be burned for torch lights in Nero's garden; that carried them, a few centuries ago, through the Inquisition, with shouts of praise, is the same today. Before calling the little every-day duties, crosses, and the minor unpleasantnesses, persecutions, think of the martyrs who were torn limb from limb, or burned at the stake; and these little matters will sink into insignificance. Examine yourselves and see if you are in the faith.

This that is called religion in these days, is not the religion of Jesus Christ. This little, quiet life that is so easily handled, stirs no one, puts no one under conviction, that shakes no one out of his sins, that rouses no one and brings no devils to fight,—it is not real gospel piety.

Some one says, "Look here, I do not want the kind of salvation you have because people hate you so." Jesus said, "Marvel not if the world hate you." The minute you find a man filled with the Holy Ghost, you find a man whom the world hates. God's people are a hated people and that is a part of the religion of Jesus Christ. He said to His disciples, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." The religion that is not hated by the world is not God's religion.

Some one says, "The best friend that I have in the whole neighborhood is an old, profane, cursing, drinking, swearing man." Then you are not a christian, for the Bible says that you will be hated by all the world. These are not our own words,—they are the words of the Holy Ghost. God's people all belong to the sect that is everywhere spoken against, and it follows that if you are not spoken against, you have not the kind of religion that Paul had, the only kind that will get you to Heaven.

The Holy Ghost has always used the reproach and the persecution of God's people to convict sinners. An instance just comes to mind of a lady whose husband turned her out of her home in the dead of winter because she would not renounce Christ. She bore the injustice quietly in the Holy Ghost to avoid exposing the cruelty of her husband to her friends and even took herself to the fields and wrestled with God in prayer for her unsaved companion. For eighteen months she saw no change for the better, when one night she heard him praying and he was soon begging her forgiveness for all his abuse and asked her to pray for him. She did so, and God saved his soul and he became very earnest in his efforts to lead others to Christ, among other things giving a piece of land, which came into his possession, for the erection of a house of worship.

Before us lies a letter,—a complaint from one who has "wept tears of blood," (?) because of persecution. It is one of the many complaints we hear from professors of religion. Some say they are nearly backsliding because they are called "saint." How dreadful! Some have even been called "old sanctificationist." That is still worse! But why not rejoice and pray for something so hot that you will be far removed from the danger of having the woe pronounced upon you that is to be pronounced upon those who escape persecution? Why not rejoice when we are counted worthy to suffer and bear reproach for Jesus? We are not to be carried to Heaven on flowery beds of ease but to suffer, and die if need be, to save others.

How quietly Jesus bore weariness, hunger, misunderstandings, false accusations, scourgings, mocking and derision, smiting, the purple robe, the crown of thorns, desertion of friends, and all for lost sinners. What have you done for Him?—what have you borne for Him?

A finely educated young lady of great talent became a christian and was straightway invited to give up her religion or her place in her beautiful Kentucky home. Her brother, a short time before, declared that he would certainly commit suicide if she did not give up her religion and thus cease to bring the family into reproach. At the same time a godless husband demanded that his wife refrain from attending gospel services. Notwithstanding his commands and his threats she went; and returned to find herself locked out of her home. She was not wanted there if Christ must come with her. At the same time a young lady was converted in a mission and upon returning to her home with her bright testimony was locked up and severely whipped by her father, and not only once, but was repeatedly locked up and whipped for her faith in Christ; but she would not give up. She could neither be hired nor whipped into backsliding. She would stand for Christ.

Many others, we recall, who have been faithful to the Lord, even in the face of death. The true people of God well know what it is to suffer for Jesus' sake.

Many times angry parents have tried to drag their children away from the holiness altars, and different ones have been locked up and whipped for coming to a Holy Ghost church. Wholly sanctified missionaries and evangelists are covered with reproach wherever they go, and it is not uncommon for them to get into jail.

John tells us in Revelation 7:14 that he saw those who had come up out of great tribulation and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The accompanying poem tells something of the "way of Holiness;" the way which Jesus trod and which all who would follow Him must tread. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Matthew 16:24.

"There's a track of tribulation
By the saints of ages trod,
'Tis the highway of the ransomed,
And it leadeth up to God.
'Tis the way the Man of Sorrows
Journeyed in His low estate,
When He sought the lost and found them—
Was there ever love so great?

Lost, yea, lost with none to rescue;
Arms too short, and strength too small,
Till the Son of God came swiftly
With a love that conquered all.
Came to poverty and scorning,
Came to mocking and distress;
Came to final joy and triumph
Over sin and Hell and death.

Oh, that hour, when touched by pity,
He from off His throne came down,
'Mid the shouts of untold millions
Laid aside His kingly crown,
Gladly too, His reputation,
And in form of sinful man,
Knowing well the path of suffering
He redemption's work began.

Oh, the scene that spread before Him,
In this lost and ruined world;
Where the hosts of Hell are gathered,
And rebellion's flags unfurled.
Like the mighty rushing torrent,
Swift to Hell the millions speed,
Sinking down, forever sinking,
In the regions of the dead.

Scenes of suffering and of sorrow,
Crowd upon the rugged path
Which the Savior meekly traveled,
'Mid the storms of hellish wrath.
Savior of the lost and ruined,
By the lost and ruined spurned,
And for love's most sure deliverance,
On His head their hate returned.

Scenes of Nazareth and Gethsemane,
Pilate's hall and Herod's throne,
Scenes where all with one consenting
Did their blessed Lord disown.

Was there ever love so gracious?
  On this tribulation track,
Patiently He journeyed onward,
  Nor did give one answer back.

Lonely watch of dark Gethsemane,
  Prone upon the cold, damp ground,
Burdened with the sins of many,
  With no friends to gather round,
Forced the blood from all its channels
  Trickling down from every pore,
Witness dire of pain and anguish
  Which for thee, the Savior bore.

Tumult fills the hall of judgment,
  Silent stands the patient One.
Crown of thorns, spittings, revilings,
  Shower upon God's only Son.
"Upon us and our children,
  Be His blood," they fiercely cry;
"Crucify Him, crucify Him!
  On to Calvary! He must die!"

Up the track of tribulation
  Patiently the Lord doth go,
Bearing on His back the burden,
  End of all His pain and woe;
Blessed cross! which Jesus carried
  'Mid that dark, tumultuous throng,
Clasp I to my heart forever,
  This the theme of all my song.

Crowning scene of love at Calvary,
  Rugged cross and cruel nails,
E'en the thief who suffered with Him,
  Bitterly his Lord assails.
Gushing blood—a fountain flowing,
  From His feet, His hands, His side,
Moves no stony heart to pity;
  They His tears and love deride.

Nature draws her veil of pity,
  O'er the sufferings of the Lord,
Darkness dense, and then the earthquake,
  Sympathy for nature's God.
Oh, the love immense, unfathomed,
  Even at His latest breath!
Beam His eyes with love and pity,
  And with love He conquered death.

Look ye here! ye scorned followers
  Of your persecuted Lord,
Gaze upon those dying features;
  Listen to the wondrous words;
Even now in keenest anguish,
  Greater, far, than mortal knew;
"Father, merciful, forgive them,
  For they know not what they do."

Thus the saints of all the ages,
  Took the track their Savior trod;
Glorying in the roughest pathways,
  Leading only to their God.

Tribulation worketh patience,
  Tribulation's hottest fire
Brings the tribulation glory—
  'Mid its flames they mount the higher.

They were stoned, were sawn asunder,
  Tortured, tempted, mocked and scourged,
To the deserts and the mountains,
  To the dens and caves were urged;
Walked on thorns of persecution,
  Drank the bitterest cups of gall,
Mixed with tribulation glory,
  Shining conqueror over all.

See the footprints of our Savior,
  O'er His royal track divine;
And apostles, fathers, martyrs,
  All have walked this heavenly line.
Hail, all hail, reproach and sorrow,
  Partners of Christ's sufferings here;
Partners of His final triumph,
  Through the grand eternal years.

Know ye not this track of trial
  Is the only way to Heaven?
They shall suffer persecution,
  Who to Christ their all have given.
But the waves shall not o'erflow thee,
  And the flames shall do no harm;
He that to the end endureth,
  Safe shall be from all alarm.

Who are these and whither came they?
These that stand before the throne?
Clothed in robes of spotless whiteness,
Known to saints, to angels known;
These are they who washed their garments
In the Savior's precious blood;
And through tribulation's fires,
Now they stand before their God."

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

CHILD MARTYRS

Some of the most touching stories we have known are those of the persecutions which children have suffered for Jesus and the gospel. Some thirty years ago a little Norwegian boy was drowned by some large, rough boys who wanted him to steal something for them,—which he would not do. He had sufficient opportunity to change his mind after he was placed in the water, but he did not for an instant waver in his determination to obey God, even at the cost of his life. His heroism has been made known to thousands of people and he certainly has a right to a place among the martyrs of the cross.

One little girl came to a Sunday school, where she was taught the way of salvation, and she became converted. Shortly after her conversion, she died. One of the pastors of the church was called upon for the funeral service and upon making inquiry he was informed that she would get her Bible, read and pray alone, while the family, not caring to worship God, would tease, make fun of and mock her; but she was true to Jesus and without doubt she is in Heaven today, thanking God for keeping her true.

Another girl, older, who attended the same church, when she would prostrate herself upon the floor in her room to pray, her sisters would take pleasure in walking over her and trying to make her give up Christ; but God kept her.

A general in the Indian service gives the following account of the martyrdom of Willie Holt:

"I had in my regiment a little bugler. His father and mother had died and he was left alone. He was not always treated kindly by the rough soldiers, yet he remained an out and out christian. He was trained by the christian mother and among the rough soldiers he showed that his conversion was a reality, by his beautiful life.

One morning it was reported that the targets were thrown down during the night and the usual practice could not take place. The act was traced to the tent in which our little christian, Willie Holt, slept with perhaps a half dozen more. The whole lot were put under arrest, and it was proven by court-martial that one or more of the prisoners were guilty of the offense. The general in command then turned to the prisoners and said, 'If one of you who slept in No. 4 last night will come forward and take the punishment, the rest will get off free; but, if not, each one of you will receive ten strokes with the 'cat-o'-nine-tails.' Silence followed,—then Willie Holt stepped forward.

His face was pale as death, and he said, 'I will take the punishment for the rest.' I turned to the prisoners and said, 'Will you let this delicate boy take punishment for you? He is guiltless, you know as well as I do.' I knew my military word must stand, and the boy knew it, too, as he said, 'I am ready, sir.'

It made me sick at heart to think of having the innocent boy lashed with the cruel whip. At the fourth blow, Jim Sykes, the black sheep of the regiment, seized the cruel whip and shouted out, 'General, stop it! and tie me up instead. He did not do it; I did.' and he flung his arms around the boy.

Fainting and almost speechless, Willie lifted his eyes to the man's face and smiled, 'No, Jim,' he whispered, 'you are safe now; the General's word will stand.' His head fell forward—he had fainted.

The next day as I went into the hospital, I asked how the lad was getting on. 'He is sinking, General,' said the doctor, 'the shock of yesterday was too much. He is more fit for Heaven than earth.' The tears stood in his eyes.

In the corner of the room I saw the lad propped up on some pillows, and kneeling by his side was Jim Sykes. I saw the drops of sweat standing on his brow and heard him say, 'Why did you do it, Willie?'

'Because I wanted to take it for you. I thought it might help you to understand a little bit why Christ died for you.'

'What do you mean, Willie?'

'I mean that He died for you because He loved you as I do, Jim; only Christ loved you much more. I only suffered for one of your sins, but Christ suffered punishment for all the sins you ever committed. The punishment was death, and, Jim, Christ suffered that death for you.'

'I am one of the bad 'uns; Christ never cared anything for me.'

'But He died to save the bad ones. His words were, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.' 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be like snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'Dear Jim,' he added, 'shall the Lord have died in vain for you? He has poured out His precious life blood for you. He is knocking at the door of your heart; won't you let Him in? Oh, you must, and then we shall meet again in Heaven.'

In a few minutes Willie fell back on his pillow. Half unconscious, I heard him say, 'Sing to me, mother, the 'Gates of Pearl.' He appeared as if listening to his mother's voice, and I heard him saying, 'I shall be there, mother.'

'Where do you mean, Willie?' I asked. With a smile he answered, 'Why, in Heaven, General. The roll call has sounded for me: the gates are open; the price is paid.' Then softly, as if entering the gates of pearl, I heard him saying:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God * * I come.'

Gently he lifted his eyes to mine, saying, 'General, you will help Jim, won't you? You will show him the way to Jesus, and the gates—of—pearl?'

Suddenly a light flashed in his dying eyes and with a radiant, happy cry he flung out his arms as if in welcome, saying, 'Jesus is calling me to his side. Mother—oh, mother! I come to meet you, and I have found you waiting to receive me.' Slowly the light faded from the shining eyes, and the brave spirit of the martyred boy, who died to save Jim Sykes, had gone to rest."

The following is another instance of a young martyr, an African:

"A poor little African negro only ten years of age, went to hear the preaching of a missionary and through his instrumentality became a convert to the christian religion. His master, an inveterate enemy to missions, hearing of it, commanded him never to go again, and declared he would have him whipped if he did. The poor little boy in consequence was miserable. He could scarcely refrain from going, yet he knew his death was inevitable if he went. In his critical position he sought direction at the Throne of Grace, and felt convinced that it was still his duty to attend, but to be careful that he should not interfere with his master's business, and for the rest, to leave himself in the hands of God. He, therefore, went, and was summoned to his master's presence, and, after much violent and abusive language, received twenty-five lashes; and then in a sarcastic tone of blasphemous ridicule, his master exclaimed, 'What can Jesus do for you now?'

'He enables me to bear patiently,' said the poor child.

'Give him five and twenty more,' said the inhuman wretch. He was obeyed.

'And what can Jesus Christ do for you now?' asked the unfeeling monster.

'He helps me to look forward to a future reward,' replied the sufferer.

'Give him five and twenty more,' said the cruel tyrant, in a transport of rage. They complied, and, while he listened with savage delight to the extorted groans of this dying victim, he again demanded:

'What can Jesus do for you now?'

The youthful martyr, with the last effort of expiring nature, meekly replied:

'He enables me to pray for you, massa,' and expired."

The story of a stowaway and his firm and courageous stand for the truth, we quote below, believing that God will make it a blessing.

"On board an English steamer a ragged little boy, nine years of age, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who had brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, that looked like the very mirror of truth, replied that his stepfather did it because he could not afford to keep him, nor pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going.

The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors.

The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and requestioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate

A Young Martyr

the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he told the truth, in ten minutes from that time he would hang from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck.

All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midway watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with chronometer in hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was a touching sight to see the pale, proud, scornful face of that noble boy; his head erect, his beautiful eyes, bright through tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had passed the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, turned pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed in the wind.

And then all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble fellow—this poor boy whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather could not care for—knelt with clasped hands, and eyes upturned to Heaven. There then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward, clasped the boy to his bosom and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word."

The following story of a boy who would rather die than steal, we give as related by James B. Gough:

"A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself up through the hole and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which was coming through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw heaps of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

'Boy, what are you doing here?'

'Hush! Do not tell anyone,—please, sir. I'm hiding.'

'What are you hiding from?'

'Don't tell anybody, if you please, sir.'

'Where is your mother?'

'Mother is dead.'

'Where is your father?'

'Hush! don't tell him; but look here!' He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt, my friend saw the boy's flesh was bruised and the skin broken.

'Why, my boy, who beat you like that?'

'Father did, sir.'

'What did your father beat you like that for?'

'Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal.'

'Did you ever steal?'

'Yes, sir, I was a street thief once.'

'And why don't you steal any more?'

'Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of Heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if father kills me for it: but please, sir, do not tell him.'

'My boy, you must not stay here; you will die. Now, you wait patiently here a little time. I am going away to see a lady and we will get a better place for you than this.'

'Thank you, sir, but, please sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?'

Battered, bruised, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

'Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn.'

He raised himself upon his elbow and then sang:

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.'

'That's the little hymn, sir. Good-by.'

The gentleman went away and came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there was the little boy with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the ragged little shirt—dead."

THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN

"Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood;
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now, from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest;
In God's eternal glory blest.

They see the Savior face to face;
They sing the triumph of His grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise;
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!
And win, like them, a crown of life!"

From Burning Bush Songs.

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